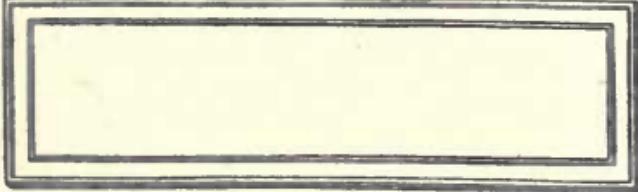
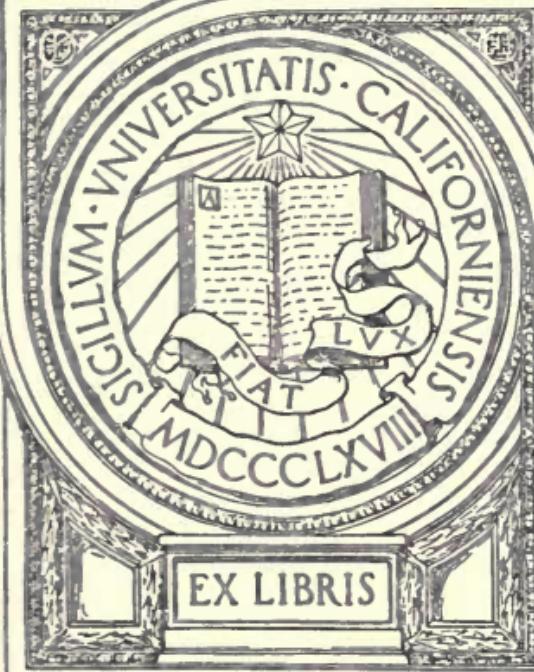




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THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF

... a man who has seen the world.

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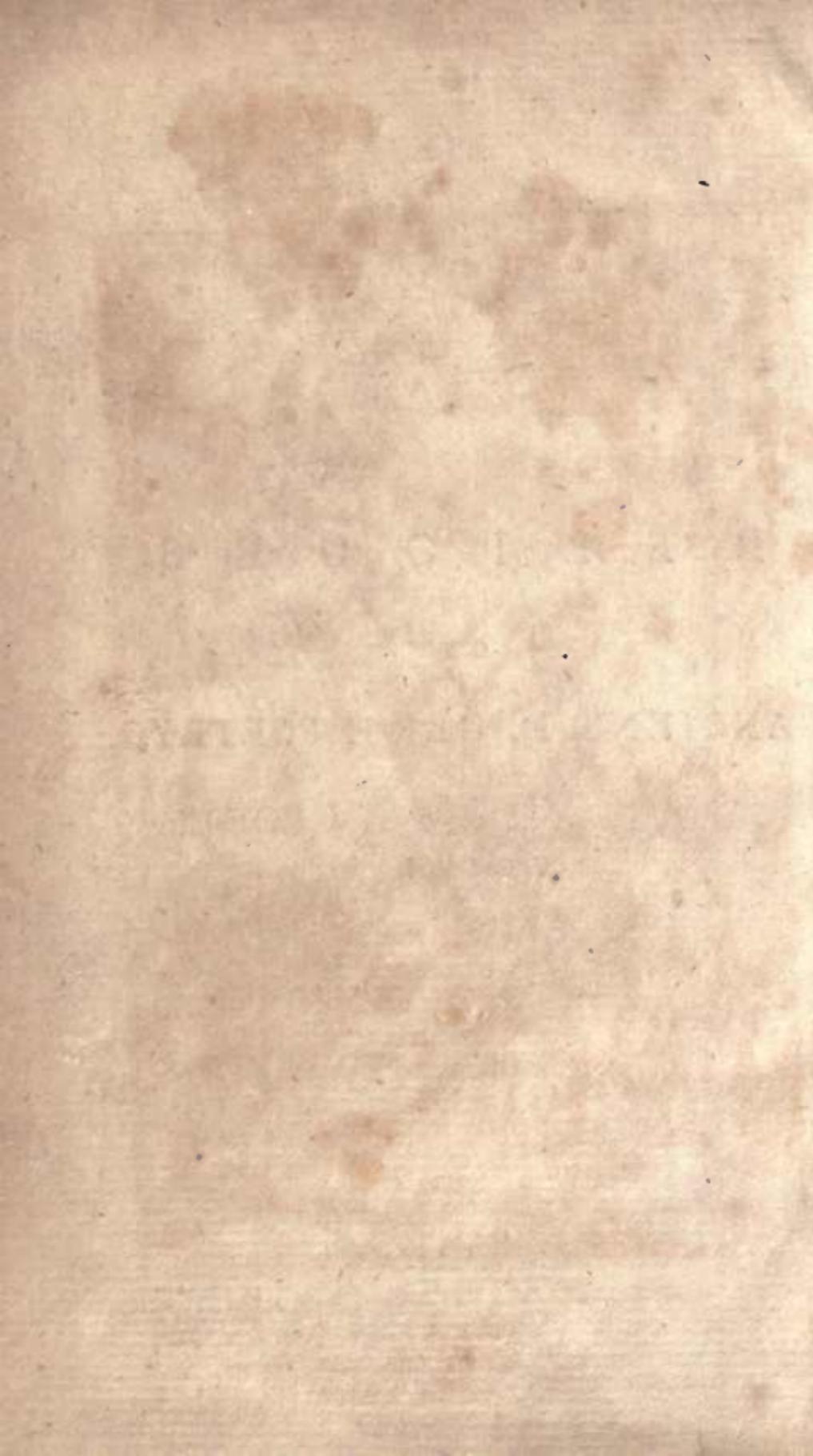
THE CLOTHES 13

# R E L I Q U E S

O F

## ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY.

VOL. I.







J. Hall del.

C. Grignion Sculp.

These venerable antient Song-enditers  
Soar'd many a pitch above our modern writers:  
With rough majestic force they mov'd the heart,  
And strength and nature made amends for Art.

Rowe.

*Percy*

R E L I Q U E S  
O F  
A N C I E N T E N G L I S H P O E T R Y :  
C O N S I S T I N G O F  
O l d H e r o i c B A L L A D S , S O N G S , a n d o t h e r  
P I E C E S o f o u r e a r l i e r P O E T S ,  
T o g e t h e r w i t h s o m e f e w o f l a t e r D a t e .  
T H E T H I R D E D I T I O N .  
V O L U M E T H E F I R S T .



L O N D O N :  
Printed for J. DODSLEY in Pall Mall.  
M D C C L X X V .

2. JULY 1911

ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY  
BY  
JOHN G. WHITTENBROOK  
PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE  
AT THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO  
AND  
JOHN W. BROWN  
PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE  
AT THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO  
WITH  
INTRODUCTORY NOTES  
BY  
JOHN W. BROWN



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1775  
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Eng  
Newbigen 3-9-38

TO  
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
ELIZABETH  
COUNTESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND:  
IN HER OWN RIGHT  
BARONESS PERCY, LUCY, POYNINGS, FITZ-PAYNE,  
BRYAN, AND LATIMER.

MADAM,

THOSE writers, who solicit the protection of the noble and the great, are often exposed to censure by the impropriety of their addresses: a remark that will perhaps

be too readily applied to him, who having nothing better to offer than the rude Songs of ancient Minstrels, aspires to the patronage of the Countess of NORTHUMBERLAND, and hopes that the barbarous productions of unpolished ages can obtain the approbation or the notice of her, who adorns courts by her presence, and diffuses elegance by her example.

But this impropriety, it is presumed, will disappear, when it is declared that these poems are presented to your LADYSHIP, not as labours of art, but as effusions of nature, shewing the first efforts of ancient genius, and exhibiting the customs and opinions of remote ages: of ages that had been almost lost to memory, had not the gallant deeds of your illustrious Ancestors preserved them from oblivion.

No active or comprehensive mind can forbear some attention to the reliques of antiquity:

quity : It is prompted by natural curiosity to survey the progress of life and manners, and to inquire by what gradations barbarity was civilized, grossness refined, and ignorance instructed : but this curiosity, MADAM, must be stronger in those, who, like your LADYSHIP, can remark in every period the influence of some great Progenitor, and who still feel in their effects the transactions and events of distant centuries.

By such Bards, MADAM, as I am now introducing to your presence, was the infancy of genius nurtured and advanced ; by such were the minds of unletter'd warriors softened and enlarged ; by such was the memory of illustrious actions preserved and propagated ; by such were the heroic deeds of the Earls of NORTHUMBERLAND sung at festivals in the hall of ALNWICK : and those Songs, which the bounty of your ancestors rewarded, now return to your LADYSHIP by a kind of hereditary right ; and, I flatter myself, will find such

such reception, as is usually shewn to poets and historians, by those whose consciousness of merit makes it their interest to be long remembered.

I am,

MADAM,

Your LADYSHIP'S

Most Humble, and

Most devoted Servant,

MDCCLXV.

THOMAS PERCY.

## The P R E F A C E.

THE Reader is here presented with select remains of our ancient English Bards and Minstrels, an order of men who were once greatly respected by our ancestors, and contributed to soften the roughness of a martial and unlettered people by their songs and by their music.

The greater part of them are extracted from an ancient folio Manuscript, in the Editor's possession, which contains near 200 poems, Songs, and metrical romances. This MS. was written about the middle of the last century, but contains compositions of all times and dates, from the ages prior to Chaucer, to the conclusion of the reign of Charles I.

This Manuscript was shown to several learned and ingenious friends, who thought the contents too curious to be consigned to oblivion, and importuned the possessor to select some of them, and give them to the press. As most of them are of great simplicity, and seem to have been merely written for the people, he was long in doubt, whether, in the present state of improved literature, they could be deemed worthy the attention of the public. At length the importunity of his friends prevailed, and he could refuse nothing to such judges as the Author of the RAMBLER, and the late Mr. SHENSTONE.

Accordingly such specimens of ancient poetry have been selected, as either shew the gradation of our language, exhibit the progress of popular opinions, display the peculiar manners and customs of former ages, or throw light on our earlier classical poets.

They

They are here distributed into VOLUMES, each of which contains an independent SERIES of poems arranged chiefly according to the order of time, and showing the gradual improvements of the English language and poetry from the earliest ages down to the present. Each VOLUME, or SERIES, is divided into three BOOKS, to afford so many pauses, or resting-places to the Reader, and to assist him in distinguishing between the productions of the earlier, the middle, and the latter times.

In a polished age, like the present, I am sensible that many of these reliques of antiquity will require great allowances to be made for them. Yet have they, for the most part, a pleasing simplicity, and many artless graces, which in the opinion of no mean Critics\* have been thought to compensate for the want of higher beauties, and if they do not dazzle the imagination, are frequently found to interest the heart.

To atone for the rudeness of the more obsolete poems, each volume concludes with a few modern attempts in the same kind of writing: And to take off from the tediousness of the longer narratives, they are every where intermingled with little elegant pieces of the lyric kind. Select ballads in the old Scottish dialect, most of them of the first-rate merit, are also interspersed among those of our ancient English Minstrels: and the artless productions of these old rhapsodists, are occasionally confronted with specimens of the composition of contemporary poets of a higher class: of those who had all the advantages of learning in the times in which they lived, and who wrote for fame and for posterity. Yet perhaps the palm will be frequently due to the old strolling Minstrels, who composed their rhimes to be sung to their harps, and who looked no farther

\* Mr. ADDISON, Mr. DRYDEN, and the witty Lord DORSET, &c. See the Spectator, No. 70. To these might be added many eminent judges now alive.—The learned SELDEN appears also to have been fond of collecting these old things. See below.

## P R E F A C E. xiii

farther than for present applause, and present subsistence.

The Reader will find this class of men occasionally described in the following volumes, and some particulars relating to their history in an Essay subjoined to this preface.

It will be proper here to give a short account of the other Collections that were consulted, and to make my acknowledgments to those gentlemen, who were so kind as to impart extracts from them: for while this selection was making, a great number of ingenious friends took a share in the work, and explored many large repositories in its favour.

The first of these that deserved notice was the Pepysian library at Magdalen College, Cambridge. Its founder, SAM. PEPYS\*, Esq; Secretary of the Admiralty in the reigns of Charles II. and James II. had made a large collection of ancient English ballads, near 2000 in number, which he has left pasted in five volumes in folio; besides Garlands and other smaller miscellanies. This collection he tells us was " Begun by Mr. SELDEN; " improved by the addition of many pieces elder thereto " in time; and the whole continued down to the year " 1700; when the form peculiar till then thereto, viz. " of the black Letter with pictures, seems (for cheap- " ness sake) wholly laid aside for that of the white " Letter without pictures."

In the Ashmole Library at Oxford is a small collection of Ballads made by Anthony Wood in the year 1676, containing somewhat more than 200. Many ancient popular poems are also preserved in the Bodleian Library.

The archives of the Antiquarian Society at London contain a multitude of curious political poems in large

\* A life of our curious collector Mr. PEPYS, may be seen in "The continuation of Mr. Collier's Supplement to his Great Dictionary" 1715. at the end of vol. 3d folio. Ait. PEP.

folio volumes, digested under the several reigns of Hen. VIII. Edw. VI. Mary, Elizabeth, James I. &c.

In the British Museum is preserved a large treasure of ancient English poems in MS. besides one folio volume of printed ballads.

From all these some of the best pieces were selected, and from many private collections, as well printed, as manuscript: particularly from one large folio volume which was lent by a lady.

Amid such a fund of materials, the Editor is afraid he has been sometimes led to make too great a parade of his authorities. The desire of being accurate has perhaps seduced him into too minute and trifling an exactness; and in pursuit of information he may have been drawn into many a petty and frivolous research. It was however necessary to give some account of the old copies, though often for the sake of brevity one or two of these only are mentioned, where yet assistance was received from several \*. Where any thing was altered that deserved particular notice, the passage is distinguished by two inverted 'commas'. And the Editor has endeavoured to be as faithful, as the imperfect state of his materials would admit: for these old popular rhymes have, as might be expected, been handed down to us with less care, than any other writings in the world.

The plan of the work was settled in concert with the late elegant Mr. SHENSTONE, who was to have borne a joint share in it had not death unhappily prevented him: Most of the modern pieces were of his selection and arrangement, and the Editor hopes to be pardoned if he has retained some things out of partiality to the judgment of his friend. The large MS. collection of poems was a present from HUMPHREY PITT, Esq; of Prior's-Lee, in Shropshire, to whom this public ac-

\* Thus in Book I. No. IV. of this vol. one MS. only is mentioned, tho' some additional stanzas were recovered from another fragment: and this has sometimes been the case elsewhere.

knowledgment is due for that, and many other obliging favours. To Sir DAVID DALRYMPLE, Bart. of Hales, near Edinburgh, the Editor is indebted for most of the beautiful Scottish poems, with which this little miscellany is enriched, and for many curious and elegant remarks with which they are illustrated. Some obliging communications of the same kind were received from Mr. JOHN MAC GOWAN, of Edinburgh: and many curious explanations of Scottish words in the glossaries from Mr. JOHN DAVIDSON, of Edinburgh, and from the Rev. Mr. HURCHINSON, of Kimbolton. Mr. WARTON, who has twice done so much honour to the Poetry Professor's chair at Oxford, and Mr. HEST of Worcester College, contributed some curious pieces from the Oxford libraries. Two ingenious and learned friends at Cambridge deserve the Editor's warmest acknowledgments: to Mr. BLAKEWAY, late fellow of Magdalen College, he owes all the assistance received from the Pepysian library: and Mr. FARMER, fellow of Emanuel, often exerted in favour of this little work, that extensive knowledge of ancient English literature for which he is so distinguished \*. Many extracts from ancient MSS. in the British Museum and other repositories, were owing to the kind services of Mr. ASTLE †, to whom the public is indebted for the curious Preface and Index lately annexed to the Harleian catalogue. The worthy Librarian of the Society of Antiquaries, deserves acknowledgment for the obliging manner in which he gave the Editor access to the volumes under his care. In

\* To the same learned and ingenious friend, now Master of Emanuel College, the Editor is indebted for many corrections and improvements in his SECOND and THIRD Edition: as also to the Rev. Mr. BOWLE of Idmerston near Salisbury; to the Rev. Mr. COLE formerly of Blecheley near Fenny-Stratford, Bucks; to the Rev. Mr. LAMB of Noreham in Northumberland (author of a learned "History of Chess." 1764, 8vo. and Editor of a curious "Poem on the Battle of Flodden Field," with learned Notes. 1774, 8vo.) and to some other gentlemen in the north.

† Now Keeper of the Records in the Tower.

Mr. GARRICK's curious collection of old plays are many scarce pieces of ancient poetry, with the free use of which he indulged the Editor, in the politest manner. To the Rev. Dr. BIRCH he is indebted for the use of several ancient and curious tracts. To the friendship of Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON he owes many valuable hints for the conduct of the work. And if the Glossaries are more exact and curious, than might be expected in so slight a publication, it is to be ascribed to the supervision of a friend, who stands at this time the first in the world for northern literature, and whose learning is better known and respected in foreign nations, than in his own country. It is perhaps needless to name the Rev. Mr. LYSE, Editor of Junius's *Etymologicum* and of the Gothic gospels.

The NAMES of so many men of learning and character the Editor hopes will serve as an amulet to guard him from every unfavourable censure, for having bestowed any attention on a parcel of OLD BALLADS. It was at the request of many of these gentlemen, and of others eminent for their genius, and taste, that this little work was undertaken. To prepare it for the press has been the amusement of now and then a vacant hour amid the leisure and retirement of rural life, and hath only served as a relaxation from graver studies. It has been taken up at different times, and often thrown aside for many months, during an interval of four or five years. This has occasioned some inconsistencies and repetitions, which the candid reader will pardon. As great care has been taken to admit nothing immoral and indecent; the Editor hopes he need not be ashamed of having bestowed some of his idle hours on the ancient literature of our own country, or in rescuing from oblivion some pieces (though but the amusements of our ancestors) which tend to place in a striking light, their taste, genius, sentiments, or manners.

MDCCLXV.

A D V E R-

## ADVERTISEMENT

TO

THE THIRD EDITION.

THE favourable reception given by the Public to this little work, in taking off two numerous impressions, made it incumbent on the Editor to render it less unworthy their acceptance. He has therefore, in this THIRD EDITION, corrected such Mistakes as he had detected in the former; he has also inserted such further Illustrations as had either occurred to himself, or been communicated to him. He is particularly indebted to two Friends, to whom the Public, as well as himself, are under great obligations; to the One for the very learned and curious OBSERVATIONS ON THE ANCIENT STATUTES, 4to. of which a 4th impression with great improvements hath lately been published, but too late to be referred to in the present work: to the Other for the new most correct and elegant edition of CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY TALES, 1775, 4 vol. 8vo. which is a standard book, and shows how an ancient English Poet should be published; but it unfortunately did not come forth, 'till most of the passages from Chaucer quoted in these Volumes, had been printed off; they therefore chiefly stand as in the former impressions. The Editor has also been favoured with occasional notes from many other of his Friends; whom it would do him the highest honour to name. But he cannot conceal, how much this edition has been improved throughout, by remarks and corrections received from the Rev. Mr. ASHBY, late Fellow of St. John's College in Cambridge; which he has not particularly pointed out, because they occur so often. He also owes his best acknowledgments to THOMAS BUTLER, Esq; F. A. S. Agent to the Duke

xviii ADVERTISEMENT.

of Northumberland, and Clerk of the Peace for the County of Middlesex: whose extensive knowledge of ancient Writings, Records and History have contributed to the improvement of this and every other attempt of the Editor to illustrate the literature, or manners of our Ancestors.

MDCCLXXV.

 The following *Essay on the Ancient Minstrels*, has been very much enlarged and improved since the first Edition, in consequence of some Objections proposed by the reverend and learned Mr. PEGGE, which the Reader may find in the Second Volume of the *ARCHÆOLOGIA* printed by the Antiquarian Society: but which that Gentleman hath since, in the most liberal and candid manner, acknowledged to have been removed by what is offered in the ensuing pages. See the Third Volume of the *ARCHÆOLOGIA*, No. xxxiv. p. 310.

# E S S A Y

## ON THE

### ANCIENT ENGLISH MINSTRELS.

I. THE MINSTRELS (A) were an order of men in the middle ages, who united the arts of poetry and music, and sung verses to the harp of their own composing. They also appear to have accompanied their songs with mimicry and action ; and to have practised such various means of diverting as were much admired in those rude times, and supplied the want of more refined entertainments (B). These arts rendered them extremely popular and acceptable in this and all the neighbouring countries ; where no high scene of festivity was esteemed complete, that was not set off with the exercise of their talents ; and where, so long as the spirit of chivalry subsisted, they were protected and caressed, because their songs tended to do honour to the ruling passion of the times, and to encourage and foment a martial spirit.

The MINSTRELS seem to have been the genuine successors of the ancient BARDS (C), who under different names were admired and revered, from the earliest ages, among the people of Gaul, Britain, Ireland and the North ; and indeed by almost all the first inhabitants of Europe, whether of Celtic or Gothic race\* ; but by none more than by our own Teutonic an-

(A) The larger Notes and Illustrations referred to by the capital Letters (A) (B) &c. are thrown together to the end of this essay.

\* Vid. Pelloutier Hist. des Celtes, tom. 1, l. 2. c. 6. 10.

cestors †, particularly by all the Danish tribes ‡. Among these they were distinguished by the name of SCALDS, a word which denotes “ Smoothers and Polishers” of “ language §”. The origin of their art was attributed to ODIN or WODEN, the father of their Gods ; and the professors of it were held in the highest estimation. Their skill was considered as something divine ; their persons were deemed sacred ; their attendance was solicited by kings ; and they were every where loaded with honours and rewards. In short, poets and their art were held among them in that rude admiration, which is ever shown by an ignorant people to such as excel them in intellectual accomplishments.

As these honours were paid to Poetry and Song, from the earliest times, in those countries which our Anglo-Saxon ancestors inhabited before their removal into Britain, we may reasonably conclude, that they would not lay aside all their regard for men of this sort immediately on quitting their German forests. At least so long as they retained their ancient manners and opinions, they would still hold them in high estimation. But as the Saxons, soon after their establishment in this island, were converted to Christianity ; in proportion as literature prevailed among them, this rude admiration would begin to abate ; and Poetry would be no longer a peculiar profession. Thus the POET and the MINSTREL early with us became two persons (D). Poetry was cultivated by men of letters indiscriminately ; and many of the most popular rhimes were composed amidst the leisure and retirement of monasteries.

† Tacit. de Mor. Germ. cap. 2.

‡ Vid. Bartholin. de Causis contemptæ a Danis mortis. lib. 1. cap. 10. — Wormij Literatura Runic. ad finem. — See also “ Northern Antiquities, or A Description of the Manners, Customs, &c. of the ancient Danes and other northern nations : from the French of M. Mallet,” London, printed for T. Carnan, 1770, 2 vol. 8vo.

§ Torfæi Præfat. ad Orcad. Hist. — Pref. to “ Five pieces of Runic Poetry,” &c.

monasteries. But the Minstrels continued a distinct order of men for many ages after the Norman conquest; and got their livelihood by singing verses to the harp at the houses of the great (E). There they were still hospitably and respectfully received, and retained many of the honours shewn to their predecessors the BARDS and SCALDS (F). And though, as their art declined, some of them only recited the compositions of others, many of them still composed songs themselves, and all of them could probably invent a few stanzas on occasion. I have no doubt but most of the old heroic Ballads in this collection were composed by this order of men. For although some of the larger metrical Romances might come from the pen of the monks or others, yet the smaller narratives were probably composed by the Minstrels, who sung them. From the amazing variations which occur in different copies of these old pieces, it is evident they made no scruple to alter each others productions; and the reciter added or omitted whole stanzas according to his own fancy or convenience.

In the early ages, as was hinted above, the profession of oral itinerant Poet was held in the utmost reverence among all the Danish tribes; and therefore we might have concluded, that it was not unknown or unrespected among their Saxon brethren in Britain, even if History had been altogether silent on this subject. The original country of our Anglo-Saxon Ancestors is well known to have lain chiefly in the Cimbric Chersonese, in the tracts of land since distinguished by the names of Jutland, Angelen, and Holstein\*. The Jutes and Angles in particular, who composed two thirds of the conquerors of Britain, were a Danish

b 3

people,

\* Vid. Chronic. Saxon, a. Gibson. p. 12, 13. 4to. —— Bed. Hist. Eccles. à Smith. lib. 1. c. 15. —— "EALDSEXE [Regio antiqu. Saxonum] in cervice Cimbricæ Chersonesi, Holsatiam proprie dictam, Dithmarsiam, Stormariam, et Wagriam complectens. Annot. in Bed. à Smith. p. 52. Et vid. Camdeni Britan.

people, and their country at this day belongs to the crown of Denmark\*; so that when the Danes again infested England, three or four hundred years after, they made war on the descendants of their own ancestors †. From this near affinity we might expect to discover a strong resemblance between both nations in their customs, manners, and even language; and in fact, we find them to differ no more, than would naturally happen between a parent country and its own colonies, that had been severed in a rude uncivilized state, and had dropt all intercourse for three or four centuries. Especially if we reflect, that the colony here settled had adopted a new Religion, extremely opposite in all respects to the ancient Paganism of the mother-country; and that even at first, along with the original Angli, had been incorporated a large mixture of Saxons from the neighbouring parts of Germany; as afterwards, among the Danish invaders, had come vast multitudes of adventurers from the more northern parts of Scandinavia. But all these were only different tribes of the same common Teutonic Stock, and spoke only different dialects of the same Gothic Language.

From this sameness of original and similarity of manners, we might justly have wondered, if a character so dignified and distinguished among the ancient Danes, as the SCALD or BARD, had been totally unknown or unregarded in this sister nation. And indeed this argument is so strong, and, at the same time the early annals of the Anglo-Saxons are so scanty and defective (G), that no objections from their silence could be sufficient to overthrow it. For if these popular bards were confessedly revered and admired,

\* *Anglia Vetus, sedis etiam Anglen, sita est inter Saxones et Giotos [Jutos], Eboraci oppidum capitale . . . Sleswick. Ethelwerd lib.*

† See Northern Antiquities, &c. Vol. I, pag. 7, 8.—185.—259, 260, 261.

in those very countries which the Anglo-Saxons inhabited before their removal into Britain; and if they were afterwards common and numerous among their own descendants here after the Norman Conquest, what could have become of them in the intermediate time? Can we do otherwise than conclude, that this order of men still subsisted here, though perhaps with less splendor than in the North; and that there never was wanting a succession of them to hand down the art, though some particular conjunctures may have rendered it more respectable at one time than another? And this was really the case. For though much greater honours seem to have been heaped upon the northern SCALDS, in whom the characters of historian, genealogist, poet, and musician were all united, than appear to have been paid to the MINSTRELS and HARPERS (H) of the Anglo-Saxons, whose talents were chiefly calculated to entertain and divert; while the Scalds professed to inform and instruct, and were at once the moralists and theologues of their Pagan countrymen: yet the Anglo-Saxon Minstrels continued to possess no small portion of public favour; and the arts they professed were so extremely acceptable to our ancestors, that the word which peculiarly denoted their art, continues still in our own language to be of all others the most expressive of that popular mirth and jollity, that strong sensation of delight, which is felt by unpolished and simple minds (I).

II. HAVING premised these general considerations, I shall now proceed to collect from history such particular incidents as occur on this subject; and whether the facts themselves are true or not, they are related by authors who lived too near the Saxon times, and had before them too many recent monuments of the Anglo-Saxon nation, not to know what was conformable to the genius and manners of that people; and therefore we may presume, that their relations prove

at least the existence of the customs and habits they attribute to our forefathers before the conquest, whatever becomes of the particular incidents and events themselves. If this be admitted, we shall not want sufficient proofs to shew, that Minstrelsy and Song were not extinct among the Anglo-Saxons; and that the professor of them here, if not quite so respectable a personage as the Danish Scald, was yet highly favoured and protected, and continued still to enjoy considerable privileges.

Even so early as the first invasion of Britain by the Saxons, an incident is recorded to have happened, which, if true, shews that the Minstrel or Bard was not unknown among this people; and that their princes themselves could, upon occasion, assume that character. Colgrin, son of that Ella who was elected king or leader of the Saxons in the room of Hengist \*, was shut up in York, and closely besieged by Arthur and his Britons. Baldulph, brother of Colgrin, wanted to gain access to him, and to apprise him of a reinforcement which was coming from Germany. He had no other way to accomplish his design, but to assume the character of a MINSTREL. He therefore shaved his head and beard, and dressing himself in the habit of that profession, took his harp in his hand. In this disguise, he walked up and down the trenches without suspicion, playing all the while upon his instrument, as an HARPER. By little and little he advanced near to the walls of the city, and making himself known to the centinels, was in the night drawn up by a rope.

Though the above fact comes only from the suspicious pen of Geoffry of Monmouth (K), the judicious reader will not too hastily reject it; because if such a fact really happened, it could only be known to us through the medium of the British writers: for the first Saxons, a martial but unlettered people, had no historians of their own; and Geoffry, with all his fa-

\* See Rapin's Hist. (by Tindal, fol. 1732. Vol. I. p. 36.) who places the incident here related under the year 495.

bles, is allowed to have recorded many true events, that have escaped other annalists.

We do not however want instances of a less fabulous era, and more indubitable authority: for later History affords us two remarkable facts (L), which I think clearly show, that the same arts of poetry and song, which were so much admired among the Danes, were by no means unknown or neglected in this sister nation; and that the privileges and honours which were so lavishly bestowed upon the northern SCALDS, were not wholly withheld from the Anglo-Saxon MINSTRELS.

Our great King Alfred, who is expressly said to have excelled in music †, being desirous to learn the true situation of the Danish army, which had invaded his realm, assumed the dress and character of a MINSTREL (M); when, taking his harp, and one of the most trusty of his friends, disguised as a servant ‡ (for in the early times it was not unusual for a Minstrel to have a servant to carry his harp), he went with the utmost security into the Danish camp: and though he could not but be known to be a Saxon by his dialect, the character he had assumed procured him a hospitable reception. He was admitted to entertain the king at table, and staid among them long enough to contrive that assault, which afterwards destroyed them. This was in the year 878.

About sixty years after \*, a Danish king made use of the same disguise to explore the camp of our king Athelstan. With his harp in his hand, and dressed like a MINSTREL (N), Anlaff king of the Danes went among the Saxon tents; and taking his stand near the king's pavilion, began to play, and was immediately admitted. There he entertained Athelstan and his lords with his singing and his music, and was at

\* By BALE and SPELMAN. See Note (M). † Vid. Note (M).

\* Anno 938. Vid. Rapin, &c.

xxviii AN ESSAY ON THE

and under him their profession seems to have revived with additional splendor. Richard, who was the great restorer and hero of Chivalry, was also the distinguished patron of Poets and Minstrels: He was himself of their number, and some of his verses are still extant \*. As the Provençal Bards were in his time in high request for the softness of their language, and the superior elegance of their compositions, Richard invited multitudes of them to his court, where he loaded them with honours and rewards: and they in return celebrated him as the most accomplished monarch in the world (U). The distinction and respect which Richard showed to men of this profession, although his favours were chiefly heaped upon foreigners, could not but recommend the profession itself among his own subjects; and therefore we may conclude, that English Minstrelsy would, in a peculiar manner, flourish in his time: and probably it is from this era, that we are to date that remarkable inter-community and exchange of each other's compositions, which we discover to have taken place at some early period between the French and English Minstrels: the same set of phrases, the same species of characters, incidents, and adventures, and often the same identical stories, being found in the old metrical Romances of both nations (V).

The distinguished service which Richard received from one of his Minstrels, in rescuing him from his cruel and tedious captivity, is a remarkable fact, which ought to be recorded for the honour of poets and their art. This fact has lately been rescued from oblivion, and given to the world in very elegant lan-

guage

\* See a curious Song of his in Mr. WALPOLE's Catalogue of Royal Authors, Vol. I. p. 5. This, so far as I can understand it, seems not to be destitute of pathetic and sentimental beauties. The Reader will find a Translation of it into modern French, in *Hist. littéraire des Troubadours*, 1774, 3 Tom. 12mo. See Vol. I. (p. 58,) where some more of Richard's Poetry is translated.

guage by an ingenious lady \*. I shall here produce a more antiquated relation of the same event, in the words of an old neglected compiler †.

“ The Englishmen were more than a whole yeare,  
 “ without hearing any tydings of their king, or in  
 “ what place he was kept prisoner. He had traïned  
 “ up in his court a RYMER or MINSTREL, calld  
 “ BLONDELL DE NÈSLE : who (faith the Manuscript  
 “ of old Poesies †, and an auncient Manuscript French  
 “ Chronicle) being so long without the sight of his  
 “ lord, his life seemed wearisome to him, and he be-  
 “ came confounded with melancholy. Knōwē it  
 “ was, that he came backe from the Holy Land : but  
 “ none could tell in what countrey he arrived.  
 “ Whereupon this Blondel, resoluing to make search  
 “ for him in many countreys, but he would hear  
 “ some news of him ; after expence of divers dayes in  
 “ travaille, he came to a towne || by good hap, neere  
 “ to the castell where his maister king Richard was  
 “ kept. Of his host he demanded, to whom the ca-  
 “ stell appertained, and the host told him, that it be-  
 “ longed to the duke of Austria. Then he enquired  
 “ whether there were any prisoners therein detained

“ or

\* (From the French of Presid. FAUCHET's *Recueil*, &c.) See “ *Miscellanies in prose and verse* : by ANNA WILLIAMS. Lond. “ 1766.” 4to. p. 46.—It will excite the Reader's admiration to be informed, that most of the pieces of this Collection were composed under the disadvantage of a total deprivation of SIGHT.

† Mons. FAVINE's *Theatre of Honour and Knighthood*, trans-  
 lated from the French. Lond. 1623. fol. Tom. II. p. 49.

‡ This the author calls in another place, “ An auncient MS. of  
 “ old Poesies, written about those very times.”—From this MS.  
 Favine gives a curious account of the taking of Richard by the duke  
 of Austria, who sold him to the emperor. As for the MS. chrono-  
 nicle, it is evidently the same that supplied FAUCHET with this  
 story. See his *Recueil de l'Origine de la Langue & Poësie Françoise, Ryme, & Romans, &c.* Par. 1581.

|| *TRIBALES*.—“ *Retrudi cum præcepit in Triballis : a quo car-*  
 “ *cere nullus ante dies fuit exiuit.*” Lat. chron. of Otto of Austria :  
 apud Favin.

“ or no : for alwayes he made such secret questionings  
 “ wheresoever he came. And the host made answer,  
 “ there was only one prisoner, but he knew not what  
 “ he was and yet he had bin detained there more  
 “ than the space of one yeare. When Blondel heard  
 “ this, he wrought such meanes, that he became ac-  
 “ quainted with them of the castell, AS MINSTRELS  
 “ DOE EASILY WIN ACQUAINTANCE ANY WHERE :  
 “ but see the king he could not, neither understand  
 “ that it was he. One day he sat directly before a  
 “ window of the castell, where king Richard was kept  
 “ prisoner, and began to sing a song in French, which  
 “ king Richard and Blondel had some time composed  
 “ together. When king Richard heard the song, he  
 “ knew it was Blondel that sung it : and when Blondel  
 “ paused at half of the song, the king BEGAN THE  
 “ OTHER HALF AND COMPLETED IT\*. Thus Blondel  
 “ won knowledge of the king his maister, and return-  
 “ ing home into England, made the barons of the  
 “ countrie acquainted where the king was.” This  
 happened about the year 1193.

A French author † has preserved the very song itself in the old Provençal, of which the first six lines were by Blondel, and the conclusion by the king. He gives it as follows.

B. Domna

\* I give this passage from M. FAUCHET ; as the English translator of M. FAVINE's book appeared here to have mistaken the original : which is, *Et quant Blondel ôt dicté la moitié de la Chanson, le Roy Richard se prist à dire l'autre moitié et l'acheva.* Fauch. Rec. p. 93.

† In a little romance or novel, intitled *La Tour Tenebreuse, et les Jours lumineux, Contes Angloisés, accompagnés d'Historiettes, & tirés d'une ancienne Chronique composée par RICHARD, surnommé COEUR DE LION, Roy d'Angleterre, &c. Paris, 1705. 12mo.* — In the Preface to this romance the Editor has given another song of Blondel de Nesle, and a copy of the song written by K. Richard, and published by Mr. Walpole, as mentioned above (in Note \* pag. xxviii.) but he contends that the two last are not in Provençal (as the joint sonnet of him and Blondel is) but in the old French, called *L'Language Roman.*

B. Domna vostra beutas  
 Elas bellas faissos  
 Els bels oils ameros  
 Els gens cors ben taillats  
 Don sieu empresenats  
 De vostra amor que mi lia.

R. Si bel trop affansia  
 Ja de vos non partrai  
 Que major honorai  
 Sol en votre deman  
 Que fautra des beisan  
 Tot can de vos volria.

The next memorable event, which I find in history concerning the Minstrels, is also much to their credit; and this was their rescuing one of the great Earls of Chester when besieged by the Welsh. This happened in the reign of K. John \*; and is related as follows:

“ Hugh the first Earl of Chester, in his charter of foundation of St. Werburg’s abbey in that city, had granted such a privilege to those, who should come to Chester fair, that they should not be then apprehended for theft or any other misdemeanor, except the crime were committed during the fair. This special protection caused multitudes of loose and disorderly people to resort to that fair; which afterwards proved of signal benefit to one of his successors. For Ranulph the last Earl of Chester, marching into Wales with a slender attendance, was constrained to retire to his castle of Rothelan or Rhuydland; in which he was straightly besieged by the Welsh. Finding himself hard pressed, he contrived to give notice of his danger to Lord Roger (or John) de Lacy, Constable of Chester, who making use of the MINSTRELS then assembled at Chester fair: These men, like so many Tyrtæus’s, by their

\* Vid. Dugdale (Baronage, vol. 1. p. 42. 101.) who places it after the 13th year of K. Joh. Anno Dom. 1212.—See also Camden’s Britannia, Plott’s Staffordsh. &c.

their Music and their Songs so allured and inspirited the multitudes of loose and lawless persons then brought together, that they resolutely marched against the Welsh : Hugh de Dutton, a gallant youth, who was steward to Lacy, putting himself at their head. The Welsh alarmed at the approach of this rabble, supposing them to be a regular body of armed and disciplined veterans, instantly raised the siege and retired."

For this good service, Ranulph granted to the Lacies by charter a peculiar patronage over men of this sort : who devolved the same again upon Dutton and his heirs \*. And the MINSTRELS his assistants, enjoyed for many ages peculiar honours and privileges under the descendants of that family. For even so late as the reign of Elizabeth, when this profession had fallen into such discredit, that it was considered in law as a nuisance, the Minstrels under the protection of the family of Dutton, are expressly excepted out of all acts of parliament made for their suppression ; and have continued to be so excepted ever since (W).

The ceremonies attending the exercise of this jurisdiction, are thus described by Dugdale as handed down to his time, viz. " That at Midsummer fair, " all the minstrels of that country resorting to Chester, " do attend the heir of Dutton, from his lodging to " St. John's church (he being then accompanied by " many gentlemen of the countrey) one of ' the " minstrels' walking before him in a surcoat of his " arms depicted on taffata ; the rest of his fellows " proceeding two and two, and playing on their seve- " ral sorts of musical instruments. And after divine " service 'is' ended, 'they' give the like attendance " on him back to his lodging ; where a court being " kept by his [Mr. Dutton's] Steward, and all the  
" MIN-

\* See a very curious ancient record, upon this subject, in Blount's Law Dictionary, 1717. fol. (article MINSTREL.)

" MINSTRELS formally called ; certain orders and  
" laws are usually made for the better government of  
" that Society, with Penalties, to those who shall  
" transgress them."

To resume the thread of this slight history ; in the reign of Edward I. (severe as that monarch was in extirpating the Bards of Wales), a MULTITUDE OF MINSTRELS are expressly mentioned to have given their attendance in his court at the solemn act of knighting his son (X) : and under the reign of his son, such extensive privileges were claimed by these men, and by dissolute persons assuming their character, that it became a matter of public grievance, and was obliged to be reformed by an express regulation in the year 1315 (Y). Notwithstanding which, an incident is recorded in the ensuing year, which shows that MINSTRELS still retained the liberty of entering at will into the royal presence, and had something peculiarly splendid in their dress. It is thus related by Stow (Z).

" In the year 1316, Edward the second did solemnize his feast of Pentecost at Westminster, in the great hall : where sitting royally at the table with his peers about him, there entered a woman ADORNED LIKE A MINSTREL, sitting on a great horse trapped, AS MINSTRELS THEN USED, who rode round about the tables, shewing pastime : and at length came up to the king's table, and laid before him a letter, and forthwith turning her horse saluted every one and departed." — The subject of this letter was a remonstrance to the king on the favours heaped by him on his minions, to the neglect of his knights and faithful servants.

It was a Minstrel who was deputed to this office, as one of that character was sure of gaining an easy admittance : and a Female Minstrel was the rather chosen, I suppose, as more likely to disarm the king's resentment : for there should seem to have been women of this profession, as well as those of the other sex (Aa).

In the fourth year of Richard II\*. John of Gaunt erected at Tutbury in Staffordshire, a COURT OF MINSTRELS, with a full power to receive suit and service from the men of this profession within five neighbouring counties, to enact laws, and determine their controversies; and to apprehend and arrest such of them, as should refuse to appear at the said court, annually held on the 16th of August. For this they had a charter by which they were empowered to appoint a KING OF THE MINSTRELS with four officers to preside over them (Bb). These were every year elected with great ceremony, the whole form of which is described by Dr. Plott†; in whose time however they appear to have lost their singing talents, and to have become mere musicians.

Even so late as the reign of Henry VIII. a stated number of Minstrels were retained in all great and noble families, as appears from the Establishment of the Household of the then EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND (Cc): and we find, that it was at that time a common entertainment to hear verses recited, or moral speeches learned for that purpose, by a set of men who got their livelihood by repeating them, and who intruded without ceremony into all companies; not only in taverns, but in the houses of the nobility themselves. This we learn from Erasmus, whose argument led him only to describe a species of these men who DID NOT SING their compositions; but the others that DID, enjoyed without doubt the same privileges (Dd).

The reader will find that the Minstrels continued down to the reign of Elizabeth; in whose time they had lost much of their dignity, and were sinking into contempt and neglect. Yet still they sustained a character far superior to any thing we can conceive at present of the singers of old ballads †.

When

\* Anno Dom. 1381.

† Hist. of Staffordsh. ch. 10. § 69—76. p. 435, &c. T

‡ See Vol. 2. p. 169, &c.

When Queen Elizabeth was entertained at Killingworth Castle by the Earl of Leicester in 1575, among the many devices and pageants which were exhibited for her entertainment, one of the personages introduced was that of an ancient MINSTREL, whose appearance and dress are so minutely described by a writer there present (Ee), and give us so distinct an idea of the character, that I shall quote the passage at large.

" A PERSON very meet seemed he for the purpose, of  
 " a xlv years old, apparelled partly as he would himself.  
 " His cap off: his head seemly rounded Tonster-wise\*: fair kembed, that with a sponge daintily  
 " dipt in a little capon's greace was finely smoothed,  
 " to make it shine like a mallard's wing. His beard  
 " smugly shaven: and yet his shirt after the new trink,  
 " with ruffs fair starched, sleeked and glistering like  
 " a pair of new shoes, marshalled in good order with  
 " a setting stick, and strut, 'that' every ruff stood up  
 " like a wafer. A fide [i. e. long] gown of Kendale  
 " green, after the freshness of the year now, gathered  
 " at the neck with a narrow gorget, fastened afore with  
 " a white clasp and a keeper close up to the chin; but  
 " easily, for heat, to undo when he list. Seemly be-  
 " girt in a red caddis girdle: from that a pair of cap-  
 " ped Sheffield knives hanging a' two sides. Out of  
 " his bosom drawn forth a lappet of his napkin † edg-  
 " ed with a blue lace, and marked with a D for Da-  
 " mian, for he was but a batchelor yet.

" His gown had fide [i. e. long] sleeves down to  
 " mid-leg, slit from the shoulder to the hand, and lined  
 " with white cotton. His doublet-sleeves of black  
 " worsted: upon them a pair of points of tawny cham-  
 " let laced along the wrist with blue threaden poinets ‡,  
 " a wealt towards the hands of fustian-a-napes. A  
 " pair of red neather stocks. A pair of pumps on his

\* " Tonsure-wife," after the manner of the Monks.

† i. e. handkerchief, or cravat.

‡ Perhaps, Points.

ANCIENT ENGLISH  
xxxvi AN ESSAY ON THE

“ feet, with a cross cut at his toes for corns: not new  
“ indeed, yet cleanly blackt with soot, and shining as  
“ a shoing horn.

“ About his neck a red ribband suitable to his  
“ girdle. His HARP in good grace dependent before  
“ him. His WREST \* tyed to a green lace and hang-  
“ ing by: Under the gorget of his gown a fair flag-  
“ gon chain, (pewter † for) SILVER, as a SQUIRE  
“ MINSTREL OF MIDDLESEX, that travelled the coun-  
“ try this summer season, unto fair and worshipful  
“ mens houses. From his chain hung a scutcheon,  
“ with metal and colour, resplendant upon his breast,  
“ of the ancient arms of Islington.”

—This Minstrel is described as belonging to that  
village. I suppose such as were retained by noble fa-  
milies, wore the arms of their patrons hanging down  
by a silver chain as a kind of badge †. From the ex-  
pression of SQUIRE MINSTREL above, we may con-  
clude

\* The key, or screw, with which he tuned his harp.

† The Reader will remember that this was not A REAL MIN-  
STREL, but only one personating that character: his ornaments  
therefore were only such as OUTWARDLY represented those of a real  
Minstrel.

‡ As the HOUSE of NORTHUMBERLAND had anciently THREE  
MINSTRELS attending on them in their castles in Yorkshire, so  
they still retain THREE in their service in Northumberland, who  
wear the badge of the family, (a SILVER CRESCENT on the  
right arm) and are thus distributed; viz. One for the barony of  
Prudhoe, and Two for the barony of Rothbury. These attend the  
court leets and fairs held for the Lord, and pay their annual suit and  
service at Alnwick castle; their instrument being the ancient North-  
umberland bag-pipe (very different in form and execution from that  
of the Scots; being smaller; and blown, not with the breath, but  
with a small pair of bellows).

This, with many other venerable customs of the ancient EARLS of  
NORTHUMBERLAND has been revived by those, who, at present, with  
so much lustre and dignity, inherit the honours of that noble House;  
who, to all the great qualities of their predecessors, unite the utmost  
goodness and condescension; and with whom the slightest talents, and  
humblest efforts to please, are sure not to pass UNREWARDED.

clude there were other inferior orders, as YEOMEN MINSTRELS, or the like.

'This Minstrel, the author tells us a little below, " after three lowly courtesies, cleared his voice with a hem. . . . and wiped his lips with the hollow of his hand for 'filing his napkin, tempered a string or two with his WREST, and after a little warbling on his HARP for a prelude, came forth with a solemn song, warranted for story out of King Arthur's acts, &c." — This song the reader will find printed in this work, Vol. III. pag. 25. and some further account of the state of Minstrelsy and Ballad-singing in Q. Elizabeth's reign, in Vol. II. pag. 168, &c.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century this class of men had lost all credit, and were sunk so low in the public opinion, that in the 39th year of Elizabeth \*, a statute was passed by which " Minstrels, wandering abroad," were included among " rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars," and were adjudged to be punished as such. This act seems to have put an end to the profession, for after this time they are no longer mentioned.

V. I CANNOT conclude this account of the ancient English MINSTRELS, without remarking that they are most of them represented to have been of the North of England. There is hardly an ancient Ballad or Romance, wherein a Minstrel or Harper appears, but he is characterized by way of eminence to have been " OF THE NORTH COUNTRYE † :" and indeed the prevalence of the Northern dialect in such compositions, shews that this representation is real. On the other hand the scene of the finest Scottish Ballads is laid in the South of Scotland ; which should seem to have been peculiarly the nursery of Scottish Minstrels. In the old song of Maggy Lawder, a Piper is asked by

\* Anno Dom. 1597. Vid. Pult. Stat. p. 1110, 39<sup>o</sup> Eliz.

† See this Vol. Song. VI. v. 156, 180. &c.

xxxviii A N E S S A Y O N T H E

way of distinction, "COME ZE FRAE THE BORDER?" — The martial spirit constantly kept up and exercised on the frontier of the two kingdoms, as it furnished continual subjects for their Songs, so it inspired the borderers of both nations with the powers of poetry. Besides, as our Southern Metropolis must have been ever the scene of novelty and refinement, the northern counties, as being most distant, would preserve their ancient manners longest, and of course the old poetry, in which those manners are peculiarly described.

The Reader will observe in the more ancient Ballads of this collection, a cast of style and measure very different from that of contemporary poets of a higher class; many phrases and idioms, which the Minstrels seem to have appropriated to themselves, and a very remarkable licence of varying the accent of words at pleasure, in order to humour the flow of the verse, particularly in the rhimes; as

*Countrie harper battiel morning against  
Ladie singer damsèl loving,*

instead of *country, lady, bärper, singer, &c.* — This liberty is but sparingly assumed by the classical poets of the same age; or even by the latter composers of Heroical Ballads: I mean by such as professedly wrote for the press. For it is to be observed, that so long as the Minstrels subsisted, they seem never to have designed their rhimes for literary publication, and probably never committed them to writing themselves: what copies are preserved of them were doubtless taken down from their mouths. But as the old Minstrels gradually wore out, a new race of Ballad-writers succeeded, an inferior sort of minor poets, who wrote narrative songs merely for the press. Instances of both may be found in the reign of Elizabeth. The two latest pieces in the genuine strain of the old Minstrelsy that I can discover, are No. III. and IV. of Book III. in this volume. Lower than these I cannot trace the old mode of writing.

The old Minstrel-ballads are in the northern dialect,

abound with antique words and phrases, are extremely incorrect, and run into the utmost licence of metre ; they have also a romantic wildness, and are in the true spirit of chivalry.—The other sort are written in exacter measure, have a low or subordinate correctness, sometimes bordering on the insipid, yet often well adapted to the pathetic ; these are generally in the southern dialect, exhibit a more modern phraseology, and are commonly descriptive of more modern manners.—To be sensible of the difference between them, let the Reader compare in this volume No. III. of Book III. with No. X. of Book II.

Towards the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, (as is mentioned above), the genuine old Minstrelsy seems to have been extinct, and thenceforth the Ballads that were produced were wholly of the latter kind, and these came forth in such abundance, that in the reign of James I. they began to be collected into little miscellanies, under the name of **GARLANDS**, and at length to be written purposely for such collections (F f).

\* \* \* *The history of the MINSTRELS in the middle ages, receives great illustration from Histoire Literaire des Troubadours, contenant leurs Vies, les Extraits de leurs Pièces, et plusieurs particularités sur les Mœurs, les Usages, et l'Histoire du douzième, et du treizième Siècles.* Paris, 1774. 3 tom. 12mo. A work, which would have been much more curious and valuable, if the modern Translations and Abstracts had been accompanied by some of the Original Poems themselves, printed in the manner of the judicious collection of *Fabliaux et Contes des poëtes François, &c.* Paris, 1756. 3 tom. 18mo.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS  
REFERRED TO IN THE  
FOREGOING ESSAY.

(A) The MINSTRELS, &c.] The word *Minstrel* does not appear to have been in use here before the Norman Conquest; but at what particular period it was taken up, I have not discovered, nor yet whether it was coined in England or France: though I am inclined to think the latter; where this character was called *Menestrel*, *Menestrier*, which was latinized by the Monks, &c. *Ministellus*, *Ministrillus*, *Ministrallus*, *Menestrellus*, &c. [Vid. Gloss. Du Cange & Supplém.]

Menage derives the French words abovementioned from *Ministerialis* or *Ministeriarius*, barbarous Latin terms, used in the middle ages to express a Workman or Artificer (still called in Languedoc *Minstral*) as if these men were styled ARTIFICERS or PERFORMERS by way of excellence [Vid. Diction. Etym.] But the origin of the name is given perhaps more truly by Du Cange. “*MINISTELL! . . . . quos vulgo Menestreux vel Menestriers appellamus. quod minoribus aulæ Ministris accenlerentur.*” [Gloss. IV. p. 769.] Accordingly, he says, the word “*Minister*” is sometimes used “*pro Ministrillus*,” and produces an instance which I shall insert at large in the next paragraph.

Although one of these I take to be the true etymology, yet Junius’s conjecture deserves mention, who supposes the word *MINSTREL* to be of English origin, and deduces it from our old English or Saxon name for a cathedral, *MINSTER*. “*Ut proprie Minstrels dielli fuerint qui in Cathedralibus Ecclesiis inserviebant eboru Deum jugi cantu celebrantium. . . . Fortasse quoque Cambio-Britannis pari modo Cler. dicti sunt Musici; ex*

quo nempe Clerici canere cœperunt in Ecclesiis." [Etym. Ang.] That the Minstrels sometimes assisted at divine service, appears from the record of the 9th of Edw. IV. quoted by the ingenious Author of the Observations on the Ancient Statutes, &c. 4to. 2d edit. 1766. p. 273.] by which "Halidcy, Cliffe, Marshall, and others are erected into a Gild or Fraternity; to which certain WOMEN are likewise associated. By part of this record it is recited to be their duty to sing in the king's chapel, and particularly for the departed souls of the king and queen when they shall die, &c." — The same also appears from the passage in Du Cange, alluded to above "MINISTER . . . pro Ministris Jo-  
" culator." — *Vetus ceremoniale MS. B. M. deaurata  
" Tolos. Item, etiam congregabuntur Piscatores, qui debent  
" interesse isto die in processione cum MINISTRIS seu Jo-  
" culatoribus: quia ipsi Piscatores tenentur habere isto die  
" Joculatores, seu Mimos ob HONOREM CRUCIS—  
" et vadunt primi ante processionem cum Ministris seu Jo-  
" culatoribus semper pulsantibus usque ad ecclesiam S. Ste-  
" phani."* [Gloss. 773.] — This will also account to us for the clerical appearance of the MINSTRELS, who from the middle ages downwards seem to have been distinguished by the TONSURE, which was one of the inferior marks of the clerical character. Thus Jeffery of Monmouth, speaking of one who acted the part of a Minstrel, says, *Rasit capillois suos & barbam.* (see Note 'K') in which, though he speaks of a very distant fact, yet he probably represents the appearance, as it was in his time. Again a writer, in the reign of Elizabeth, describing the habit of an ancient Minstrel, speaks of his head as "rounded Tonster-wise." (which I venture to read Tonsure-wise), "his beard snugly shaven." See above, p. xxxv.

It must however be observed, that notwithstanding this clerical appearance of the Minstrels, and though they

\* MINISTERS seems to be used for MINSTRELS in the Account of the Ironization of Abp. Neville. (An. 6. Edw. IV.) "Then all the Chaplyns must say grace, and the MINISTERS do sing." Vid. Leland Collectan by Hearne. vol. 6. p. 13.

they might be sometimes countenanced by such of the clergy as were of more relaxed morals, their sportive talents rendered them generally obnoxious to the more rigid Ecclesiastics, and to such of the religious orders as were of more severe discipline ; whose writings commonly abound with heavy complaints of the great encouragement shewn to these men by the princes and nobles, and who can seldom afford them a better name than that of *Scurræ, Famelici, Nebulones*, &c. of which innumerable instances may be seen in Du Cange. It was even an established order in some of the monasteries, that no Minstrel should ever be suffered to enter their gates.

(B) “ The Minstrels used mimicry and action, and “ other means of diverting, &c.”] It is observable, that our old monkish historians seldom use the words *Canctator, Citbarædus, Musicus*, or the like, to express a MINSTREL in Latin, but either *Mimus, Histrion, Togulator*, or some other word that implies gesture. Hence it might be inferred, that the Minstrels set off their songs with all the arts of gesticulation, &c. or, according to the ingenious hypothesis of Dr. Brown, united the powers of melody, poem, and dance. [See his *History of the Rise of Poetry, &c.*]

But this is also proved by more positive evidence ; for all the old writers describe them as exercising various arts of this kind. We have a remarkable instance of this in Joinville’s life of S. Lewis \* ; which shews, that the MINSTRELS were sometimes very dextrous Tumblers and Posture-masters. “ Avec le Prince vin-“ rent trois Menestriers de la Grande Hyermenie (Ar-“ menia) . . . . et avoient trois cors — Quand ils en-“ commenceoient a corner, vous disiez que ce sont les  
“ voix

\* The curious reader may see the extract at large, in the Observations on the Ancient Statutes, 2d Ed. p. 273. Joinville however seems to speak of this as a rare instance. [Vid. p. 217.]

“ voix de cygnes, . . . et fesoient les plous douces  
“ melodies. — Ils fesoient trois merveilleus saus, car  
“ on leur metoit une touaille desous les piez, et tournoi-  
“ ent tout debout. . . . Les deux tournoient les testes  
“ arieres,” &c., &c.

This will account to us for that remarkable clause in the press warrant of Henry VI. “ *De Ministrallis propter solatum regis providendis*,” by which it is required, that the boys to be provided in arte Ministrallatus instructos, should also be membris naturalibus elegantes. See the warrant at large in Rymer, 34. Hen. VI. (Observ. on the Anc. Stat. 2d Ed. p. 273.)

By MINSTREL was properly understood in English, One who sung to the harp, or some other instrument of music, verses composed by himself or others: Not but the term was sometimes applied by our old writers to such as professed either music or singing separately, and perhaps to such as practised any of the sportive arts connected with these \*. Music however being the leading idea, was at length peculiarly called MINSTRELSY, and the name of MINSTREL at last confined to the Musician only.

In the French language all these Arts were included under the general name of *Menestraudie* *Menestraudise*, *Jonglerie*, &c. [Med. Lat. *Menestellorum Ars*, *Ars Joculatoria*, &c.] — “ *On peut comprendre sous le nom de Jonglerie tout ce qui appartient aux anciens chansonniers Provençaux, Normands, Picards, &c. Le corps de la Jonglerie étoit formé des Trouveres, ou Troubadours, qui composoient les chansons, et parmi lesquels il y avoit des Improvisateurs, comme on en trouve en Italie; des Chanteours ou Chanteres qui executoient ou chanteoient ces compositions; des Conteurs qui faisoient en vers ou en prose les contes, les recits, les histoires; des Jongleurs ou Menestrels qui accompagoient de leurs instrumens.* — L’art de ces Chantres ou Chansonniers, étoit nommé la Science Gaie, *Gay Saber.*” (Pref. Anthologie Franç. 1765. 8vo. p. 17.) — See also the

\* Vid. infra, Not. A a.

the curious FAUCHET (*De l' Orig. de la Lang. Fr.* p. 72, &c.) " Bien tost apres la division de ce grand empire " Fran<sup>ç</sup>ois en tant de petits royaumes, duchez, & " comtez, au lieu des Poetes commencerent a se faire " cognoistre les Trouverres, et Chanterres, Cont<sup>é</sup>ours, et " Jugl<sup>é</sup>ours : qui sont Trouveurs, Chantres, Conteurs, " Jongleours, ou JUGLEURS, c'est à dire, MENE- " STRIERS chantans avec la viole."

We see then that Jongleur, Jugleur, (Lat. *Joculator*, *Juglator*) was the peculiar name appropriated to the Minstrels. " Les Jongleours ne faisoient que chanter les " poesies sur leurs instrumens. On les appelloit aussi ME- " NESTRELS :" says Fontenelle, in his *Hist. du Théat. Franc.* prefixed to his Life of Corneille.

(C) " Successors of the ancient BARDS." ] That the MINSTRELS in many respects bore a strong resemblance both to the British BARDS and to the Danish SCALDS, appears from this, that the old Monkish writers expres them all without distinction by the same names in Latin. Thus Geoffery of Monmouth, himself a Welshman, speaking of an old pagan British king, who excelled in singing and music, so far as to be esteemed by his countrymen the Patron Deity of the BARDS, uses the phrase *Deus JOCULATORUM*; which is the peculiar name given to the English and French Minstrels\*. In like manner, William of Malmesbury, speaking of a Danish king's assuming the profession of a SCALD, expresses it by, *Profe<sup>ss</sup>us MIMUM*; which was another name given to the Minstrels in Middle Latinity†. Indeed DU CANGE, in his Glossary, quotes a writer, who positively asserts that the MINSTRELS of the middle ages were the same with the ancient BARDS. I shall give a large extract from this learned glossographer, as he relates many curious particulars concerning the profession and arts of the Minstrels; whom, after the monks, he stigmatizes by the name of *Scurræ*; though he acknowledges their songs often tended to inspire virtue.

\* Vid. Not. B. K. Q.

† Vid. Not. N.

" MINI-

“ MINISTRELLI, dicti præsertim *Scurrae*, Mimi, Joculatores.” . . . “ Ejusmodi *Scurrarum* manus erat priuipes non suis duntaxat ludicris oblectare, sed et eorum aures variis avorum, adeoque ipsorum principum laudibus, non sine ASSENTATIONE, cum cantilenis & musicis instrumentis demulcere. . . .

“ Interdum etiam virorum insignium & heroum gesta, aut explicata & jocunda narratione commemorabant, aut suavi vocis inflexione, fidibusque decantabant, quo sic dominorum, cæterorumque qui his intererant ludicris, nobilium animos ad VIRTUTEM capessendam, et famborum virorum imitacionem accenderent: quod fuit olim apud Gallos Bardorum ministerium, ut auctor est Tacitus. Neque enim alias à *Ministellis*, veterum Gallorum *Bardos* fuisse pluribus probat Henricus Valesius ad 15 Amias. . . .

“ Nicolaus de Braia describens solenne convivium, quo post inaugurationem suam proceres exceptit Lud. VIII. rex Francorum, ait inter ipsius convivii apparatum, in medium prodiisse MIMUM, qui regis laudes ad cytharam decantavit.” —

Our author then gives the lines at length, which begin thus,

“ Dumque sovent genium geniali munere Bachi,  
“ Nectare commixto curas removente Lyro.  
“ Principis a facie, citharae celeberrimus arte  
“ Assurgit Mimus, ars musica quem decorari.  
“ Hic ergo chorda resonante subintulit ista:  
“ Inlyte rex regum, probitatis stemmate vernans,  
“ Quem vigor & virtus extolit in æthera famæ, &c.

The rest may be seen in Du Cange, who thus proceeds, “ Mitto reliqua similia, ex quibus omnino patet ejusmodi Mimorum & Ministellorum cantilenas ad virtutem principes excitasse. . . . Id præsertim in pugnæ præcinctu, dominis suis occidebant, ut martiriando

“ rem

“rem in eorum animis concitarent: cujusmodi cantum  
 “Cantilenam Rollandi appellat Will. Malmesb. lib. 3.  
 “—Aimoinus, lib. 4. de Mirac. S. Bened. c. 37.  
 “Tanta vero illis securitas . . . ut SCURRAM se precedere  
 “facerent, qui musico instrumento res fortiter gestas et prio-  
 “rum bella præcineret, quatenus his acrius incitarentur,  
 “&c.” As the writer was a monk, we shall not won-  
 der at his calling the Minstrel, *Scurram*.

(D) “The Poet and the Minstrel early with us be-  
 “came two persons.” The word SCALD comprehen-  
 “ded both characters among the Danes, nor do I  
 know that they had any peculiar name for either of  
 them separate. But it was not so with the Anglo-  
 Saxons. They called a POET Sceop, and Leoðyppa: the  
 last of these comes from Leoð, a SONG; and the  
 former answers to our old word MAKER (Gr. Ποιητης)  
 being derived from Scippan or Sceopan, *formare, facere,*  
*figere, creare* (Ang. to shape). As for the MINSTREL,  
 they distinguished him by the peculiar appellation of  
 Bligman, and perhaps by the more simple title of pean-  
 pene, Harper: [See below, notes H, I.] This last title,  
 at least, is often given to a Minstrel by our most an-  
 cient English rhymists. See in this work Vol. I. p. 71.  
 &c. Vol. III. p. 43, &c.

(E) “Minstrels . . . at the houses of the great,  
 “&c.”] Du Cange affirms, that in the middle ages,  
 the courts of princes swarmed so much with this kind  
 of men, and such large sums were expended in main-  
 taining and rewarding them, that they often drained  
 the royal treasuries: especially, he adds, of such as  
 were delighted with their flatteries (*praesertim qui ejus-  
 modi Ministrorum assentationibus deletabantur.*) He then  
 confirms his assertion by several passages out of monastic  
 writers, who sharply inveigh against this extravagance.  
 Of these I shall here select only one or two, which show  
 what kind of rewards were bestowed on these old  
 Songsters.

“ Rigordus de Gestis Philippi Aug. an. 1185. “ Cum in  
“ curiis regum seu aliorum principum, frequens turba HI-  
“ STRIONUM convenire soleat, ut ab eis ADRUM, ARGEN-  
“ TUM, EQUOS, seu VESTES, \* quos per sepe mutare con-  
“ siveverunt principes, ab eis extorqueant, verba Jocula-  
“ toria variis adulacionibus plena proferre nituntur. Et  
“ ut magis placeant, quicquid de ipsis principibus probabi-  
“ liter fangi potest, videlicet omnes delitias et lepores, et  
“ visu dignas urbanitates et cæteras ineptias, trutinantibus  
“ buccis in medium erubescere non erubescunt. Vidimus quon-  
“ dam quosdam principes, qui VESTES diu excogitatas, et  
“ variis florum picturationibus artificiose elaboratas, pro  
“ quibus farsan 20 vel 30 marcas argenti consumperant,  
“ vix revolutis septem diebus HISTRIONIBUS, ministris  
“ diaboli, ad primam vocem dedisse, &c.”

The curious reader may find a similar, though at the same time a more candid account, in that most excellent writer, Presid. FAUCHET: (*Recueil de la lang. Fr.* p. 73.) who says, that, like the ancient Greek *Aoïdoti*,  
“ Nos Trouverres, ainsi que ceux la, prenans leur sub-  
“ jeet sur les faits des vaillans (qu'ils appelloient *Geste*,  
“ venant de *Gesta* Latin) alloyent . . . par les cours re-  
“ jouir les Princes . . . Remportans des grandes re-  
“ compences des seigneurs, qui bien souvent leur don-  
“ noyent jusques aux ROBES qu'ils avoyent vëstues: &  
“ lesquelles ces Jugleours ne failloient de porter aux  
“ autres cours, à fin d'inviter les seigneurs a pareille  
“ liberalité. Ce qui a duré si longuement, qu'il ME-  
“ SOUVIENT AVOIR VEU Martin Baraton (ja viel Me-  
“ nestrier d'Orleans) lequel aux festes et nöpces batoit

\* The Minstrels in France were received with great magnificence in the 14th century. Froissart describing a Christmas entertainment given by the Comte de Foix, tells us that “ there were many MYN-  
“ STRES, as well of hys own as of straungers, asde echo of them dyd  
“ their devoire in their facultes. The same day the Erle of Foix gave  
“ to Haraulds and Minstrelles the som of FVYE HUNDRED  
“ FRANCES: and gave to the Duke of Tocayns Mynstreles Gownes  
“ of Clothe of Gold furred with Ermyne valued at two hundred  
“ Frankes.” E. III. c. 31. Eng. Trans. Lond. 1525. (Mr. C.)

“ un tabourin d’argent, semé des plaques aussi d’argent, gravees des armoires de ceux a qui il avoit appris a DANSER \*.”

Fontenelle even gives us to understand, that these men were often rewarded with favours of a still higher kind. “ Les princesses & les plus grandes dames y joignoient souvent leurs faveurs. Elles etoient fort foible contre les beaux esprits.” (*Hist. du Theat.*) We are not to wonder then that this profession should be followed by men of the first quality, particularly the younger sons and brothers of great houses. “ Tel qui par les partages de sa famille n’avoit que la moitie ou le quart d’une vieux chateaux bien seigneurial, alloit quelque temps courir le monde en rimant, et revenoit acquirir le reste de Chateau.” (*Fontenelle Hist. du Theat.*) We see then, that there was no improbable fiction in those ancient Songs and Romances, which are founded on the story of Minstrels being beloved by kings daughters, &c. and discovering themselves to be the sons of some sovereign prince, &c.

(F) The honours and rewards lavished upon the Minstrels were not confined to the continent. Our own countryman Johannes Sarisburiensis (in the time of Henry II.) declaims no less than the monks abroad, against the extravagant favour shewn to these men. *Non enim more nugatorum ejus seculi in HISTRIONES, & MIMOS, et hujusmodi monstra hominum, ob fam & redemptionem & dilatationem nominis effunditis opes vestras, &c.* [Epist. 247 †.]

The Monks seem to grudge every act of munificence that was not applied to the benefit of themselves and their convents. They therefore below great applause upon the Emperor Henry, who, at his marriage with Agnes of Poictou, in 1044, disappointed the poor Minstrels, and sent them away empty. *Infinitam Histrionum, & Joculatorum multitudinem, sine cibo & muneribus vacuam*

\* Here we see that a Minstrel performed sometimes the function of a Dancing-Master.

† Et. vid. Polycraticon. cap. 2, &c.

*vacuam & marentem abire permisit.* (Chronic. Virtziburg.) For which I doubt not but he was sufficiently stigmatized in the Songs and Ballads of those times. Vid. Du Cange, Gloss. tom. 4. p. 771, &c.

(G) “ The annals of the Anglo-Saxons are scanty “ and defective.”] Of the few histories now remaining that were written before the Norman Conquest, almost all are such short and naked sketches and abridgments, giving only a concise and general relation of the more remarkable events, that scarce any of the minute circumstantial particulars are to be found in them: nor do they hardly ever descend to a description of the customs, manners, or domestic œconomy of their countrymen. The SAXON CHRONICLE, for instance, which is the best of them, and upon some accounts extremely valuable, is almost such an epitome as Lucius Florus and Eutropius have left us of the Roman history. As for ETHELWARD, his book is judged to be an imperfect translation of the Saxon Chronicle †; and the *Pseudo-Affer* or Chronicle of St. Neot is a poor defective performance. How absurd would it be then to argue against the existence of customs or facts, from the silence of such scanty records as these? Whoever would carry his researches deep into that period of history, might safely plead the excuse of a learned writer, who had particularly studied the Ante-Norman historians. “ *Conjecturis (licet nusquam sine verisimili fundamento) aliquoties indulgemus . . . utpote ab Historicis jejune nimis & indiligenter res nostras tractantibus coacti . . . Nostri . . . nudâ factorum commemoratione plerumque contenti, reliqua omnia, sive ob ipsarum rerum, sive meliorum literarum, sive Historicorum officii ignorantiam, fere intacta prætereunt.*” Vide plura in Præfat. ad Ælfr. Vitam a Spelman. Ox. 1678. fol.

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(H) “ Min-

† Vid. Nicholson's Eng. Hist. Libr. &c.

(H) "Minstrels and Harpers."] That the HARP (*Cithara*) was the common musical instrument of the Anglo-Saxons, might be inferred from the very word itself, which is not derived from the British, or any other Celtic language, but of genuine Gothic original, and current among every branch of that people: viz. Ang.-Sax. *þeanpe*; *þeanpa*. Iceland. *Harpa*; *Hauppa*. Dan. and Belg. *Harge*. Germ. *Harpsfe*, *Harpsfa*. Gal. *Harpe*. Span. *Harpa*. Ital. *Arpa*. [Vid. Jun. Etym. — Menage Etym. &c.] As also from this, that the word *þeanpe* is constantly used in the Anglo-Saxon versions, to express the Latin words *Cithara*, *Lyra*, and even *Cymbalum*: the word *Psalmus* itself being sometimes translated *þeapp fang*, HARP-SONG. [Gloss. Jun. R. apud Lye Anglo-Sax. Lex.]

But the fact itself is positively proved by the express testimony of Bede, who tells us that it was usual at festival meetings for this instrument to be handed round, and each of the company to sing to it in his turn. See his *Hist. Eccles. Anglor. Lib. 4. c. 24.* where speaking of their sacred poet Cædmon, who lived in the times of the Heptarchy (ob. circ. 680.) he says:

“ Nibil unquam frivoli & supervacui poematis facere potuit; sed ea tantummodo, quæ ad religionem pertinent, religiosam ejus linguam decebant. Siquidem in habitu seculari, usque ad tempora proiectioris ætatis constitutus, nil Carminum aliquando didicerat. Unde nonnunquam in convivio, cum esset lætitiae causa ut omnes per ordinem CANTARE deberent, ille ubi appropinquare sibi CITHARAM cernebat, surgebat a mediâ cœnâ, et egressus ad suam dampnum repedabat.”

I shall now subjoin king ALFRED's own Anglo-Saxon translation of this passage, with a literal interlineary English version.

In this version of Alfred's it is observable, (1) that he has expressed the Latin word *cantare*, by the Anglo-Saxon words "be heanpan ringan," SING TO THE HARP; as if they were synonymous, or as if his countrymen had no idea of Singing unaccompanied with the Harp: (2) That when Bede simply says, *surgebat a media caena*; he assigns a motive, "a[n]as pop[ularis] recome," AROSE FOR SHAME; that is, either from an austerity of manners; or, from his being deficient in an accomplishment,

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liii NOTES ON THE

ment, which so generally prevailed among his country-men.

(1) "The word continues still in our language, &c." This is the word **GLEE**; which is derived from the Anglo-Saxon **Glig**, [Gliss] *Musica*; Music, **Minstrelsy** (Somn). This is the common radix, whence arise such a variety of terms and phrases relating to the Minstrel-Art, as afford the strongest internal proof, that this profession was extremely common and popular here before the Norman conquest. Thus we have

I.

(1) **Glip, Mimus, a MINSTREL.**

**Gligman, gligmon, glaman, [Glee-man.] *Histrion, Mimus, Pantomimus*;** all common names in Middle-Latinity for a **MINSTREL**: and Somner accordingly renders the original by a **Minstrel**; a Player on a timbrel or taber. He adds, a **Fidler**; but this is giving a modern idea; occasioned by the word *Fidicen*; by which the orig. has been also rendered;

**Gliumen, gligmen. [Glee-men.] *Histriones, MINSTRELS.*** Hence

**Gligmann-a-ÿpe. *Orchestra, vel Pulpitus.* The place where the Minstrels exhibited their performances.**

(2) But their most proper and expressive name was **Glypheophniend. *Musicus*, a Minstrel; and Glypheophniendica. *Musicus*, MUSICAL.**

These two words include the full idea of the Minstrel character, expressing at once their Music and Singing, being compounded of **Glip, *Musicus, Mimus, a Musician, MINSTREL***; and **Leos, *Carmen, a SONG.***

(3) From the above word **Glig**, the profession itself was called

**Glyphe næft. [Glig or Glee-craft.] *Musica, Histrionia, Mimica, Gesticulatio;* Which Somner rightly gives in English, **Minstrelsy, Mimical Gesticulation, Mummersy.****

He also adds Stage-playing; but here again, I think he substitutes an idea too modern; induced by the word *Histrionia*, which in Middle Latinity only signifies the Minstrel-art.

However it should seem, that both mimical gesticulation and a kind of rude exhibition of characters were sometimes attempted by the old Minstrels: But

(4) As Musical Performance was the leading idea, so *Glyopian*, is *Cantus Musicos edere*; and *Glybeam*, *glibbeam*, [Glib or Glee-beam] *Tympanum*; a *Cimbrel* or *Caber*. (So *Somn.*) Hence *Glypian*. *Tympanum pulsare*; and

*Glap-meden*; *glypiende-maden*; [Glee-maiden] *Tympanistria*: which Somner renders a She-Minstrel; for it would seem, that they had Females of this profession; One name for which was also *Glypbydenestra*.

(5) Of congenial derivation to the foregoing is *glibp*. *Tibia*, a PIPE or FLUTE.

Both this and the common radix *Glegg*, are with great appearance of truth derived by Junius from the Icelandic *Gleggur*, *Flatus*; as supposing that the first attempts at Music among our Gothic ancestors, were from Wind-instruments. Vid. Jun. Etym. Ang. V.

### GLEE.

But the Minstrels, as is hinted above, did not confine themselves to the mere exercise of their primary arts of Music and Song, but occasionally used many other modes of diverting. Hence from the above Root was derived, in a secondary sense,

(1) *Gleo*, and *pinsum glib*. *Facetiae*.  
*Gleopian*. *jocari*; to jest, or be merry; (*Somn.*) and  
*Glepiend*. *jocans*; jesting, speaking merrily;  
*Glegian*, also signified *Jocista*, a JESTER. *Gleg-gamen*.

not Elig-gamen. [Glee-games.] *Joci.* Which Somner renders. Merriments, or merry Tests; Tricks, or Sports; Gambols. (amor)

(2) Hence again, by a common metonymy of the Cause for the Effect,

*Elie, gaudium, alacritas, laetitia, facitiae; Joy, Mirth, Gladness, Chearfulness, Glee.* [Somner.] Which last application of the word still continues, though rather in a low debasing sense.

But however agreeable and delightful the various arts of the Minstrels might be to the Anglo-Saxon laity, there is reason to believe, that before the Norman Conquest at least, they were not much favoured by the clergy; particularly by those of monastic profession. For, not to mention that the sportive talents of these men would be considered by these austere ecclesiastics, as tending to levity and licentiousness; the Pagan origin of their art would excite in the monks an insuperable prejudice against it. The Anglo-Saxon HARPERS and GLEEMEN were the immediate successors and imitators of the Scandinavian SCALDS; who were the great promoters of Pagan superstition, and fomented that spirit of cruelty and vitrage in their countrymen the Danes, which fell with such peculiar severity on the religious and their convents.—Hence arose a third application of words derived from *Elig*, MINSTRELSY, in a very unfavourable sense, and this chiefly prevails in books of religion and ecclesiastic discipline. Thus

*Elig*, is *Ludibrium, LAUGHING TO SCORN* \*. So in S. Basil. *Regul.* 11. p. *habet* him to *glige* *halpende* *minegunze*. *Luibrio* *babebant* *salutarem* *ejus* *admonitionem*? (10.) — This sense of the word was perhaps not ill-founded; for as the sport of rude uncultivated men often arises from ridicule, it is not improbable

\* *TO GLEEK*, is used in Shakespeare, for “to make sport, to jest,” &c.

but the old Minstrels often indulged a vein of this sort, and that of no very delicate kind. So again,

*Glig-man*, was also used to signify *Scurra*, a saucy Jester. (Somn.)

*Glig-georn. Dicax, Scurriles jocos supra quam par est amans.* Officium Episcopale, 3.

*Gligian. Scurrilibus oblectamentis indulgere; Scurrum agere.* Canon. Edgar. 58.

*Gligian. Scurrilibus oblectamentis indulgere; Scurrum agere.* Canon. Edgar. 58.

(2) Again, as the various attempts to please, practised by an order of men who owed their support to the public favour, might be considered by those grave censors, as mean and debasing: Hence came from the same root, *Glype* or *Parasitus*, *Affentator*; a fawner, a Cogger, a Parasite, a Flatterer\*. (Somn.)

In so unfavourable a light were the Minstrels considered by the Anglo-Saxon clergy; but, after the Norman Conquest, when the Pagan origin of their art was forgot; and when perhaps a greater laxity of manners prevailed among some of the ecclesiastics; these men do not seem to have regarded them every-where with so evil an eye: for there is even room to think, that they admitted them here to some of the inferior honours of the clerical character; as the Tonsure for instance [see above, Note (A)]; but this is mentioned as mere conjecture.

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IV.

\* The preceding list of Anglo-Saxon words, so full and copious beyond any thing that ever yet appeared in print on this subject, was extracted from Mr. LYSE's curious ANGLO-SAXON LEXICON, in MS. but the arrangement here is the Editor's own. It had however received the sanction of Mr. LYSE's approbation, and would doubtless have been received into his printed copy, had he lived to publish it himself.

It should also be observed, for the sake of future researches, that without the assistance of the old English Interpretations given by SOMNER, in his Anglo-Saxon Dictionary, the Editor of this book never could have discovered that *Glig* signified *Minstrelsy*, or *Gligman* a *Minstrel*.

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After meadowing this, IV. shall be the best answer to the first

To return to the Anglo-Saxon word **Gleag**. Notwithstanding the various secondary senses in which this word (as we have seen above) was so early applied; yet

The derivative **GLEE** (though now chiefly used to express Merriment and Joy) long retained its first simple meaning, and is even applied by Chaucer to signify **MUSIC** and **MINSTRELSY**. (Vid. Jun. Etym.) **Bigg**

“ For though that the best harper upon live  
“ Would on the best soundid jolly harpe  
“ That evir was, with all his fingers five  
“ Touch aie o string, or aie o warble harpe,  
“ Were his nailes pointed nevir so sharpe.”

“ It shoulde makin every wight to dull

“ To heare is **GLEE**, and of his strokes full.”

Troyl. L. II. (1)

Junius interprets **GLEES** by *Musica Instrumenta*, in the following passages of Chaucer's **THIRD BOKE OF NAME**.

“ Stoden.. the castell all aboutin

“ Of all maner of **MYNSTRALES**,

“ And **jestours** that tellen tales

“ Both of wepyng and of game,

“ And of all that longeth unto fame:

“ There herde I play on a harpe

“ That sowned both well and sharpe

“ Hym Orpheus full craftily;

“ And on this syde fast by

“ Sate the harper Orion;

“ And Eacides Chirion;

“ And other harpers many one,

“ And the Briton **GLASKYRION**.

After mentioning these, the great masters of the art, he proceeds to show how such a host of master of arts doth in effect visit these countries: and he adds, “ And small Harper with her GLASER ” 292  
“ Sat under them in divers sees. ” 292

Again, a little below, the poet having enumerated the performers on all the different sorts of instruments, adds,

“ There sawe I syt in other sees ” 292  
“ Playing upon other sundry GLASER ” 292  
“ Which that I cannot neven ” 292  
“ Mo than starres ben in heven, &c. ” 292

Upon the above lines I shall only make a few observations:

(1) That we have here mention made of an order of Minstrels, who told both tragic and comic stories, called JESTOURS: which I suppose should be Gestours; sc. the relaters of GESTS (Lat. *Gesta*) or adventurers in prose. These were evidently what the French called *Conteours*, or Story-tellers, and to them we are doubtless indebted for the first Prose Romances of chivalry: which may be considered as specimens of their manner.

(2) That the “ Briton GLASKERYON,” whoever he was, is apparently the same person with our famous Harper GLASGERION, of whom the reader will find a tragical ballad, in Vol. III. pag. 43. — In that song may be seen an instance of what was advanced above in note (E), of the dignity of the minstrel profession, or at least of the artifice with which the Minstrels endeavoured to set off its importance.

Thus “ a king’s son is represented as appearing in the

\* Neven, i. e. name.

the character of a Harper or Minstrel in the court of another king. He wears a collar (or gold chain) as a person of illustrious rank; rides on horseback, and is admitted to the embraces of a king's daughter."

The Minstrels lost no opportunity of doing honour to their art. (3) As for the word GLEES, it is to this day used in a musical sense, and applied to a peculiar piece of composition. Who has not seen the advertisements, proposing a reward to him who should produce the best Catch, Canon, or GLEE?

(K) "Comes from the pen of Geoffery of Mon. "mouth."] Geoffery's own words are, "Cum ergo alterius modi aditum [Baldulphus] non haberet, rasit capillos suos. & barbam \*, cultumque JOCULATORIS cum Cythara fecit. Deinde intra castra deambulans, modulit quos in Lyra componebat, sese CYTHARISTAM exhibebat." Galf. Monam. Hist. 4to. 1508. Lib. 7. c. 1. — That Joculator signifies precisely a MINSTREL, appears not only from this passage, where it is used as a word of like import to *Citharista* or HARPER, (which was the old English word for Minstrel), but also from another passage of the same author, where it is applied as equivalent to *Cantor*. See Lib. 1. cap. 22. where, speaking of an ancient (perhaps fabulous) British king, he says, "Hic omnes CANTORES quos precedens atas babuerat. & in modulis & in omnibus musicis instrumentis excedebat; ita ut Deus JOCULATORUM videretur." — Whatever credit is due to Geoffery as a relater of FACTS, he is certainly as good authority as any for the signification of words.

(L) "Two remarkable facts."] Both these facts are recorded

\* It does not indeed appear, whether this was done by him to disguise his person, or his country, &c. or whether it was the usual appearance of a MINSTREL or BARB. But I am inclined to believe the latter from the description of the MINSTREL in pag. xxxv.

recorded by WILLIAM of MAMESBURY: and the first of them relating to ALFRED, by INGULPHUS also. Now Ingulphus (afterwards abbot of Croyland) was near forty years of age at the time of the Conquest \*, and consequently was as proper a judge of the Saxon manners, as if he had actually written his history before that event; he is therefore to be considered as an Anti-Norman writer: so that whether the fact concerning Alfred be true or not, we are assured from his testimony, that the *Foculator* or *MINSTREL* was a common character among the Anglo-Saxons. The same also may be inferred from the relation of WILLIAM of MAMESBURY, who outlived INGULPHUS but about 30 years †. Both these writers had doubtless recourse to innumerable records and authentic memorials of the Anglo-Saxon times, which never descended down to us; their testimony therefore is too positive and full to be overturned by the mere silence of the two or three slight Anglo-Saxon epitomes, that are now remaining. (Vid. not. (G).)

As for ASER MENEVENSIS, who has given a somewhat more particular detail of Alfred's actions, and yet takes no notice of the following story; it will not be difficult to account for his silence, if we consider that he was a rigid monk, and that the Minstrels, however acceptable to the laity, were never much respected by men of the more strict monastic profession; especially before the Norman Conquest, when they would be considered as brethren of the Pagan Scalds ‡. After therefore might not regard Alfred's skill in Minstrelsy in a very favourable light; and might be induced to drop the circumstance related below, as reflecting in his opinion no great honour on his patron.

The

\* *Natus, 1030, scriptit, 1091, obit, 1109.* Tanner.

† *Obit, Anno 1142.* Tanner,

‡ (See above, p. lit.) Both Ingulph. and Will. of Malmesb. had been very conversant among the Normans; who could have had no such prejudices against the Minstrels as the Anglo-Saxons had.

also The learned Editor of Alfred's life in Latin, after having examined the scene of action in person, and weighed all the circumstances of the event, determines from the whole collective evidence, that Alfred could never have gained the victory he did, if he had not with his own eyes previously seen the disposition of the enemy by such a stratagem as is here described. *Vid. Annot. in Alfr. Mag. Vitam, p. 33. Oxon. 1678. fol.*

(M) "Alfred . . . assumed the dress and character of a Minstrel." *Fingens se JOCULATOREM, assumptam cithara, &c. Ingulphi Hist. p. 869. — Sub specie MIMI, ut JOCVLATOREM professor arctus Gul. Malmesb. l. 2. c. 4. p. 43.* That both *Joculator* and *Mimus* signify literally, a **MINSTREL**, see proved in notes B, K, N, Q, &c. &c.

Malmesbury adds, *Unius tantum fidelissimi frugetatur conscientia.* As this Confidant does not appear to have assumed the disguise of a Minstrel himself, I conclude that he only appeared as the Minstrel's attendant. Now that the Minstrel had sometimes his servant or attendant to carry his harp, and even to sing to his music, we have many instances in the old Metrical Romances, and even some in this present collection. See Vol. I. Song VI. Vol. III. Song VII. &c. Among the French and Provençal bards, the *Trouverre* or Inventor, was generally attended with his singer, who sometimes also played on the Harp, or other musical instrument.

*Quelque fois durant le repas d'un prince on voyoit arriver un Trouverre inconnu avec ses Menestrels ou Jongleours, et il leur faisoit chanter sur leurs Harpes ou Vieilles ses Vers qu'il avoit compose. Ceux qui faisoient les sons auff bien que les MGRS estoient les plus estimés.*" *Fontenelle Hist. du Theatr.*

That ALFRED excelled in Music is positively asserted by BALE, who doubtless had it from some ancient MS. many of which subsisted in his time, that are now lost: as also by Sir J. SPELMAN, who we may conclude had good authority for this anecdote, as he is known to have compiled

compiled his life of Alfred from authentic materials collected by his learned father: this writer informs us, that Alfred “ provided himself of musicians, not common, or such as knew but the practick part, but men skilful in the art itself, whose skill and service he yet further improved with his own instruction,” p. 199. This proves Alfred at least to have understood the Theory of Music; and how could this have been acquired without practising on some instrument: Which, we have seen above, (Note (H) was so extremely common with the Anglo-Saxons, even in much ruder times, that Alfred himself plainly tells us, it was ~~SHAMEFUL~~ to be ignorant of it. And this commonness might be one reason, why Asser did not think it of consequence enough to be particularly mentioned in his short life of that great monarch. This rigid monk may also have esteemed it a slight and frivolous accomplishment favouring only of worldly vanity. He has however particularly recorded Alfred’s fondness for the oral Anglo-Saxon poems and songs [*Saxonica poemata die nocti que . . . audiens . . . memoriter retinebat.* p. 16. *Carmina Saxonica memoriter discere, &c.* p. 43. & ib.] Now the Poems learnt by rote, among all ancient unpolished nations, are ever Songs chanted by the reciter, and accompanied with instrumental melody.

(N) “ With his Harp in his hand, and dressed like a MINSTRÈL.”] *Assumpta manu cithara . . . professus MIMUM, qui hujusmodi arte stipem quotidianam mercatur . . . Iussus abire pretium CANTUS accepit.* Malmesb. l. 2. c. 6. We see here that which was rewarded was (not any mimicry or tricks, but), his SINGING (*Cantus*); this proves beyond dispute, what was the nature of the entertainment he afforded them. Perhaps it is needless to say, that the *CANTUS* of the Anglo-Saxons was a Ballad, or a Ballad Song, or a Ballad Poem, or a Ballad Ballad; and its derivative *Lied*, signifies a Ballad to this day in the German tongue; And *Cantare* we have seen above is by Alfred himself rendered, Be be anpan singan.

needless by this time to prove to the Reader, that *Mimus* in Middle Latinity signifies a Minstrel, and *Mimia*, Minstrelsy, or the Minstrel-art. Should he doubt it, let him cast his eye over the two following extracts from Du Cange.

“ *MIMUS*: *Musicus, qui instrumentis musicis canit.* *Leges Palatinæ Jacobi II. Reg. Majoric.* *In domibus principum, ut tradit antiquitas, *Mimi* seu *Joculatores* licet possunt esse. Nam illorum officium tribuit *laetitiam.* . . . *Quapropter volumus & ordinamus, quod in nostra curia *Mimi* debeat esse quinque, quorum duo sint *tubicinatores, & tertius sit tabelerius: [i. e. a player on the tabor +.]* Lit. remiss. ann. 1374. Ad *MIMOS cornicantes, seu bucinantes accesserunt.*”**

*MIMIA*, *Ludus Mimicus, Instrumentum. [potius, Ars Jocularia.]* Ann. 1482. . . . “ *MIMIA & cantu viatum acquiror.*”

Du Cange, Gloss. Tom. iv. 1762. Supp. c. 1225.

(O) “ To have been a Dane.”] The northern historians produce such instances of the great respect shewn to the Danish SCALDS in the courts of our Anglo-Saxon kings,

† The *TABOUR* or *TABOURIN* was a common instrument with the French Minstrels, as it had also been with the Anglo-Saxon (vid. p. lii.): thus in an ancient Fr. MS. in the Harl. collection (2253. 75.) a Minstrel is described as riding on horseback, and bearing his *TABOUR*.

*Entour son col porta son TABOUR,*

*Depeynt de Or, e riche Agour,*

See also a passage in Menage's Diction. Etym. [v. *MENESTRERS*,] where *Tabours* is used as synonymous to *Menestriers*.

Another frequent instrument with them was the *VIELE*, a kind of Lute or Guitar.

*Il et un Jougleor a Sens,*

*Qui n'avoit pas soren: robe entiere;*

*Soren estoit sans sa VIELE.* Fabliaux & Cont. II. 184, 5.

kings, on account of their Musical and Poetic talents, (notwithstanding they were of so hateful a nation) that, if a similar order of men had not existed here before, we cannot doubt but the profession would have been taken up by such of the natives as had a genius for poetry and music.

“ Extant Rhythmi hoc ipso [Icelandico] idiomate ANGLIÆ, Hyberniæque Regibus oblati & liberaliter compensati, &c. Itaque hinc colligi potest linguam Danicam in aulis vicinorum regum, principumque familiarem fuisse, non secus ac hodie in aulis principum peregrina idiomata in deliciis baberi cernimus. — Imprimis Vita Egilli Skallagrimii id invicto arguento adstruit. Quippe qui interrogatus ab ADALSTEINO, Anglia rege, quomodo manus Eirici Blodoxii, Northumbriæ regis, postquam in ejus potestatem venerat, evasisset, cuius filium propinquosque occiderat, . . . rei statim ordinem metro, nunc satis obscurò, expōsuit, nequaquam ita narraturus non intelligenti.” [Vid. plura apud Torfæii Præfat. ad Orcad. Hist. fol.]

This same EGILL was no less distinguished for his valour and skill as a soldier, than for his poetic and singing talents as a SCALD; and he was such a favourite with our king ATHELSTAN, that he at one time presented him with “ duobus annulis & scrinis duobus bene magnis, argento repletis. . . . Quinetiam hoc addidit, ut Egillus quidvis præterea a se petens, obtineret: bona mōbilia, five immobilia, præbendam vel præfecturas. Egillus porro regiam munificentiam gratus excipiens, Carmen Encomiasticon, a se, linguā Norvegicā, (quæ tum bis regnis communis) compositum, regi dicat: ac pro eo, duas Marcas auri puri. (pondus Marcae . . . 8 uncias æquabat) honorarii loco retulit.” [Arngr. Jon. Ret. Islandic. Lib. 2. p. 129.]

See more of EGILL, in “ The Five Pieces of Runic Poetry,” &c. p. 45. &c.

(P) " If the Saxons had not been accustomed to have  
" Minstrels of their own . . . . and to shew favour and  
" respect to the Danish Scalds,"] If this had not been  
the case, we may be assured, at least, that the stories  
given in the text could never have been recorded by wri-  
ters who lived so near the Anglo-Saxon times as Malmes-  
bury and Ingulphus, who, though they might be de-  
ceived as to particular Facts, could not be so as to the  
general Manners and Customs, which prevailed so near  
their own times among their ancestors.

(Q) " In Doomesday Book;" &c.] *Extract. ex Libro  
Domesday:*

Glowcestscire.

Fol. 162. Col. 1. *Verdic Joculator Regis habet iij villas, et ibi  
v. car. nil redd.*

That *Joculator* is properly a *MINSTREL* might be in-  
ferred from the two foregoing passages of *Geoffrey of  
Monmouth*, (vid. p. lvij.) where the word is used as  
equivalent to *Citharista* in one place, and to *Cantor* in  
the other: this union forms the precise idea of the cha-  
racter.

But more positive proofs have already offered, *vid.  
supra*, p. xlivi. See also *Du Cange's Gloss.* Vol. III. c.  
1543. " *JOGULATOR* pro *Joculator*.—*Confilium Masil.*  
" an. 1381. *Nullus Minstreys, seu Joculator, audeat pin-  
sare vel sonare instrumentum cuiuscumque generis,*" &c.  
&c.

As the Minstrel was termed in French *Jongleur* and  
*Jugleur*; so he was called in Spanish *Jutglar* and *Jug-  
lar*. " *Tenemos canciones y versos para recitar muy anti-  
guos y memorias ciertas de los JUGLARES, que asfias-  
en los banquetes; como los que pinta Homero.*" *Prolog.*  
a las Comed. de Cervantes, 1749. 4to.

" *El anno 1328. en las fiestas de la Coronacion del Rey,*  
" *Don*

“ *Don Alonso el IV. de Aragón, . . . el JUGLAR RAMANSET cantó una Villanœsa de la Composición del . . . infante [Don Pedro] . . . y otro JUGLAR, llamado NOVELLET, recitó y representó en voz y sin cantar más de 600 versos, que hizo el Infante en el metro, que llamaban RIMA VULGAR.*” *Ibid.*

“ *Los TROBADORES inventaron la GAYA Ciencia . . . estos TROBADORES, eran casi todos de la primera Nobleza. — Es verdad, que ya entonces se havían entro- metido entre las diversiones Cortesanos, los Contadores, los Cantores, los JUGLARES, los Truanes, y los Bufones.*” *Ibid.*

In England THE KING'S JUGLAR continued to have an establishment in the royal household down to the reign of Henry VIII [vid. Note (Cc)] but whether the character was then precisely the same with that of the ancient *Joculator Regis*, I have not been able to discover.

(R) “ *A gallant warrior, named TAILLEFER, &c.*” ] See Du Cange, who produces this as an instance, “ *Quod Ministorum munus interdum praestabant milites probatissimi. Le Roman DE VACCE, MS.*”

“ Quant il virent Normanz venir  
 “ Mout yeissiez Engleiz fremir. . . .  
 “ TAILLEFER qui mout bien chantoit,  
 “ Sur un cheval, qui tost alloit,  
 “ Devant euls aloit chantant  
 “ De Kallemaigne & de Roullant,  
 “ Et d' Olivier de Vassaux,  
 “ Qui moururent en Rainschevaux.

“ *Qui quidem TAILLEFER a Gulielmo obtinuit ut primus in hostes irrueret, inter quos fortiter dimitando occubuit.*”

Gloss. Tom. iv. 769, 770, 771.

VOL. I.

e

“ Les

\* *Romanet JUTGLAR canta alt veux . . . devant le sengor Rey. Chron. d'Aragon, apud Du Cange, IV. 771.*

“ Les anciennes chroniques nous apprennent, qu'en  
 “ premier rang de l'Armée Normande, un ecuyer  
 “ nommé *Taillefer*, monté sur un cheval armé, chanta  
 “ la chanson *De Roland*, qui fut si long tems dans les  
 “ bouches des Francois, sans qu'il soit resté le moindre  
 “ fragment. Le *Taillefer* apres avoir *ENTONNE* le  
 “ chanson que les soldats repetoient, se jeta le premier  
 “ parmi les Anglois, et fut tue †.”

Voltaire. Add. Hist. Univers. p. 69.—Observat.  
 on the Anc. Stat. 4to. p. 293.

(S) “ An eminent French writer.” &c.] “ M. l'  
 “ *Eveque de la Ravaliere*, qui avoit fait beaucoup de  
 “ recherches sur nos anciennes Chansons, pretend que  
 “ c'est a la Normandie que nous devons nos premiers  
 “ Chansonniers, non a la Provence, et qu'il y avoit  
 “ parmi nous des Chansons en langue vulgaire, avant  
 “ celles des Provençaus, mais posterieurement au Regne  
 “ de Philippe I, ou à l'an 1100\*. Ce seroit une an-  
 “ teriorité de plus d'un demi siecle a l' époque des pre-  
 “ miers Troubadours, que leur historien Jean de Nostre-  
 “ dame fixe à l'an 1162, &c.” *Pref. a l'Anthologie*  
*Franç. 8vo. 1765.*

(T) “ The minstrel profession . . . acquire new pri-  
 “ vileges,” &c.] See what has been already suggested  
 in the preceding notes. See Note (I) §. 3. (L) *ad finem*,  
 &c.

The Reader will observe, that, in the foregoing part  
 of this Essay, I am careful to trace the Descent of the  
 French and English Minstrels only from the itinerant  
 oral Poets of their Gothic ancestors the Franks and  
 Saxons, and from the SCALDS of their Danish brethren

\* See more concerning the Song of ROLAND in Vol. III. pag. xvi.  
 Note (L) *ad finem* Cet ouvrage de la *Revolution de la Langue Françoise, à la suite des Poésies du Roi de Navarre,*

in the North. For though the BARDS of the ancient Gauls and Britons might seem to have a claim of being considered as their more immediate predecessors and instructors; yet these, who were Celtic nations, were *ab origine* so different a race of men from the others who were all of Gothic origin, that I think one cannot, in any degree, argue from the manners of the one to those of the other; and the conquering Franks, Saxons, and Danes, were much less likely to take up any customs from their enemies the Gauls and Britons, whom they every where expelled, extirpated, or enslaved, than to have received and transmitted them from their own Teutonic ancestors in the North, among whom such customs were known to have prevailed from the earliest ages.

(U) " They celebrated him as the most accomplished " monarch," &c.) See Roger de Hoveden, (in Ricardo I.) who gives rather an invidious turn to this circumstance : " *Hic ad augmentum et famam sui nominis, emendicata carmina, et rythmos adulatorios comparabat; et de regno Francorum CANTORES et JOCULATORES muneribus allexerat, ut de illo canerent in plateis: et jam dicebatur ubique, quod non erat talis in orbe.*"

(V) " That remarkable intercommunity, &c. be- " tween the French and English minstrels," &c.) This might, even in a great measure, be referred back perhaps to the Norman conquest itself, when along with their French language and manners, the victors doubtless brought with them all their native prejudices, opinions, and fables; which would not fail to be adopted by the English minstrels, who solicited their favour. This interchange, &c. between the Minstrels of the two nations, once begun, would be afterwards kept up by the great intercourse that was produced among all the nations of Christendom in the middle ages, by their uniting in the general Crusades; and by

that spirit of Chivalry, which led the knights and their attendants, the heralds and minstrels, &c. to ramble about continually from one court to another, in order to be present at solemn tournaments, and other feats of arms.

(W) "The Minstrels under the protection of the family of Dutton, &c.')] See Statut. Anno 39. R. Eliz. Chap. IV. "An Act for punishment of Rogues, Vagabonds, and Sturdy Beggars."

§ II. . . 'All Fencers, Bearwards, Common Players of Enterludes, and MINSTRELS, wandering abroad, (other than Players of Enterludes belonging to any Baron of this Realm, or any other honourable Personage of greater degree, to be authorised to play, under the hand and seal of arms of such Baron or Personage:) all JUGLERS\*, Tinkers, Pedlers, &c. . . shall be adjudged and deemed Rogues, Vagabonds, and Sturdy Beggars, &c.'

' § X. Provided always that this Act, or any thing therein contained, or any authority thereby given, shall not in any wise extend to disinherit, prejudice, or hinder JOHN DUTTON of DUTTON in the County of Chester, Esquire, his heirs or assigns, for, touching or concerning any liberty, preheminence, authority, jurisdiction, or inheritance, which the said John Dutton now lawfully useth, or hath, or lawfully may or ought to use within the County-Palatine of Chester, and the County of the City of Chester, or either of them, by reason of any ancient Charters, of any Kings of this Land, or by reason of any prescription, usage, or title whatsoever.'

The same Clauses are renewed in the last Act on this Subject, passed in the present Reign of GEO. III.

(X) "Ed-

\* What was the precise meaning of this word at that time, and in what respects the MINSTRELS and JUGLERS differed, I have not discovered.

(X) "Edward I. . . . at the knighting of his son," &c.] See Nic. Triveti Annales, Oxon. 1719. 8vo. p. 342.

"*In festo Pentecostes Rex filium suum armis militaribus cinctus, & cum eo Comites Warenne & Arundeliæ, aliosque, quorum numerus ducentos & quadraginta dicitur excessisse. Eodem die cum sedisset Rex in mensa, novis militibus circumdatus, ingressa MINISTRELLORUM MULTITUDO, portantium multiplici ornatu amictum, ut milites præcipue novos invitarent, & inducerent, ad vovendum factum armorum aliquod coram signo.*"

(Y) "By an express regulation, &c."] See in Hearne's Append. ad Lelandi Collectan. Vol. VI. p. 36. "A DIETARIE, Writtes published after the Ordinance of Earles and Barons, Anno Dom. 1315."

EDWARD by the grace of God, &c. to Sheriffes, &c. greeting. Forasmuch as . . . many idle persons, under colour of MYNSTRELSIE, and going in messages, and other faigned businels, have ben and yet be receaved in other mens houses to meate and drynke, and be not therwith contented yf they be not largely confydered with gystes of the Lordes of the houses: &c. . . . WE wyllyng to restrayne suche outrageous enterprises and idlenes, &c. have ordeyned . . . that to the houses of Prelates, Earles and Barons none resort to meate and drynke, unlesse he be a MYNSTREL, and of these MINSTRELS that there come none except it be three or four MINSTRELS OF HONOUR at the most in one day, unlesse he be desired of the Lorde of the House. And to the houses of meaner men that none come unlesse he be desired, and that such as shall come so, holde themselves contented with meate and drynke, and with such curtesie as the Maister of the House wyl shewe unto them of his owne good wyl, without their askyng of any thyng. And yf any one do agaynst this Ordinaunce, at the firste tyme he to lose his MINSTRELSIE, and at the second tyme to forswaire his craft, and never to be receaved for a

‘ MINSTREL in any house. . . . Yeven at Langley the vi. day of August, in the ix. yere of our reigne.’ *bisw*

These abuses arose again to as great a height as ever in little more than a century after; in consequence, I suppose, of the licentiousness that crept in during the civil wars of York and Lancaster. This appears from an Extract inserted by Du Cange, in his Glossary, *Ex Litteris Edwardi IV. Ann. 1489. [apud Rymer\*, Tom. II. p. 642.]* “ *MINISTRALLORUM nostrorum accepimus qualiter nonnulli rudes agricolæ & artifices diversarum misteriarum regni nostri Angliæ, finxerunt se fore MINISTRALLOS, quorum aliqui Liberatam nostram eis minime datam portarent, seipso etiam fingentes esse MINISTRALLOS NOSTROS PROPRIOS, cujus quidem Liberatæ ac dictæ artis sive occupationis MINISTRALLORUM colore, in diversis partibus regni nostri prædicti grandes pecuniarum exactiones de ligeis nostris deceptive colligunt, &c.* ”

This kind of abuses prevailed much later in Wales, as appears from the famous commission issued out in 9. Eliz. 1569. for bestowing the SILVER HARP on the best *Minstrel*, *Rythmer*, or *Bard* in that Principality, &c. See the Commission at large in Mr. EVAN EVANS’s “ *Specimens of Welsh Poetry*, ” &c. pag. v. *SM*

(Z) “ It is thus related by Stow.”] See his Survey of London, &c. fol. 1633. p. 521. [Acc. of Westm. Hall] Stow had this passage from Walsingham’s *Hist. Ang.* . . . “ *Intravit quædam mulier ornata HISTRIONALI habitu, equum bonum insidens HISTRIONALITER p̄baleratum, quæ mensas more HISTRIONUM circuivit; & tandem ad Regis mensam per gradus ascendit †, & quandam literam coram rege posuit, & retracto fræno (salutatis ubique discubentibus) prout venerat ita recessit, &c. Anglica, Norm. Script. &c. Franc. 1603. fol. p. 109.* *de* The

\* Not having Rymer at hand, I can only give it from Du Cange, Col. 772.

† The *MINSTRELS* and others often rode on horseback up to the royal table, when the Kings were feasting in their Great Halls. See in this Vol. p. 72. &c.

The Answer of the Porters (when they were afterwards blamed for admitting her) deserves attention.

“ *Non esse moris domus regiae HISTRIONES ab ingressu quomodolibet prohibere, &c.* ” Walsingham.

The propriety of Stow's translating the original word *Histrion* here by *Minstrel*, &c. will hardly be questioned by those who consider, that he lived before this Order of Men was quite extinct, and consequently was a much better judge than we can be now, how to express their profession properly: Should his authority need any confirmation, it may be observed, that in John of Gaunt's Charter, the French word *Ministraultx* is expressed in Latin by *Histriones*. See below Note (B b)

(A a) “ There should seem to have been women of this profession,” &c.] Altho' it does not appear from the History, whether the person appeared in a female dress, or not; yet that women assumed the minstrel character and profession, may be inferred from the variety of names appropriated to them in the middle ages, viz. Anglo-Sax. *Glip-meden* [Glee maiden], &c. *glypiende-maden*, *glypbyðeneſta*. (vid. supra, p. liij.) Fr. *Fengleresse*, Med. Lat. *Joculatrix*, *Ministralissa*, *Fæmina Ministralis*, &c. (vid. Du Cange Gloss. & Suppl.)

The same also appears from the record concerning “ Certain Women” quoted above in p. xl.

I would here observe, once for all, that when the words *Histrion*, *Mimus*, *Joculator*, *MINSTREL*, &c. occur in old writers, it is not very certain that they are always to be understood in the same precise and limited sense: for these names seem to have been sometimes applied to every species of men, whose business it was to entertain or divert (*joculari*) whether with Poesy, Singing, Music, or Gesticulation, singly; or with a Mixture of all these. Yet as all men of this sort were considered as belonging to one Class, Order or Community (all the above arts being often exercised by

the same person) they had all of them doubtless the same privileges, and it equally throws light upon the general History of the Profession to shew what favour or encouragement was given, at any particular period of time, to any one branch of it. I have not therefore thought it needful to inquire, in all the foregoing instances, whether the word *Minstrel*, &c. is to be understood in its exact and proper meaning of a Singer to the Harp, &c.

That men of very different arts and talents were included under the common name of *MINSTRELS*, &c. appears from a variety of authorities. Thus we have *Menestrels de Trompes* and *Menestrels de Bouche* in the Suppl. to Du Cange, c. 1227. and it appears still more evident from an old French Rhymers, whom I shall quote at large.

All

" Le Quens \* manda les **MENESTRELS**,  
 " Et si a fet † crier entre els,  
 " Qui la meilleur trusse || sauroit  
 " Dire, ne faire, qu'il auroit  
 " Sa robe d' escarlate nueve.  
 " L'uns Menestrels à l'autre reuve  
 " Fere son mestier, tel qu'il fot,  
 " Li uns fet l'yvre, l'autre fot ;  
 " Li uns chante, li autre note ;  
 " Et li autres dit la riote ;  
 " Et li autres la jenglerie † ;  
 " Cil qui sevent de jonglerie  
 " Vielent par devant le Conte ;  
 " Aucuns ja qui fabliaus conte  
 " Il i ot dit mainte risée." &c.

Fabliaux et Contes, 12mo. Tom. 2. p. 161.

\* Le Comte. † Fait. || Sornette; a Gibe or Jeft, or flouting.  
 † Janglerie, babillage, raillerie.

All this kind of Sports went by the general name of *Ministralia*, *Ministellorum Ludrica*, &c. — “*Charta an. 1377. apud Rymer. to 7. p. 160. Peracto autem prandio, ascendebat D. Rex in cameram suam cum Prælati, Magnatibus & Proceribus prædictis: & deinceps Magister, Milites & Domini, aliqui Generosi diem illum, usque ad tempus cœnæ, in TRIPUDIIS, COREIS & SOLEMNIBUS MINISTRALIIS, præ gaudio solempnitatis illius, continuarunt.*” Du Cange. Gloss. 772.

It was common for the Minstrels to dance, as well as to harp and sing, (see above, note E. p. xlviij.) thus in the old Romance of *Tirante el Blanco*; Val. 1511. The 14th Cap. Lib. 2. begins thus, *Despues que las Mesas fueron alçadas vinieron los Ministriles y delante del rey, y de la Reyna dançaron un rato: y despues truxeron colacion.*

They also probably, among their other feats, played tricks of slight of hand, hence the word *JUGLER* came to signify a Performer of *Legerdemain*; and it was sometimes used in this sense (to which it is now appropriated) even so early as the time of Chaucer, who in his *Squire's Tale*, speaks of the horse of brafs, as

— — — like

An apparence ymade by som magike,  
As JOGELOURS plaien at thise festes grete\*.

(B b) “ A charter.... to appoint a king of the “ Minstrels, &c.”] Intitled *Carte le Roy de Ministraulx*. (In Latin *Histriones*. Vid. Plott. p. 437.) A copy of this charter may also be seen in Blount's *Law. Diction.* 1717. (art. KING.)

The MINSTRELS seem to have been in many respects upon the same footing with the Heralds. The KING of the Minstrels, like the KING at Arms, was an usual officer both here and in France, as appears from Du Cange, whose curious collections on this subject I shall subjoin entire.

† This I suppose was the Coronation of Rich. II.

\* *Canterbury Tales*, 1775. Vol. II. p. 108.

“ REX MINISTELLORUM; supremus inter Ministell-  
 “ los: de cuius munere, ac potestate in cæteros Mini-  
 “ strels, agit Charta Henrici IV. Regis Angliae Gal-  
 “ lica in Monast. Anglicano, tom. I pag. 355. Charta  
 “ originalis an. 1338. *Je Robert Caveron Roy des Me-  
 “ nestreuls du Royaume de France.* Aliæ ann. 1357. &  
 “ 1362. *Copin de Brequin Roy des Menestrels du Royaume  
 “ de France.* Computum de auxiliis pro redemptione  
 “ Regis Johannis, ann. 1367. *Pour une COURONNE  
 “ d'ARGENT qu'il donna le jour de la Tipbaine au Roy  
 “ des Menestrels.* Charta an. 1387. apud Rymer, tom.  
 “ 7. p. 555. *Supplicavit nobis Jobannes Caumz Rex  
 “ Ministrallorum nostrorum, qui versus diversas partes  
 “ transmarinas transire proponit.*” Du Cange Gloff. IV.

773. “ Regestum Magnorum Dierum Trecensum an.  
 “ 1296. *Super quod Joannes dictus Charmillons Juglator,  
 “ cui dominus Rex per suas literas tanquam REGEM JU-  
 “ GLATORUM in civitate Trecensi Magisterium Juglato-  
 “ rum, quemadmodum suæ placeret voluntati, concesserat.*”  
 Du Cange, c. 1587.

(Cc) “ Minstrels were retained in all great and  
 “ noble families, &c.”] In the ancient MS. (described  
 at the end of this vol. p. 367. containing an Account  
 of the Establishment of the Household of the Earl of  
 Northumberland, in the 3d year of Henry VIII. at his  
 Castle of Lekinfield in Yorkshire) occur several very  
 curious articles on this subject, which I shall here sub-  
 join.

## Sect. V.

“ Of the Nouembre of all my lordes Servaunts.”  
 “ Item, MYNSTRALS in Houshold iij. viz. A Ta-  
 “ beret, a Luyte, and a Rebecc\*.”

Sect.

\* This was a kind of Fiddle with three strings only.

## Sect. XLIV. 3.

“ Rewardes to his lordship’s Servaunts, &c.”

“ Item, My lord usith ande accustomith to gyf yerly,  
 “ when his lordschipp is at home, to his MINSTRAILLS  
 “ that be daily in his houshold, as his Tabret, Lute,  
 “ ande Rebeke, upon New Yeresday in the mornynge  
 “ when they do play at my lordis Chamber Dour  
 “ for his Lordship and my Lady, xx. s. Viz. xij. s.  
 “ iiiij. d. for my Lord ; and vj. s. viij. d. for my Lady,  
 “ if sche be at my lords fyndynge, and not at hir  
 “ owen ; And for playing at my lordis Sone and Heire’s  
 “ chamber Doure, the lord Percy, ij. s. And for play-  
 “ inge at the chamber Doures of my lords Yonger  
 “ Sonnes, my yonge masters, after viij. d. the pece for  
 “ every of them.—xxij. s. iiiij. d.”

## Sect. XLIV. 2.

“ Rewardes to be geven to strangers, as Players,

“ Mynstralls, or any other, &c.”

“ Furst, my lorde usith and accustomyth to gif to the  
 “ KINGs JUGLER; . . . . when they custome to come  
 “ unto hym yerly,—vj. s. viij. d.

“ Item, my lorde usith and accustomyth to gyf yerely  
 “ to the kings or queenes Bearwarde, if they have one,  
 “ when they custom to come unto hym yerly,—vj. s.  
 “ viij. d.

“ Item, my lorde usith and accustomyth to gyfe  
 “ yerly to every Erles MYNSTRELLIS, when they  
 “ custome to come to hym yerely, iij. s. iiiij. d. And if  
 “ they come to my lorde seldome, ones in ij or iij yeres,  
 “ than vj. s. viij. d.

“ Item, my lorde usith and accustomedeth to gife  
 “ yerly to an Erls MYNSTRAILLS, if he be his speciall  
 “ lorde, friende, or kynsman, if they come yerely to his  
 “ lordship . . . . And, if they come to my ‘ lord ’  
 “ seldome, ones in ij or iij years . . . .”

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Item, my lorde usith and accustomyth to gyf yerely

lxvi      NOTES ON THE

“ a Dookes or Erlis TRUMPETTS, if they come vj  
 “ together to his lordschipp, viz. if they come yerly,  
 “ vj. s. viij. d. And, if they come but in ij or iij yeres,  
 “ than x. s.

“ Item, my lorde usith and accustometh to gife yerly,  
 “ when his lordship is at home, to gyf to the Kyngs  
 “ SHAWMES, when they com to my lorde yerely, x. s.”

\* \* \* \* \*

I cannot conclude this note without observing that in this Ancient MS, the family MINSTRELS seem to have been Musicians only, and yet both the earls' TRUMPETS and the king's SHAWMES, are evidently distinguished from the earls' MINSTRELS, and the king's JUGLAR; whether this last continued to be exactly the same with the *Joculator Regis* in the Doomesday Book, I cannot determine.

(Dd) “ A species of men who did not sing, &c.”] It appears from the passage of Erasmus here referred to, that there still existed in England of that species of *Jongleurs* or MINSTRELS, whom the French called by the peculiar name of *Conteours*, or Reciters in prose: It is in his *Ecclesiastes*, where he is speaking of such Preachers, as imitated the Tone of Beggars or Mountebanks:—“ *Apud Anglos est simile genus hominum, quales apud Italos sunt Circulatores* [Mountebanks] *de quibus modo dictum est; qui irrumpunt in convivia MAGNATUM, aut in CAUPONAS VINARIAS; et argumentum aliquod, quod edidicerunt, recitant; puta mortem omnibus dominari, aut laudem matrimonii. Sed quoniama ea lingua monosyllabis sere constat, quemadmodum Germanica; atque illi* (sc. this peculiar species of Reciters) *studio vitant cantum, nobis* (sc. Erasmus, who did not understand a word of English) *latrare videntur verius quam loqui.*”<sup>1</sup> Opera, Tom. V. c. 958. (Jortin. Vol. 2. p. 193.) As Erasmus was correcting the vice of preachers, it was more to his point

to

to bring an instance from Moral Reciters of Prose, than from Chanters of Rhyme, though it may be easily supposed, that these were far more numerous and common, and would be in general more popular.

(Ee) "A writer there present."] See a very curious  
 " LETTER, wherein part of the entertainment unto  
 " the Queen's Majesty at Killingworth Castl, in War-  
 " wick-shear, in this Soomerz Progress, 1575, iz signi-  
 " fied, &c." 12mo. bl. let. The orthography of this  
 writer (who is named Ro. LANGHAM, in fol. 84. and  
 elsewhere LANHAM or LANEHAM) is not followed in  
 the Text, being not that of the age he lived in, but  
 the peculiar result of his own ignorance or affectation.

(F f) "Little Miscellanies named GARLANDS, &c."] In the Pepysian and cther libraries, are preserved a great number of these in black letter, 12mo. under the following quaint and affected titles, viz.

1. A Crowne Garland of Goulden Rosēs gathered out of England's Royall Garden, &c. by Richard Johnson, 1612. [In the Bodleyan Library.]—2. The Golden Garland of Princely Delight.—3. The Garland of Good-will, by T. D. 1631.—4. The Royal Garland of Love and delight, by T. D.—5. The Garland of Love and mirth, by Thomas Lanfier.—6. The Garland of Delight, &c. by Tho. Delone.—7. Cupid's Garland set round with Guilded Rosēs.—8. The Garland of Withered Rosēs, by Martin Parker, 1656.—9. The Shepherd's Garland of Love, Loyalty, &c.—10. The Country Garland.—11. The Golden Garland of Mirth and Merriment.—12. The Lover's Garland.—13. Neptune's fair Garland.—14. England's fair Garland.—15. Robin Hood's Garland.—16. The Maiden's Garland.—17. A Loyal Garland of Mirth and Pastime.

—18. A Royal Garland of new Songs.—19. The Jovial Garland, 8th Edit. 1691.—&c. &c. &c.

This sort of petty publications had anciently the name of **PENNY-MERRIMENTS**: as little religious tracts of the same size were called **PENNY GODLINESSES**: In the Pepysian Library are multitudes of both kinds.

THE END OF THE ESSAY, &c.

ADDITION to Note (I) sect. I.

**GLEEMAN** continued to be the name given to a Minstrel both in England and Scotland almost as long as this order of men continued.

**FABYAN** (in his Chronicle, 1533. f. 32.) translating the passage from Geoffrey of Monmouth, quoted above in pag. lvij note (K) renders *Deus JOCULATORUM*, by God of **GLEEMEN**. (Warton's Hist. Eng. Poet. Dist. I.) Fabyan died in 1592.

**DUNBAR**, who lived in the same century, describing, in one of his poems, intitled, “The Daunce”, what passed in the infernal regions “amangis the Feyndis”, says

Na Menstralls playit to thame, but dowl,  
For **GLE-MEN**\* thaire wer haldin out,

Be day and eke by nycht.

See Poems from Bannatyne's MS. Edinb. 1770. 12mo. pag. 30<sup>a</sup>

\* A MS. at Cambridge reads here **GLEWE-MEN**.

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I never heard the old song of Percie and Douglas, that I  
found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet;  
and yet 'it' is sung but by some blinde crowder, with  
no rougher voice, than rude stile; which beeing so  
evill apparellled in the dust and cobweb of that uncivill  
age, what would it work, trimmed in the gorgeous  
eloquence of Pindare?

SIR PHILIP SYDNEY'S DEFENCE OF POETRY.

NETTLES



RELICS  
OF ANCIENT POETRY,

Sc.

SERIES THE FIRST.

BOOK I.

I.

THE ANCIENT BALLAD OF CHEVY-CHASE.

*The fine heroic song of Chevy-Chase has ever been admired by competent judges. Those genuine strokes of nature and artless passion, which have endeared it to the most simple readers, have recommended it to the most refined; and it has equally been the amusement of our childhood, and the favourite of our riper years.*

2. ANCIENT POEMS.

Mr. Addison has given an excellent critique\* on this very popular ballad, but is mistaken with regard to the antiquity of the common received copy; for this, if one may judge from the style, cannot be older than the time of Elizabeth, and was probably written after the elogium of Sir Philip Sidney: perhaps in consequence of it. I flatter myself, I have here recovered the genuine antique poem: the true original song, which appeared rude even in the time of Sir Philip, and caused him to lament, that it was so evil-apparelled in the rugged garb of antiquity.

This curiosity is printed, from an old manuscript, at the end of Hearne's preface to *Gul. Newbrigiensis Hist.* 1719, 8vo. vol. 1. To the MS. Copy is subjoined the name of the author, RYCHARD SHEALE §: whom Hearne had so little judgment as to suppose to be the same with a R. Sheale, who was living in 1588. But whoever examines the gradation of language and idiom in the following volumes, will be convinced that this is the production of an earlier poet. It is indeed expressly mentioned among some very ancient songs in an old book intituled, *The Complaint of Scotland* †, (fol. 42.) under the title of the HUNTIS OF CHEVET, where the two following lines are also quoted;

The Perssee and the Mongumrye mette ‡.  
That day, that day, that gentil day ||:

Which, tho' not quite the same as they stand in the ballad, yet differ not more than might be owing to the author's quoting from memory. Indeed whoever considers the style and orthography of this old poem will not be inclined to place it lower than the time of Henry VI: as on the other hand the mention of James the Scottish King †, with one or two Anachronisms, forbid us to assign it an earlier date. King James

\* *Spectator*, No 70. 74.

§ Subscribed, after the usual manner of our old poets, expliceth [explicet] quoth Rychard Sheale.

† One of the earliest productions of the Scottish press, now to be found. The title-page was wanting in the copy here quoted; but it is supposed to have been printed in 1540. See Ames.

‡ See Pt. 2. v. 25. || See Pt. 1. v. 104. + Pt. 2. v. 36. 140.

James I. who was prisoner in this kingdom at the death of his father\*, did not wear the crown of Scotland till the second year of our Henry VI ||, but before the end of that long reign a third James had mounted the throne †. A succession of two or three Jameses, and the long detention of one of them in England, would render the name familiar to the English, and dispose a poet in those rude times to give it to any Scottish king he happened to mention.

So much for the date of this old ballad : with regard to its subject, altho' it has no countenance from history, there is room to think it had originally some foundation in fact. It was one of the Laws of the Marches frequently renewed between the two nations, that neither party should hunt in the other's borders, without leave from the proprietors or their deputies ‡. There had long been a rivalry between the two martial families of Percy and Douglas, which heightened by the national quarrel, must have produced frequent challenges and struggles for superiority, petty invasions of their respective domains, and sharp contests for the point of honour; which would not always be recorded in history. Something of this kind we may suppose gave rise to the ancient ballad of the HUNTING A' THE CHEVIAT †. Percy earl of Northumberland bid vowed to hunt for three days in the Scottish border without condescending to ask leave from earl Douglas, who was either lord of the soil, or lord warden of the marches. Douglas would not fail to resent the insult, and endeavour to repel the intruders by force : this would natu-

B 2 rally

\* Who died Aug. 5. 1406, in the 7th year of our Hen. IV.

|| James I. was crowned May 22. 1424. murdered Feb. 21. 1436-7.

† In 1460.—Hen. VI. was deposed 1461: restored and slain 1471.

‡ Item... Concordatum est, quod, ... NULLUS unius partis vel alterius ingrediatur terras, boschas, forrestas, warrenas, loca, dominia quacunque alicujus partis alterius subditi, causa venandi, pescandi, aucupandi, disportum aut solatium in eisdem, aliave quacunque de causa, ABSQUE LICENTIA ejus . . . ad quem . . . loca . . . . pertinent, aut de deputatis suis prius capt. & obtent. Vid. Bp. Nicholson's *Leges Marchiarum*. 1705. 8vo. pag. 27. 51.

† This was the original title. See the ballad, Pt. I. v. 106. Pt. 2. v. 165.

rally produce a sharp conflict between the two parties: something of which, it is probable, did really happen, tho' not attended with the tragical circumstances recorded in the ballad: for these are evidently borrowed from the BATTLE OF OTTERBOURN \*, a very different event, but which after-times would easily confound with it. That battle might be owing to some such previous affront as this of CHEVY CHASE, though it has escaped the notice of historians. Our poet has evidently jumbled the two events together: if indeed the lines † in which this mistake is made, are not rather spurious, and the after-insertion of some person, who did not distinguish between the two stories.

Hearne has printed this ballad without any division of stanzas, in long lines, as he found it in the old written copy: but it is usual to find the distinction of stanzas neglected in ancient MSS; where, to save room, two or three verses are frequently given in one line undivided. See flagrant instances in the Harleian Catalog. No. 2253. f. 29. 34. 61, 70, & *passim*.

### THE FIRST PART.

**T**HE Persé owt of Northombarlande,  
And a vowe to God mayd he,  
That he wolde hunte in the mountayns  
Off Chyviaut within dayes thre,  
In the mauger of doughtè Dogles,  
And all that ever with him be.

The fattiste hartes in all Cheviet

He sayd he wold kill, and cary them away:  
Be my feth, sayd the doughteti Doglas agayn,  
I wyll let that hontyng yf that I may.

5

10

Then

\* See the next ballad.

V. 5. magger in Hearne's PC. [Printed Copy.]

† Vid. Pt. 2. v. 167.

Then the Persé owt of Banborowe cam,  
 With him a myghtye meany ;  
 With fifteen hondrith archares bold ;  
 The wear chosen out of shyars thre\*.

This begane on a monday at morn  
 In Cheviat the hillys so he ;  
 The chyld may rue that ys un-born,  
 It was the mor pitté.

The dryvars thorowe the woodes went  
 For to reas the dear ;  
 Bomen bickarte uppone the bent  
 With ther browd aras cleare. .

Then the wyld thorowe the woodes went  
 On every syde shear ;  
 Grea-hondes thorowe the greves glent  
 For to kyll thear dear.

The begane in Chyviat the hyls above  
 Yerly on a monnyn day ;

B 3

Be.

Ver. 11. The the Persé. PC. V. 13. archardes bolde off blood  
 and bone. PC. V. 19. thorowe. PC.

\* By these "shyars thre" is probably meant three districts in Northumberland, which still go by the name of shires, and are all in the neighbourhood of Cheviot. These are Island-shire, being the district so named from Holy-Island: Norehamshire, so called from the town and castle of Noreham (or Norham); and Bamboroughshire, the ward or hundred belonging to Bamborough-castle and town.

Be that it drewe to the oware off none  
A hondrith fat hertes ded ther lay.

30

The blewe a mort uppone the bent,  
The semblyd on sydis shear;  
To the quyrry then the Persè went  
To se the bryttlynge off the deare.

He sayd, It was the Duglas promys  
This day to meet me hear;  
But I wiste he wold faylle verament:  
A gret oth the Persè swear.

35

At the lafte a squyar of Northombelonde  
Lokyde at his hand full ny,  
He was war ath the doughtie Doglas comyngie:  
With him a myghtè meany,

40

Both with spear, ' byll,' and brande;  
Yt was a myghti fight to se.  
Hardysar men b'oth off hart nar hande  
Wear not in Christiantè.

45

The wear twenty hondrith spear-men good  
Withouten any fayle;  
The wear borne a-long be the watter a Twyde,  
Yth bowndes of Tividale.

50

Leave

V. 31. blwe a mot. PC. V. 42. myghte. PC. *passim*. V. 43.  
brylly. PC. V. 48. withoute . . . fayle. PC.

Leave off the brytlyng of the dear, he sayde,  
 And to your bowys tayk good heed ;  
 For never sithe ye wear on your mothars borne  
 Had ye never so mickle need.

The doughti Dogglas on a stede 55  
 He rode his men beforne ;  
 His armor glytteryde as dyd a glede ;  
 A bolder barne was never born.

Tell me 'what' men ye ar, he says,  
 Or whos men that ye be : 60  
 Who gave youe leave to hunte in this  
 Chyviat chays in the spyt of me ?

The first mane that ever him an answear mayd,  
 Yt was the good lord Persè :  
 Wewyll not tell the 'what' men we ar, he says, 65  
 Nor whos men that we be ;  
 But we wyll hount hear in this chays  
 In the spyte of thyne, and of the.

The fattiste hartes in all Chyviat  
 We have kyld, and cast to carry them a-way. 70  
 Be my troth, sayd the doughtè Dogglas agayn,  
 Ther-for the ton of us shall de this day.

Then sayd the doughtè Doglas

Unto the lord Persè :

To kyll all thes giltles men,

75

A-las ! it wear great pittè.

But, Persè, thowe art a lord of lande,

I am a yerle callyd within my contre ;

Let all our men uppone a parti stande ;

And do the battell off the and of me.

80

Nowe Cristes cors on his crowne, sayd the lord Persè,

Who-soever ther-to says nay.

Be my troth, doughtè Doglas, he says,

Thow shalt never se that day ;

Nethar in Ynglonde, Skottlonde, nar France, 85

Nor for no man of a woman born,

But and fortune be my chance,

I dar met him on man for on.

Then bespayke a squyar off Northombarlond,

Ric. Wytharynton \* was his nam ;

90

It shall never be told in Sothe-Ynglonde, he says,

To kyng Herry the fourth for sham.

I wat

V. 81. sayd the the. PC. V. 88. on. i. e. one.

\* This is probably corrupted in the M<sup>s</sup>. for Rog. Widtrington, who was at the head of the family in the reign of K. Edw. III. There were several successively of the names of Roger and Ralph, but none of the name of Richard, as appears from the genealogies in the Herald's office.

I wat youe byn great lordes twa,  
 I am a poor squyar of lande;  
 I wyll never se my captayne fyght on a fylde, 95  
 And stande my-selffe, and looke on,  
 But whyll I may my weppone welde  
 I wyll not 'fayl' both harte and hānde.

That day, that day, that dredfull day:  
 The first ~~fit~~ † here I fynde. 100  
 And you wyll here any mor athe hontyng athe Chy-  
 Yet ys ther mor behynde. [viat

## T H E S E C O N D P A R T.

<sup>T S P.</sup>  
 T H E Yngglishe men hade ther bowys yebent,  
 Ther hertes were good yenouge ;  
 The first of arros that the shote off,  
 Seven skore spear-men the slouge.

Yet bydys the yerle Doglas upon the bent, 5  
 A captayne good yenouge,  
 And that was sene verament,  
 For he wrought hom both woo and wouche.

The Dogglas pertyd his ost in thre,  
 Lyk a cheffe cheften off pryd, 10  
 With

V. 93. twaw. PC. V. 101. youe . . . hountyng. PC.  
 V. 3. first, i. e. flight. V. 5. byddys. PC.  
 † ~~fit~~. Vid. Gloss.

With suar speares off myghte tre  
The cum in on every syde.

Thrughe our Ynggliſhe archery  
Gave many a wounde full wyde ;  
Many a doughtete the garde to dy, 15  
Which ganyde them no prude.

The Yngglyſhe men let thear bowys be.  
And pulde owt brandes that wer bright ;  
It was a hevy fyght to fe  
Bryght swordes on basnites lyght. 20

Thorowe ryche male, and myne-ye-ple  
Many sterne the stroke downe strengt :  
Many a freyke, that was full free,  
Ther undar foot dyd lyght.

At laſt the Duglas and the Perſe met, 25  
Lyk to captayns of myght and mayne ;  
The swapte together tyll the both swat  
With swordes, that wear of fyn myllan.

Thes worthē freckys for to fyght  
Ther-to the wear full fayne, 30  
Tyll the bloode owte off thear basnetes sprente,  
As ever dyd heal or rayne.

Holde

V. 17. boys. PC. V. 18. briggt. PC. V. 21. thorowe. PC.  
V. 22. done. PC. V. 26. to, i. e. two. Ibid. and of. PC.  
V. 32. ran. PC.

Holde the, Persè, sayd the Doglas,  
And i' feth I shall the brynge  
Wher thowe shalte have a yerls wagis 35  
Of Jamy our Scottish kynge.

Thouc shalte have thy ransom fre,  
I hight the hear this thinge,  
For the manfullyste man yet art thowe,  
That ever I conqueryd in filde fightyng. 40

Nay 'then' sayd the lord Persè,  
I tolde it the beforne,  
That I wolde never yeldyde be  
To no man of a woman born.

With that ther cam an arrowe hastyly  
Forthe off a mightie wane \*,  
Hit hathe strekene the yerle Duglas  
In at the brest bane. 45

Thoroue lyvar and longs bathe  
The sharp arrowe ys gane,  
That never after in all his lyffe dayes 50  
He spayke mo wordes but ane,  
That was †, Fyghte ye, my merry men, whyllys  
ye may,  
For my lyff dayes ben gan.

The

V. 33. helde. PC. V. 36. Scottish. PC. V. 49. throroue. PC.

\* Wane. i. e. ane. one, sc. man. an arrow came from a mighty one: from a mighty man. † This seems to have been a Gloss added.

The Persè leanyde on his brande,  
And fawe the Duglas de ;  
He tooke the dede man be the hande,  
And sayd, Wo ys me for the !

55

To have favyde thy lyffe I wold have pertyd with  
My landes for years thre,  
For a better man of hart, nare of hande  
Was not in all the north countrè.

60

Off all that sç a Skottishe knyght,  
Was callyd Sir Hewe the Mongon-byrry,  
He fawe the Duglas to the deth was dyght ;  
He spendyd a spear a trusti tre :

65

He rod upon a corsiare  
Throughe a hondrith archery ;  
He never styntyde, nar never blane  
Tyll he came to the good lord Persè.

70

He set uppone the lord Persè  
A dynte, that was full soare ;  
With a suar spear of a myghtè tre  
Clean thorow the body he the Persè bore,

Athe tothar syde, that a man myght se,  
A large cloth yard and mare :  
Towe bettar captayns wear nat in Cristiantè,  
Then that day slain wear thare.

An

An archer off Northumberland  
 Say slean was the lord Persé,  
 He bar a bende-bow in his hande,  
 Was made off trusti tre :

80

An arow, that a cloth yarde was lang,  
 To th' hard stèle halyde he ;  
 A dynt, that was both sad and soar,  
 He sat on Sir Hewe the Mongon-byrry.

85

The dynt yt was both sad and ' soár,'  
 That he of Mongon-byrry sete ;  
 The swane fethars, that his arrowe bar,  
 With his hart blood the wear wete \*.

90

Ther was never a freake wone foot wolde fle,  
 But still in stour dyd stand,  
 Heawyng on yche othar, whyll the myght dre,  
 With many a bal ful brande.

This battell begane in Chyviat  
 An owar befor the none,  
 And when even-song bell was rang  
 The battell was nat half done.

95

The tooke 'on' on ethar hand  
 Be the lyght off the mone ;

100

Many

V. 80. Say, i. e. Sawe. V. 84. haylde. PG. V. 87. sar. PG.

\* This incident is taken from the battle of Otterbourn ; in which Sir Hugh Montgomery, Knt. (son of John Lord Montgomery) was slain with an arrow. Vid. Crawford's Peerage.

Many hadde no strenght for to stande,  
In Chyvia the hyllys abone.

Of fifteen hondrith archars of Ynglonde  
Went away but fifti and thre ;  
Of twenty hondrith spear-men of Skotlonde, 105  
But even five and fifti :

But all wear slayne Chevia within :  
The hadde no strengthe to stand on he :  
The chylde may rue that ys un-borne,  
It was the mor pittè. 110

Thear was slayne with the lord Perse  
Sir John of Agerstone,  
Sir Roger the hinde Hartly,  
Sir Wyllyam the bolde Hearone.

Sir Jorg the worthè Lovele  
A knyght of great renouen,  
Sir Raff the ryche Rugbè  
With dyntes wear beaten dowene. 115

For Wetharryngton my harte was wo,  
That ever he slayne shulde be ;  
For when both his leggis wear hewyne in to,  
He knyled and fought on hys kne. 120

Ther

V. 162. abou. PC. V. 108. strenge . . . . hy. PC. V. 115.  
loule. PC. V. 121. in to, i. e. in two. V. 122. Yet he . . . knay:  
PC.

Ther was slayne with the dougheti Douglas

Sir Hewe the Mongon byrry,

Sir Davye Lwdale, that worthè was,

His sistars son was he :

125

Sir Charles a Murrè, in that place,

That never a foot wolde sle ;

Sir Hewe Maxwell, a lorde he was,

With the Duglas dyd he dey.

130

So on the morrowe the mayde them byears

Off byrch, and hasell so 'gray' ;

Many wedous with wepyng tears \*,

Cam to fach ther makys a-way.

Tivydale may carpe off care,

135

Northombarlond may mayk grat mone,

For towe such captayus, as slayne wear thear,

On the march perti shall never be none.

Word ys commen to Edden-burrowe

To Jamy the Skottishe kyng,

140

That

V. 132. gay. PC. V. 136. mon. PC. V. 138. non. PC.

For the Names in this and the foregoing page, see the Remarks at the end of the next Ballad.

\* A common pleonasm, see the next poem, Fit. 2d. V. 155. so Harding in his Chronicle, chap. 140. fol. 148. describing the death of Richard I, says,

He shrove him then unto Abbots thre

With great sobbyng . . . . and wepyng teares.

So likewise Cavendish in his Life of Cardinal Wolsey, chap. 12. p. 31. 410. "When the Duke heard this, he replied with weeping teares;" &c.

That doughteti Duglas, lyff-tenant of the Merches,  
He lay slean Chyviot with-in.

His handdes dyd he weal and wryng,  
He sayd, Alas, and woe ys me !

Such another captayn Skotland within, 145  
He sayd, y-feth shuld never be.

Worde ys commyn to lovly Londone  
Till the fourth Harry our kyng,  
That lord Perse, leyff-tenante of the Merchis,  
He lay slayne Chyviat within. 150

God have merci on his foll, sayd kyng Harry,  
Good lord, yf thy will it be !

I have a hondrith captayns in Ynglonde, he sayd,  
As good as ever was hee :  
But Perse, and I brook my lyffe, 155  
Thy deth well quyte shall be.

As our noble kyng made his a-vowe,  
Lyke a noble prince of renowen,  
For the deth of the lord Perse,  
He dyd the battel of Hombyll-down : 160

Wher syx and thritte Skottish knyghtes  
On a day wear beaten down :  
Glendale glytteryde on ther armor bryght,  
Over castill, towar, and town.

¶. 146. ye feth. PC. ¶. 149. cheyff tennante. PC.

This

This was the hontyngē off the Cheviat; 165  
 That tear begane this spurn :  
 Old men that knownen the grownde well yenough,  
 Call it the Battell of Otterburn.

At Otterburn began this spurne  
 Upon a monnyn day : 170  
 Ther was the dougghtē Doglas slean,  
 The Persē never went away.

Ther was never a tym on the march partes  
 Sen the Doglas, and the Persē met,  
 But yt was marvele, and the rede blude ronne not,  
 As the reane doys in the stret. 176

Jhesue Crist our balys bete,  
 And to the blys us brynge !  
 Thus was the hountyngē of the Chevyat :  
 God send us all good ending ! 180

VOL. I.

C

II. THE

\* \* \* The style of this and the following ballad is uncommonly rugged and uncouth, owing to their being writ in the very coarsest and broadest northern Dialect.

The battle of Hombyll-down, or Humbledon, was fought Sept. 14, 1402. (anno 3. Hen. IV.) wherein the English, under the command of the E. of Northumberland, and his son Hotspur, gained a compleat victory over the Scots. The village of HUMBLEDON is one mile north-west from Wooller in Northumberland. The battle was fought in the field below the village, near the present Turnpike Road, in a spot called ever since Red-Riggs.—Humbledon is in GLEN-DALE WARD, a district so named in this county, and mentioned above in ver. 163.

## II.

## THE BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE.

The only battle, wherein an Earl of Douglas was slain fighting with a Percy, was that of Otterbourn, which is the subject of this ballad. It is here related with the allowable partiality of an English poet, and much in the same manner as it is recorded in the English Chronicles. The Scottish writers have, with a partiality at least as excusable, related it no less in their own favour. Luckily we have a very circumstantial narrative of the whole affair from Froissart a French historian, who appears to be unbiased. Froissart's relation is prolix; I shall therefore give it as abridged by Carte, who has however had recourse to other authorities, and differs from Froissart in some things, which I shall note in the margin.

In the twelfth year of Richard II. 1388, "The Scots taking advantage of the confusions of this nation, and falling with a party into the west-marches, ravaged the country about Carlisle, and carried off 300 prisoners. It was with a much greater force, headed by some of the principal nobility, that, in the beginning of August\*, they invaded Northumberland: and having wasted part of the county of Durham †, advanced to the gates of Newcastle; where, in a skirmish, they took a 'penon' or colours † belonging to Henry lord Percy, surnamed Hotspur, son to the earl of North-

\* Froissart speaks of both parties (consisting in all of more than 40,000 men) as entering England at the same time: but the greater part by way of Carlisle.

† And, according to the ballad, that part of Northumberland called Bamboroughshire; a large tract of land so named from the town and castle of Bamborough; formerly the residence of the Northumbrian Kings.

‡ This circumstance is omitted in the ballad. Hotspur and Douglas were two young warriors much of the same age.

" Northumberland. In their retreat home, they attacked the  
 " castle of Otterbourn : and in the evening of Aug. 9. (as  
 " the English writers say, or rather, according to Froissart,  
 " Aug. 15.) after an unsuccessful assault were surprized in  
 " their camp, which was very strong, by Henry, who at  
 " the first onset put them into a good deal of confusion. But  
 " James earl of Douglas rallying his men, there ensued one  
 " of the best-fought actions that happened in that age ; both  
 " armies shewing the utmost bravery : the earl Douglas  
 " himself being slain on the spot ; the earl of Murrey mor-  
 " tally wounded ; and Hotspur ||, with his brother Ralph  
 " Percy, taken prisoners. These disasters on both sides have  
 " given occasion to the event of the engagement's being dis-  
 " puted ; Froissart (who derives his relation from a Scotch  
 " knight, two gentlemen of the same country, and as many  
 " of Foix \*) affirming that the Scots remained masters of the  
 " field ; and the English writers insinuating the contrary.  
 " These last maintain that the English had the better of the  
 " day : but night coming on, some of the northern lords,  
 " coming with the bishop of Durham to their assistance, kil-  
 " led many of them by mistake, supposing them to be Scots ;  
 " and the earl of Dunbar at the same time falling on an-  
 " other side upon Hotspur, took him and his brother prison-  
 " ers, and carried them off while both parties were fight-  
 C 2 " ing.

† Froissart says the English exceeded the Scots in number three to one, but that these had the advantage of the ground, and were also fresh from sleep, while the English were greatly fatigued with their previous march.

‡ By Henry L. Percy, according to this ballad, and our old English historians, as Stow, Speed, &c. but borne down by numbers, if we may believe Froissart.

|| Hotspur (after a very sharp conflict) was taken prisoner by John lord Montgomery, whose eldest son Sir Hugh was slain in the same action with an arrow, according to Crawfurd's Peerage (and seems also to be alluded to in the foregoing ballad, p. 13.) but taken prisoner and exchanged for Hotspur, according to this ballad.

\* Froissart (according to the Eng. Translation) says he had his account from two squires of England, and from a knight and squire of Scotland, soon after the battle.

“ ing. It is at least certain, that immediately after this  
 “ battle the Scots engaged in it made the best of their way  
 “ home: and the same party was taken by the other corps  
 “ about Carlisle.”

Such is the account collected by *Carte*, in which he seems not to be free from partiality: for prejudice must own that *Froissart's* circumstantial account carries a great appearance of truth, and he gives the victory to the Scots. He however does justice to the courage of both parties; and represents their mutual generosity in such a light, that the present age might edify by the example. “ The Englysshmen on the one partie,  
 “ and Scottes on the other party, are good men of warre,  
 “ for whan they mete, there is a hard fighte without spa-  
 “ rynge. There is no boo \* betwene them as long as speares,  
 “ swordes, axes, or dagers wyll endure; but lay on eche  
 “ upon other: and whan they be well beaten, and that the  
 “ one party hath obtained the victory, they than glorifye so  
 “ in their dedes of armes, and are so joyfull, that suche as  
 “ be taken, they shall be ransomed or they go out of the felæ†;  
 “ so that shortly ECHE OF THEM IS SO CONTENTE  
 “ WITH OTHER, THAT AT THEIR DEPARTYNGE,  
 “ CURTOYSLY THEY WILL SAYE, GOD THANKE YOU.  
 “ But in fygtyng one with another there is no playe, nor  
 “ sparynge.” *Froissart's* *Cronycle*, (as translated by Sir  
*Johan Bourchier Lord Berners*) Cap. cxlii.

The following Ballad is (in this present edition) printed from an old MS. in the *Cotton Library*|| (*Cleopatra*, c. iv.) and contains many stanzas more than were in the former copy, which was transcribed from a MS. in the *Harleian Collection* [No. 293. fol. 52.] In the *Cotton MS.* this poem has no title, but in the *Harleian* copy it is thus inscribed,

“ A songe

\* So in *Langham's* letter concerning Q. Elizabeth's entertainment at *Killingworth Castle*, 1575. 12°. p. 61. “ Heer was no bo in devout drinkyng.”

† i. e. They scorn to take the advantage, or to keep them lingering in long captivity.

|| The notice of this MS. I must acknowledge with many other obligations, owing to the friendship of Thomas *Tyrwhitt*, Esq. late Clerk of the House of Commons.

“ *A songe made in R. 2. his tyme of the battele of Otterburne, betweene Lord Henry Percy earle of Northumberland and the earle Douglas of Scotalnde, Anno 1388.*” — But this title is erroneous, and added by some ignorant transcriber of after-times: for, 1. The battle was not fought by the earl of Northumberland, who was absent, nor is once mentioned in the ballad; but by his son SIR HENRY PERCY, Knt. surnamed HOTSPUR, (in those times they did not usually give the title of *LORD* to an earl’s eldest son.) 2. Altho’ the battle was fought in Richard II’s time, the song is evidently of later date, as appears from the poet’s quoting the chronicles in Pt. II. ver. 26; and speaking of Percy in the last stanza as dead. It was however written in all likelihood as early as the foregoing song, if not earlier; which perhaps may be inferred from the minute circumstances with which the story is related, many of which are recorded in no chronicle, and were probably preserved in the memory of old people. It will be observed that the authors of these two poems have some lines in common; but which of them was the original proprietor, must depend upon their priority; and this the sagacity of the reader must determine.

**Y**T felle abowght the Lamasse tyde,  
When husbonds wynn ther haye,  
The dowghtye Dowglasse bowynd hym to ryde,  
In Ynglond to take a praye :

The yerlle of Fyff †, withowghten stryffe, 5  
He bowynd hym over Sulway \* :

C 3

The

Ver. 2. wynn their haye. This is the Northumberland phrase to this day: by which they always express “getting in their bay.” The orig. MS. reads here winn their waye.

† Robert Stuart, second son of K. Robert II.

\* i. e. “over Solway frib.” This evidently refers to the other divi, son of the Scottish army, which came in by way of Carlisle. — Bowynd, or Bounde him; i. e. bind him. Vid. *Gloss.*

The grete wolde ever together ryde ;  
 That race they may rue for aye.

Over 'Ottercap' hyll they \* came in,  
 And so dowyn by Rodelyffe cragge,  
 Upon Grene 'Leyton' they lyghted dowyn,  
 Styrande many a stagge † :

And boldely brente Northomberlonde,  
 And haryed many a towyn ;  
 They dyd owr Ynglyssh men grete wrange,  
 To battell that were not bowyn.

Than spake a berne upon the bent,  
 Of conforte that was not colde,  
 And sayd, We have brent Northomberlond,  
 We have all welth in holde.

Now we have haryed all Bamboroweshyre,  
 All the welth in the worlde have wee ;  
 I rede we ryde to Newe Castell,  
 So styll and stalwurthlye.

Upon

\* They : sc. the earl of Douglas and his party. — The several stations here mentioned, are well-known places in Northumberland. Ottercap hill is in the parish of Kirk-Wheelpington, in Tynedale-ward. Rodeliffe (or as it is more usually pronounced Rodeley-) Cragge is a noted cliff near Rodely, a small village in the parish of Hartburn, in Morpeth-ward : It lies south-east of Ottercap. Green Leyton is another small village in the same parish of Hartburn, and is south-east of Rodely. — Both the orig. MSS. read here corruptly, Hopperton an Lynton.

† Ver. 12. This line is corrupt in both the MSS. viz. 'Many a styrande stag.' — Stags have been killed within the present century on some of the large wastes in Northumberland.

Upon the morowe, when it was daye, 25  
 The standards schone fulle bryght ;  
 To the Newe Castelle the toke the waye,  
 And thether they cam fulle ryght.

Sir Henry Percy laye at the Newe Castelle,  
 I telle yow withowtten drede ; 30  
 He had byn a march-man \* all hys dayes,  
 And kepte Barwyke upon Twede.

To the Newe Castell when they cam,  
 The Skottes they cryde on hyght,  
 Syr Harye Percy, and thou byste within, 35  
 Com to the fylde, and fyght :

For we have brente Northomberlonde,  
 Thy eritage good and ryght ;  
 And syne my logeyng I have take,  
 With my brande dubbyd many a knyght. 40

Sir Harry Percy cam to the walles,  
 The Skottyshoste for to se ;  
 “ And thou hast brente Northomberlond,  
 Full sore it rewylth me.

Yf thou hast haryed all Bambarowe shyre, 45  
 Thow hast done me grete envye ;

\* Marche-man, i. e. a scourer of the marches.  
 Ver. 39. syne seems here to mean since,

For the trespass how hast me done,  
 The tone of us schall dye."

Where schall I byde the, sayd the Dowglas ?

Or where wylte thou come to me ?

" At Otterborne in the hygh way \*,  
 Ther maist thou well logeed be.

The rob full rekeles ther sche rynnes,

To make the game and glee :

The fawkon and the fesaunt both,  
 Amonge the holtes on ' hee.'

Ther maist thou have thy welth at wyll,

Well looged ther maist be.

Yt schall not be long, or I com the tyll,"

Sayd Syr Harry Percy.

Ther schall I byde the, sayd the Dowglas,  
 By the fayth of my bodye.

Thether schall I com, sayd Syr Harry Percy ;  
 My trouth I plyght to the.

A pype of wyne he gave them over the walles, 65  
 For soth, as I yow faye :

Ther

\* Otterbourn stands near the old Watling-street road, in the parish of Elsdon. The Scots were encamped in a grassy plain near the River READ. The place where the Scots and English fought, is still called Battle Riggs.

Ver. 53. Roe-bucks were to be found upon the wastes not far from Hexham within these forty years. — Whitfield, Esq; of Whitfield, is said to have destroyed the last of them.

V. 56. hye. MSS.

Ther he mayd the Douglas drynke,  
And all hysoste that daye.

The Dowglas turnyd hym homewarde agayne,  
For soth withowghten naye, 70  
He tooke his logeyng at Oterborne  
Upon a Wedyns-daye:

And ther he pyght hys standerd dowyn,  
Hys gettyng more and leſſe,  
And syne he warned hys men to goo 75  
To chose ther geldyngs grefſe.

A Skottyshe knyght hoved upon the bent,  
A wache I dare well ſaye:  
So was he ware on the noble Percy  
In the dawnynge of the daye. 80

He prycked to his pavyleon dore,  
As faſte as he myght ronne,  
Awaken, Dowglas, cryed the knyght,  
For hys love, that ſyttes yn trone.

Awaken, Dowglas, cryed the knyght, 85  
For thou maiſte waken wylt wynne:  
Yender have I ſpyed the prowde Percy,  
And ſeven ſtandardes wylt hym.

Nay by my trouth, the Douglas ſayed,  
It ys but a fayned taylle: 90  
He

He durste not loke on my bred banner,  
For all Ynglondे so haylle.

Was I not yesterdaye at the Newe Castell,  
That stonds so fayre on Tyne ?  
For all the men the Percy hadde, 95  
He cowde not garre me ones to dyne.

He stepped owt at hys pavelyon dore,  
To loke and it were leſſe ;  
Araye yow, lordyngs, one and all,  
For here bygynnes no peyſſe. 100

The yerle of Mentaye \*, thow arte my eme,  
The fowarde I gyve to the :  
The yerlle of Huntlay cawte and kene,  
He ſchall wyth the be.

The lorde of Bowghan † in armure bryght 105  
On the other hand he ſchall be :  
Lorde Jhonſtone, and lorde Maxwell,  
They to ſchall be with me.

Swynton fayre fylde upon your pryde  
To batell make yow bowen : 110  
Syr Davy Scotte, Syr Walter Stewarde,  
Syr Jhon of Agurſtone.

## A FYTTE.

\* The earl of Menteith. † The lord Buckan.

**T**HE Persfy came byfore hys ofte,  
 Wych was ever a gentyll knyght,  
 Upon the Dowglas lowde can he crye,  
 I wyll holde that I have hyght:

For thou haste brente Northumberlondē, 5  
 And done me grete envye ;  
 For thy trespassse thou hast me done,  
 The tone of us schall dye.

The Dowglas answerde hym agayne  
 With grete wurdys up on 'hee', 10  
 And sayd, I have twenty agaynst 'thy' onet,  
 Byholde and thou maist see.

Wyth that the Percy was grevyd sore,  
 For sothe as I yow saye :  
 [\* He lyghted dowyn upon his fote, 15  
 And schoote his horsse clene away.

Every man sawe that he dyd so,  
 That ryall was ever in rowght ;  
 Every man schoote hys horsse him froo,  
 And lyght hym rowynde abowght. 20

Thus

*V. 1. 13. Pearcy. al. MS. V. 4. I will hold to what I have promised.  
 Ver. 10. bye. MSS. Ver. 11. the one. MS.*

<sup>†</sup> *He probably magnifies his strength to induce him to surrender.*

<sup>\*</sup> *All that follows, included in Brackets, was not in the former Editions.*

Thus Syr Hary Percy toke the fylde,  
 For soth, as I yow faye :  
 Jesu Cryste in hevyn on hyght  
 Dyd helpe hym well that daye.

But nyne thowzand, ther was no moo ; 25  
 The cronykle wyll not layne :  
 Forty thowsande Skottes and fowre  
 That day fowght them agayne.

But when the batell byganne to joyne,  
 In hast ther came a knyght,  
 Then' letters fayre furth hath he tayne 30  
 And thus he sayd full ryght :

My lorde, your father he gretes yow well,  
 Wyth many a noble knyght ;  
 He defyres yow to byde 35  
 That he may see thys fyght.

The Baron of Graftoke ys com owt of the west,  
 Wyth hym a noble compayne ;  
 All they loge at your fathers thys nyght,  
 And the Battel fayne wold they see. 40

For Jesu's love, sayd Syr Harye Percy,  
 That dyed for yow and me,  
 Wende to my lorde my Father agayne,  
 And faye thow saw me not with yee :

My trowth ys plyght to yonne Skottysh knyght, 45  
 It nedes me not to layne,  
 That I schulde byde hym upon thys bent,  
 And I have hys trowth agayne :

And if that I wende off thys grownde  
 For soth unfoughten awaye, 50  
 He wolde me call but a kowarde knyght  
 In hys londe another daye.

Yet had I lever to be rynde and rente,  
 By Mary that mykel maye ;  
 Then ever my manhod schulde be reprovyd 55  
 Wyth a Skotte another daye.

Wherfore schote, archars, for my sake,  
 And let scharpe arowes flee :  
 Mynstrells, playe up for your waryson,  
 And well quyt it schall be. 60

Every man thynke on hys trewe love,  
 And marke hym to the Trenite :  
 For to God I make myne avowe  
 This day wyll I not flee.

The blodye Harte in the Dowglas armes, 65  
 Hys standerde stode on hye ;  
 That every man myght full well knowe :  
 By syde stode Starres thre.

The

The whyte Lyon on the Ynglysh parte,  
Forsoth as I yow sayne ;  
The Lucetts and the Cressawnts both :  
The Skotts faught them agayne \*.]

70

Upon sent Andrewe lowde cane they crye,  
And thrysse they schowte on hyght,  
And syne marked them one owr Ynglyfshe men, 75  
As I have tolde yow ryght.

Sent George the bryght owr ladyes knyght,  
To name they † were full fayne,  
Owr Ynglyfshe men they cryde on hyght  
And thrysse the schowtte agayne.

80

Wyth that scharpe arowes bygan to flee,  
I tell yow in sertayne ;  
Men of armes byganne to joyne ;  
Many a doughty man was ther slayne.

The Percy and the Dowglas mette, 85  
That ether of other was fayne ;  
They schapped together, whyll that the swette,  
With swords of fyne Collayne ;

Tyll

\* The Arms of DOUGLAS are pretty accurately emblazoned in the former stanza, especially if the readings were, The crowned harte, and Above stode starres thre, it would be minutely exact.—As for the PERCY family, one of their ancient Badges or Cognizances, was a white Lyon Statant, and the Silver Crescent continues to be used by them to this day : They also give three Luces Argent for one of their quarters.

† i. e. The English.

Tyll the bloode from ther bassonetts ranne,  
As the roke doth in the rayne. 90

Yelde the to me, sayd the Dowglas,  
Or ells thow schalt be slayne :

For I see, by thy bryght bassonet,  
Thow arte sum man of myght ;  
And so I do by thy burnysshed brande, 95  
Thow art an yerle, or ells a knyght \*.

By my good faythe, sayd the noble Percy,  
Now hast thou rede full ryght,  
Yet wyll I never yelde me to the,  
Whyll I may stonde and fyght. 100

They swapped together, whyll that they swette,  
Wyth swordes scharpe and long ;  
Ych on other so faste they beette,  
Tyll ther helmes cam in peyses dowyn.

The Percy was a man of strength, 105  
I tell yow in thys flounde,  
He smote the Dowglas at the swordes length,  
That he felle to the growynde.

The sworde was scharpe and sore can byte,  
I tell yow in fertayne ;  
To the harte, ' yea ' he cowde hym smyte,  
Thus was the Dowglas slayne. 110

The

\* Being all in armour he could not know him.

The slonders stode syll on elke syde  
 With many a grevous grone ;  
 Ther the fowght the day, and all the nyght, 115  
 And many a dowghty man was ' slone.'

Ther was no freke, that ther wolde flye,  
 But stffly in stowre can stond,  
 Ychone hewyng on other whyll they myght drye,  
 Wyth many a bayllefull bronde. 120

Ther was slayne upon the Skottes syde,  
 For soth and fertenly,  
 Syr James a Dowglas ther was slayne,  
 That daye that he cowde dye.

The yerlle of Mentaye he was slayne, 125  
 Gryfely groned uppon the growynd ;  
 Syr Davy Scotte, Syr Walter Steward,  
 Syr ' John' of Agurstonne \*.

Syr Charlles Morrey in that place  
 That never a fote wold flye ; 130  
 Sir Hughe Maxwell, a lorde he was,  
 With the Dowglas dyd he dye.

Ther

V. 116. slayne. MSS.

V. 124. i. e. He died that day.

\* Our old Minstrel repeats these names, as Homer and Virgil do those of their Heroes :

—forteique Gyam, forteique Cloanthum, &c. &c.  
 But the MSS. read here, " Sir James." but see above, Pt. I. ver. 112.

Ther was slayne upon the Skottes syde,

For soth as I yow faye,

Of fowre and forty thowsande Scotts

135

Went but eyghtene awaye.

Ther was slayne upon the Ynglysshe syde,

For soth and fertenlye,

A gentell knyght, Sir John Fitz-hughe,

Yt was the more petye.

140

Syr James Harebotell ther was slayne,

For hym ther hartes were sore,

The gentyll 'Lovel' ther was slayne,

That the Percyes standerd bore.

Ther was slayne upon the Ynglyssh perte,

145

For soth as I yow faye;

Of nyne thowsand Ynglyssh men

Fyve hondert cam awaye:

The other were slayne in the fylde,

Cryste kepe ther fowles from wo,

150

Seyng ther was so fewe fryndes

Agaynst so many a foo.

Then one the morne they mayd them beeres

Of byrch, and hayfell graye;

Many a wydowe with wepyng teyres

155

Ther makes they fette awaye.

Thys fraye bygan at Otterborne  
 Bytwene the nyghte and the day:  
 Ther the Dowglas lost hys lyfe,  
 And the Percy was lede awaye \*.

160

Then was ther a Scottyshe prisoner tayne,  
 Syr Hughe Mongomery was hys name,  
 For soth as I yow saye  
 He borrowed the Percy home agayne †.

Now let us all for the Percy praye

165

To Jesu most of myght,  
 To bryng hys sowle to the blyfse of heven,  
 For he was a gentyll knyght.

\*\* *Most of the names in the two preceding ballads are found to have belonged to families of distinction in the North, as may be made appear from authentic records. Thus in*

### THE ANCIENT BALLAD OF CHEVY CHASE.

Pag. 14.

Ver. 112. Agerstone.] *The family of Haggerston of Haggerston, near Berwick, has been seated there for many centuries, and still remains. Thomas Haggerston was among the commissioners returned for Northumberland in 12 Hen. 6. 1433. (Fuller's Worthies, p. 310.) The head of this family at present is Sir Thomas Haggerston, Bart. of Haggerston abovementioned.*

*N. B. The name is spelt Agerstone, as in the text, in Leland's Itinerary, Vol. 7. p. 54.*

Ver. 113.

\* *sc. captive.*

† *In the Cotton MS. is the following Note on ver. 164. in an ancient hand.*

*"Syr Hewe Mongomery takyn prizonar, was delyvered for the reforynge of Periss."*

V. 165. *Percyes, Harl. MS.*

Ver. 113. Hartly.] HARTLEY is a village near the sea in the barony of Tinemouth, about 7 m. from North Shiels. It probably gave name to a family of note at that time.

Ver. 114. Hearone.] This family was one of the most ancient in Northumberland: they were once Lords of Ford Castle, and also of the Barony of Heron in this county; their principal seat being at Chip-Chase near Hexham. Thus, Johannes Hearon, miles, is among those who signed a treaty with the Scots in 1449. Hen. 6. (See Nicholson's *Laws of the Borders*, p. 34. see also p. 330. 331. 332. 333. 335.)—Two Herons are among the commissioners in Fuller. p. 310.—Johan Heron was sheriff of Northumberland in 35 of Edw. 3. (Fuller. p. 311.) Also in 7<sup>o</sup> of Richard 2. (p. 312.) and others afterwards. The descendant of this family, Sir Thomas Heron, Bart. is at present an officer in the army.

Ver. 115. Lovele.] Joh. de Lavale, miles, was sheriff of Northumberland 34 Hen. 7.—Joh. de Lavele, mil. in the 1 Edw. 6. and afterwards (Fuller. 313.) In Nicholson this name is spelt Da Lovel. p. 304. This seems to be the ancient family of Delaval, of Seaton Delaval, in Northumberland.

Ver. 117. Ruggè.] The ancient family of ROKEBY in Yorksbire, seems to be here intended. In Thoresby's *Ducat. Leod.* p. 253. fol. is a genealogy of this house, by which it appears that the head of the family about the time when this ballad was written, was Sir Ralph Rokeby, Knt. RALPH being a common name of the ROKEBYS.

Ver. 119. Wetharrington.] Rog. de Widrington was sheriff of Northumberland in 36 of Edw. 3. (Fuller, p. 311.)—Joh. de Widrington in 11 of Hen. 4. and many others of the same name afterwards.—See also Nicholson, p. 331.—Of this family was the late Lord Witherington.

Ver. 124. Mongonberry.] Sir Hugh Montgomery was son of John Lord Montgomery, the lineal ancestor of the present Earl of Eglington.

Ver. 125. Lwdale.] The ancient family of the LIDDELS were originally from Scotland, where they were Lords of LIDDEL Castle, and of the Barony of Buff. (Vid. Collins's Peerage.) The head of this family is the present Lord Ravensworth, of Ravensworth Castle, in the county of Durham.

In THE BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE.

Pag. 26. ver. 101. Mentaye.] At the time of this battle the Earldom of Menteith was possessed by Robert Stewart, Earl of Fife, third son of K. Robert II. who, according to Buchanan, commanded the Scots that entered by Carlisle. But our Minstrel had probably an eye to the family of Graham, who had this Earldom when the ballad was written. See Douglas's Peerage of Scotland, 1764. fol.

Ver. 103. Huntleye.] This shews this ballad was not composed before 1449; for in that year Alexander Lord of Gordon and Huntley, was created Earl of Huntley by K. James II.

Ver. 105. Bowghan.] The Earl of Buchan at that time was Alexander Stewart, fourth son of K. Robert II.

Ver. 107. Jhonstone—Maxwell.] These two families of Johnston Lord of Johnston, and Maxwell Lord of Maxwell, were always very powerful on the borders. Of the former family is Johnston Marquis of Annandale: of the latter is Maxwell Earl of Nithsdale. I cannot find that any chief of this family was named Sir Hugh; but Sir Herbert Maxwell was about this time much distinguished. (See Doug.) This might have been originally written Sir H. Maxwell, and by transcribers converted into Sir Hugh. So above, in N<sup>o</sup>. I. v. 90. Richard is contracted into Ric.

Ver.

Ver. 109. Swintone.] *i. e. The Laird of SWINTONE*; a small village within the Scottish border, 3 miles from Norham. This family still subsists, and is very ancient.

Ver. 111. Scotte.] The illustrious family of Scot, ancestors of the Duke of Buccleugh, always made a great figure on the borders. Sir Walter Scot was at the head of this family when the battle was fought; but his great-grandson Sir David Scot, was the hero of that house, when the Ballad was written.

Ibid. Stewarde.] The person here designed was probably Sir Walter Stewart, Lord of Dalwinton and Gairlies, who was eminent at that time. (See Doug.) From him is descended the present Earl of Galloway.

Ver. 112. Agurstonne.] The seat of this family was sometimes subject to the Kings of Scotland. Thus Richardus Hagerstoun, miles, is one of the Scottish knights, who signed a treaty with the English in 1249. Hen. 3. (Nicholson, p. 2. note.) — It was the fate of many parts of Northumberland often to change their masters, according as the Scottish or English arms prevailed.

Pag. 32. ver. 129. Murrey.] The person here meant was probably Sir Charles Murray of Cockpoole, who flourished at that time, and was ancestor of the Murrays sometime Earls of Annandale. See Doug. Peerage.

Pag. 33. ver. 139. Fitz-hughe.] Dugdale (in his Baron. V. 1. p. 403.) informs us, that John son of Henry Lord Fitzhugh, was killed at the battle of Otterbourne. This was a Northumberland family. Vid. Dugd. p. 403. col. 1. and Nicholson, p. 33. 60.

Ver. 141. Harbottle.] HARBOTTLE is a village upon the river Coquet, about 10 m. west of Rothbury. The family of Harbottle was once considerable in Northumberland. (See Fuller. p. 312. 313.) A daughter of Sir Guischard Harbottle, Knt. married Sir Thomas Percy, Knt. son of

Henry the fifth,—and father of Thomas, seventh Earl of Northumberland.

## III.

THE JEW'S DAUGHTER,  
A SCOTTISH BALLAD,

— Is founded upon the supposed practice of the Jews in crucifying or otherwise murthering Christian children, out of hatred to the religion of their parents: a practice, which hath been always alledged in excuse for the cruelties exercised upon that wretched people, but which probably never happened in a single instance. For if we consider, on the one hand, the ignorance and superstition of the times when such stories took their rise, the virulent prejudices of the monks who record them, and the eagerness with which they would be catched up by the barbarous populace as a pretence for plunder; on the other hand, the great danger incurred by the perpetrators, and the inadequate motives they could have to excite them to a crime of so much horror, we may reasonably conclude the whole charge to be groundless and malicious.

The following ballad is probably built upon some Italian Legend, and bears a great resemblance to the Prioress's Tale in Chaucer: the poet seems also to have had an eye to the known story of HUGH OF LINCOLN, a child said to have been there murthered by the Jews in the reign of Henry III. The conclusion of this ballad appears to be wanting: what it probably contained may be seen in Chaucer. As for MIRYLAND TOUN, it is probably a corruption of MILAN (called by the Dutch MEYLANDT) TOWN: the PA is evidently the river Po; altho' the Adige, not the Po runs thro' Milan.

Printed from a MS. copy sent from Scotland.

**T**HE rain rins doun through Mirry-land toune,  
 Sae dois it doun the Pa :  
 Sae dois the lads of Mirry-land toune,  
 Quhan they play at the ba'.

Than out and eam the Jewis dochter,

5

Said, Will ye cum in and dine ?

I winnae cum in, I cannae cum in,

Without my play-feres nine.

Scho powd an apple reid and white

To intice the zong thing in :

10

Scho powd an apple white and reid,

And that the sweete bairne did win.

And scho has taine out a little pen-knife,

And low down by her gair,

Scho has twin'd the zong thing and his life ; 15

A word he nevir spak mair.

And out and cam the thick thick bluid,

And out and cam the thin ;

And out and cam the bonny herts bluid :

Thair was nae life left in.

20

Scho laid him on a dressing borde,

And drest him like a swine,

And laughing said, Gae nou and pley

With zour sweete play-feres nine.

Scho rowd him in a cake of lead,  
Bade him lie stil and sleip.  
Scho cast him in a deip draw-well,  
Was fifty fadom deip.

25

Quhan bells wer rung, and mass was sung,  
And every lady went hame :  
Than ilka lady had her zong sonne,  
Bot lady Helen had nane.

30

Scho rowd hir mantil hir about,  
And fair fair gan she weip :  
And she ran into the Jewis castel,  
Quhan they wer all asleip.

35

My bonny sir Hew, my pretty sir Hew,  
I pray thee to me speik :  
‘ O lady, rinn to the deip draw-well  
‘ Gin ze zour sonne wad feik.’

40

Lady Helen ran to the deip draw-well,  
And knelt upon her kne :  
My bonny sir Hew, an ze be here,  
I pray thee speik to me.

The lead is wondrous heavy, mither,  
The well is wondrous deip,  
A keen pen-knife sticks in my hert,  
A word I dounae speik.

45

Gae

Gae hame, gae hame, my mither deir,  
 Fetch me my windling sheet, 50  
 And at the back o' Mirry-land town,  
 Its thair we twa fall meet.

\* \* \* \* \*

## IV.

## SIR CAULINE.

*This old romantic tale was preserved in the Editor's folio MS, but in so defective and mutilated a condition that it was necessary to supply several stanzas in the first part, and still more in the second, to connect and compleat the story.*

There is something peculiar in the metre of this old ballad: it is not unusual to meet with redundant stanzas of six lines; but the occasional insertion of a double third or fourth line, as ver. 31, 44, &c. is an irregularity I do not remember to have seen elsewhere.

It may be proper to inform the reader before he comes to Pt. 2. v. 110, 111. that the ROUND TABLE was not peculiar to the reign of K. Arthur, but was common in all the ages of Chivalry. The proclaiming a great tournament (probably with some peculiar solemnities) was called "holding a Round Table." Dugdale tells us, that the great baron Roger de Mortimer "having procured the honour of knighthood to be conferred 'on his three sons' by K. Edw. I. he, at his own costs, caused a tourneament to be held at Kenilworth; where he sumptuously entertained an hundred knights, and as many ladies for three days; the like whereof was never before in England; and there began the ROUND TABLE, (so called by reason that the place wherein they practised these feats, was environed with a strong wall made in a round form:) And upon

"the

" the fourth day, the golden lion, in sign of triumph, being yielded to him; he carried it (with all the company) to Warwick."—It may further be added, that Matthew Paris frequently calls justs and tournaments *Hastiludia Mensæ Rotundæ*.

As to what will be observed in this ballad of the art of healing being practised by a young princess; it is no more than what is usual in all the old romances, and was conformable to real manners: it being a practice derived from the earliest times among all the Gothic and Celtic nations, for women, even of the highest rank, to exercise the art of surgery. In the Northern Chronicles we always find the young damsels stanching the wounds of their lovers, and the wives those of their husbands †. And even so late as the time of Q. Elizabeth, it is mentioned among the accomplishments of the ladies of her court, that the "eldest of them are SKILFUL IN SURGERY." See *Harrison's Description of England*, prefixed to *Hollingsbed's Chronicle*, &c.

## THE FIRST PART.

**I**N Ireland, ferr over the sea,  
There dwelleth a bonnye kinge;  
And with him a yong and comlye knighe,  
Men call him syr Cauline.

The kinge had a ladye to his daughter,  
In fashyon she hath no peere;  
And princely wightes that ladye wooed  
To be theyr wedded feere.

5

Syr

† See *Northern Antiquities*, &c. vol. 1. p. 318. vol. 2. p. 100.  
*Mémoires de la Chevalerie*. Tom. 1. p. 44.

Syr Cauline loveth her best of all,  
 But nothing durst he saye ;  
 Ne descreeve his counsayl to no man,  
 But deerlye he lovde this may.

Till on a daye it so beffell,  
 Great dill to him was dight ;  
 The maydens love removde his mynd,  
 To care-bed went the knighe.

One while he spred his armes him fro,  
 One while he spred them nyce :  
 And aye ! but I winne that ladyes love,  
 For dole now I mun dye.

And whan our parish-masse was done,  
 Our kinge was bowne to dyne :  
 He sayes, Where is syr Cauline,  
 That is wont to serve the wyne ?

Then aunswerde him a courteous knighe,  
 And fast his handes gan wringe :  
 Sir Cauline is sicke, and like to dye  
 Without a good leechinge.

Fetche me downe my daughter deere,  
 She is a leeche fulle fine :  
 Goe take him doughe, and the baken bread,  
 And serve him with the wyne soe red ;  
 Lothe I were him to tine.

Fair Christabelle to his chaumber goes,

Her maydens followyng nye :

O well, she sayth, how doth my lord ?

O sicke, thou fayr ladye,

35

Nowe ryse up wightlye, man, for shame,

Never lye soe cowardlee ;

For it is told in my fathers halle,

You dye for love of mee.

40

Fayre ladye, it is for your love

That all this dill I drye :

For if you wold comfort me with a kiffe,

Then were I brought from bale to blisse,

No lenger wold I lye.

45

Sir knighte, my father is a kinge,

I am his onlye heire ;

Alas ! and well you knowe, syr knighte,

I never can be youre fere.

50

O ladye, thou art a kinges daughter,

And I am not thy peere,

But let me doe some deedes of armes

To be your bacheleere.

Some deedes of armes if thou wilt doe,

My bacheleere to bee,

(But ever and aye my heart wold rue,

Giff harm shold happe to thee,)

55

Upon Eldridge hill there groweth a thorne,  
 Upon the mores brodīng ; 60  
 And dare ye, syr knighte, wake there all nighthe  
 Untill the fayre morninge ?

For the Eldridge knighte, so mickle of mighte,  
 Will examine you beforne :  
 And never man bare life awaye, 65  
 But he did him scath and scorne.

That knighte he is a foul paynīm,  
 And large of limb and bone ;  
 And but if heaven may be thy speede,  
 Thy life it is but gone. 70

Nowe on the Eldridge hilles Ile walke,  
 For thy sake, fair ladie ;  
 And Ile either bring you a ready token,  
 Or Ile never more you see.

The lady is gone to her own chaumbère, 75  
 Her maydens following bright :  
 Syr Cauline lope from care-bed soone,  
 And to the Eldridge hills is gone,  
 For to wake there all night.

Unto midnight, that the moone did rise,  
 He walked up and downe ;  
 Then a lightsome bugle heard he blowe  
 Over the bents soe browne : 80

Quoth

Quoth hee, If cryance come till my heart,  
I am ffar from any good towne. \*

85

And soone he spyde on the mores so broad,  
A furyous wight and fell ;  
A ladye bright his brydle led,  
Clad in a fayre kyrtell :

And soe fast he called on syr Cauline, 90  
O man, I rede thee flye,  
For 'but' if cryance come till thy heart,  
I weene but thou mun dye.

He fayth, 'No' cryance comes till my heart,  
Nor, in faith, I wyll not flee ; 95  
For, cause thou minged not Christ before,  
The less me dreadeth thee.

The Eldridge knighte, he pricked his steed ;  
Syr Cauline bold abode :  
Then either shooke his trustye speare, 100  
And the timber these two children + bare  
Soe soone in funder flode.

Then tooke they out theyr two good swordes,  
And layden on full faste,  
Till helme and hawberke, mail and sheelde, 105  
They all were well-nye braist.

The

\* This line is restored from the folio MS.

† i. e. Knights. See the Preface to CHILD WATERS, vol. 3.

The Eldridge knight was mickle of might,  
 And stiffe in flower did stande,  
 But syr Cauline with a 'backward' stroke,  
 He smote off his right-hand ; 110  
 That soone he with paine and lacke of bloud  
 Fell downe on that lay-land.

Then up syr Cauline lift his brande  
 All over his head so hye :  
 And here I sweare by the holy roode, 115  
 Nowe, caytiffe, thou shalt dye.

Then up and came that ladye brighte,  
 Faste wringing of her hande :  
 For the maydens love, that most you love,  
 Withold that deadlye brande : 120

For the maydens love, that most you love,  
 Now smyte no more I praye ;  
 And aye whatever thou wilt, my lord,  
 He shall thy hefts obaye.

Now sweare to mee, thou Eldridge knighte, 125  
 And here on this lay-land,  
 That thou wilt believe on Christ his laye,  
 And therto plight thy hand :

And that thou never on Eldridge come  
 To sporte, gamon, or playe : 130  
 And

And that thou here give up thy armes  
Until thy dying daye.

The Eldridge knighte gave up his armes  
With many a sorrowfulle figh ;  
And fware to obey syr Caulines heft,  
Till the tyme that he shold dye. 135

And he then up and the Eldridge knighte  
Sett him in his saddle anone,  
And the Eldridge knighte and his ladye  
To theyr castle are they gone. 140

Then he tooke up the bloudy hand,  
That was so large of bone,  
And on it he founde five ringes of gold  
Of knightes that had be flone.

Then he tooke up the Eldridge sworde,  
As hard as any flint :  
And he tooke off those ringes five,  
As bright as fyre and brent. 145

Home then pricked syr Cauline  
As light as leafe on tree :  
I-wys he neither stint ne blanne,  
Till he his ladye see. 150

Then downe he knelt upon his knee  
Before that lady gay :

O ladye,

ANCIENT POEMS. 49

O ladye, I have bin on the Eldridge hills : 155  
These tokens I bring away.

Now welcome, welcome, syr Cauline,  
Thrice welcome unto mee,  
For now I perceive thou art a true knighte,  
Of valour bolde and free. 160

O ladye, I am thy own true knighte,  
Thy heft for to obaye :  
And mought I hope to winne thy love ! —  
Ne more his tongue colde say.

The ladye blushed scarlette redde, 165  
And fette a gentill fighe :  
Alas ! syr knight, how may this bee,  
For my degree's soe highe ?

But sith thou hast hight, thou comely youth,  
To be my batchilere, 170  
Ile promise if thee I may not wedde  
I will have none other fere.

Then shee held forthe her lilly-white hand  
Towards that knighte so free :  
He gave to it one gentill kiffe, 175  
His heart was brought from bale to blisse,  
The teares sterte from his ee.

But keep my counsayl, syr Cauline,  
 Ne let no man it knowe ;  
 For and ever my father sholde it ken, 180  
 I wot he wolde us floe.

From that daye forthe that ladye fayre  
 Lovde syr Cauline the knighte :  
 From that daye forthe he only joyde  
 Whan shee was in his sight. 185

Yea and oftentimes they mette  
 Within a fayre arboure,  
 Where they in love and sweet daliaunce  
 Past manye a pleasaunt houre.

\* \* \* In this conclusion of the FIRST PART, and at the beginning of the SECOND, the reader will observe a resemblance to the story of SIGISMUNDA AND GUISCARD, as told by Boccace and Dryden : See the latter's Description of the Lovers meeting in the Cave, and those beautiful lines, which contain a reflection so like this of our poet, "EVERYE WHITE, &c. viz.

" But as extremes are short of ill and good,  
 " And tides at highest mark regorge their flood ;  
 " So Fate, that could no more improve their joy,  
 " Took a malicious pleasure to destroy.  
 " Tancred, who fondly loved, &c."

## PART THE SECOND.

EVERYE white will have its blacke,  
 And everye sweete its sowre:  
 This founde the ladye Christabelle  
 In an untimely howre.

For so it befelle as syr Cauline  
 Was with that ladye faire,  
 The kinge her father walked forthe  
 To take the evenyng aire:

And into the arboure as he went  
 To rest his wearye feet,  
 He found his daughter and syr Cauline  
 Therefette in daliaunce sweet.

The kinge hee sterted forthe, i-wys,  
 And an angrye man was hee:  
 Nowe, traytoure, thou shalt hange or drawe,  
 And rewe shall thy ladie. 15

Then forthe syr Cauline he was ledde,  
 And throwne in dungeon deepe:  
 And the ladye into a towre so hye,  
 There left to wayle and weepe. 20

The queene she was syr Caulines friend,  
 And to the kinge sayd shee :  
 I praye you save syr Caulines life,  
 And let him banisht bee.

Now, dame, that traitor shall be sent 25  
 Across the salt sea fome :  
 But here I will make thee a band,  
 If ever he come within this land,  
 A foule deathe is his doome.

All-woe-begone was that gentil knight 33  
 To parte from his ladye ;  
 And many a time he sighed sore,  
 And cast a wistfulle eye :  
 Faire Christabelle, from thee to parte,  
 Farre lever had I dye.

Faire Christabelle, that ladye bright,  
 Was had forthe of the towre ;  
 But ever shee droopeth in her minde,  
 As nipt by an ungentle winde  
 Doth some faire lillye flowre. 40

And ever shee doth lament and weepe  
 To tint her lover soe :  
 Syr Cauline, thou little think'st on mee,  
 But I will still be true.

Manye a kinge, and manye a duke,  
And lords of high degree,  
Did sue to that fayre ladye of love;  
But never shee wolde them nee.

When manye a daye was past and gone,  
Ne comforte she colde finde,  
The kynge proclaimed a tourneament,  
To cheere his daughters mind :

And there came lords, and there came knights,  
Fro manye a farre countrye,  
To break a spere for theyr ladyes love  
Before that faire ladye. 55

And many a ladye there was sette  
In purple and in palle :  
But faire Christabelle soe woe-begone  
Was the fayrest of them all. 60

Then manye a knighte was mickle of might  
Before his ladye gaye ;  
But a stranger wight, whom no man knewe,  
He wan the prize eche daye.

His acton it was all of blacke,  
His hewberke, and his sheelde,  
Ne noe man wist whence he did come,  
Ne noe man knewe where he did gone,  
When they came out the feelde. 65

And now three days were prestlye past  
 In feates of chiyalrye,  
 When lo upon the fourth morninge  
 A sorrowfulle sight they see.

A hugye giaunt stiffe and starke,  
 All foule of limbe and lere ;  
 Two goggling eyen like fire farden,  
 A mouthe from eare to eare.

Before him came a dwarffe full lowe,  
 That waited on his knee,  
 And at his backe five heads he bare,  
 All wan and pale of blee.

Sir, quoth the dwarffe, and louted lowe,  
 Behold that hend Soldain !  
 Behold these heads I beare with me !  
 They are kings which he hath slain.

The Eldridge knight is his own couisine,  
 Whom a knight of thine hath shent :  
 And hee is come to avenge his wrong,  
 And to thee, all thy knightes among,  
 Defiance here hath sent.

But yette he will appease his wrath  
 Thy daughters love to winne :  
 And but thou yeelde him that fayre mayd,  
 Thy halls and towers must brenne.

Thy

70

75

80

85

99

Thy head, syr king, must goe with mee ; 95  
 Or else thy daughter deere ;  
 Or else within these lists soe broad  
 Thou must finde him a peere.

The king he turned him round aboute,

And in his heart was woe :

100

Is there never a knighte of my round tablè,  
 This matter will undergое ?

Is there never a knighte amongst yee all

Will fight for my daughter and mee ?

Whoever will fight yon grimme soldà, 105  
 Right fair his meede shall bee.

For hee shall have my broad lay-lands,

And of my crowne be heyre ;

And he shall winne fayre Christabelle

To be his wedded fere. 110

But every knighte of his round tablè

Did stand both still and pale ;

For whenever they lookt on the grim soldà,

It made their hearts to quail.

All woe-begone was that fayre ladyè,

115

When she sawe no helpe was nye :

She cast her thought on her owne true-love,

And the teares gusht from her eye.

Up then sterte the stranger knighte,

Sayd, Ladye, be not affrayd :

Ile fight for thee with this grimme soldan,

Thoughe he be unmacklye made.

120

And if thou wilt lend me the Eldridge sworde,

That lyeth within thy bowre,

I truste in Christe for to slay this fiende

125

Thoughe he be stiffe in stowre.

Goe fetch him downe the Eldridge sworde,

The kinge he cryde, with speede :

Nowe heaven assist thee, courteous knighte ;

My daughter is thy meede.

130

The gyaunt he stepped into the lists,

And sayd, Awaye, awaye :

I sweare, as I am the hend soldan,

Thou lettest me here all daye.

Then forthe the stranger knight he came

135

In his blacke armoure dight :

The ladye sighed a gentle sigh,

“ That this were my true knighte ! ”

And nowe the gyaunt and knighte be mett

Within the lists soe broad ;

140

And now with swordes soe sharpe of steele,

They gan to lay on load.

The

The soldan strucke the knighte a stroke,  
That made him reele asyde ;  
Then woe-begone was that fayre ladye, 145  
And thrice she deeply sighde.

The soldan strucke a second stroke,  
And made the bloude to flowe :  
All pale and wan was that ladye fayre,  
And thrice she wept for woe. 150

The soldan strucke a third fell stroke,  
Which brought the knighte on his knee :  
Sad sorrow pierced that ladyes heart,  
And she shriekt loud shriekings three.

The knighte he leapt upon his feete, 155  
All recklesse of the pain :  
Quoth hee, But heaven be now my speede,  
Or else I shall be slaine.

He grasped his sworde with mayne and michte,  
And spying a secrete part, 160  
He drove it into the soldan's syde,  
And pierced him to the heart.

Then all the people gave a shoute,  
Whan they sawe the soldan falle :  
The ladye wept, and thanked Christ, 165  
That had reskewed her from thrall.

And

And nowe the kinge with all his barons  
 Rose uppe from offe his seate,  
 And downe he stepped intò the listes,  
 That curteous knighte to greete.

170

But he for Payne and lacke of bloude  
 Was fallen intò a swounde,  
 And there all walteringe in his gore,  
 Lay lifelesse on the grounde.

Come downe, come downe, my daughter deare, 175  
 Thou art a leeche of skille ;  
 Farre lever had I lose halfe my landes,  
 Than this good knighte sholde spille.

Downe then steppeth that fayre ladye,  
 To helpe him if she maye ;  
 But when she did his beavere raiſe,  
 It is my life, my lord, she fayes,  
 And shriekeſt and swound awaye.

Sir Cauline juste lifte up his eyes  
 When he heard his ladye crye,  
 O ladye, I am thine owne true love ;  
 For thee I wiſht to dye.

185

Then giving her one partinge looke,  
 He closed his eyes in death,  
 Ere Christabelle, that ladye milde,  
 Begane to drawe her breathe.

190

But

But when she found her comelye knighte  
 Indeed was dead and gone,  
 She layde her pale cold cheeke to his,  
 And thus she made her moane.

195

O staye, my deare and onlye lord,  
 For mee thy faithfull feere ;  
 'Tis meet that I shold followe thee,  
 Who haft bought my love soe deare.

Then fayntinge in a deadlye swoune,  
 And with a deepe-fette sighe,  
 That burst her gentle hearte in twayne,  
 Fayre Christabelle did dye.

200

\* \* \*

## V.

E D W A R D, E D W A R D.

A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

*From a MS. copy transmitted from Scotland.*

Q UHY dois zour brand sae drop wi' bluid,  
 Edward, Edward ?  
 Quhy dois zour brand sae drop wi' bluid ?  
 And quhy sae sad gang zee, O ?

O, I hae killed my hauke sae guid, 5  
 Mither, mither :

O, I hae killed my hauke sae guid :  
 And I had nae mair bot hee, O.

Zour haukis bluid was nevir sae reid,  
 Edward, Edward. 10

Zour haukis bluid was nevir sae reid ;  
 My deir son I tell thee, O..

O, I hae killed my reid-roan steid,  
 Mither, mither :

O, I hae killed my reid-roan steid, 15  
 That erft was sae fair and free, O.

Zour steid was auld, and ze hae gat mair,  
 Edward, Edward :

Zour steid was auld, and ze hae gat mair,  
 Sum other dule ze drie, O. 20

O, I hae killed my fadir deir,  
 Mither, mither :

O, I hae killed my fadir deir,  
 Alas ! and wae is mee, O !

And quhatten penance wul ze drie for that,  
 Edward, Edward ? 25

And quhatten penance will ze drie for that ?  
 My deir son, now tell me, O.

Ile set my feit in zonder boat,  
 Mither, mither : 30

Ile

Ile set my feit in zonder boat,  
And Ile fare ovir the sea, O.

And quhat wul ze doe wi' zour towirs and zour ha',  
Edward, Edward?

And quhat wul ze doe wi' zour towirs and zour ha', 35  
That were sae fair to see, O?

Ile let thame stand til they doun fa',  
Mither, mither:

Ile let thame stand till they doun fa',  
For here nevir mair maun I bee, O. 40

And quhat wul ze leive to zour bairns and zour wife,  
Edward, Edward?

And quhat wul ze leive to zour bairns and your wife,  
Quhan ze gang ovir the sea, O?

The warldis room, late them beg throw life, 45  
Mither, mither:

The warldis room, let them beg throw life,  
For thame nevir mair wul I see, O.

And quhat wul ze leive to zour ain mither deir,  
Edward, Edward? 50

And quhat wul ze leive to zour ain mither deir?  
My deir son, now tell me, O.

The curse of hell frae me fall ze beir,  
Mither, mither:

The curse of hell frae me fall ze beir, 55  
Sic counseils ze gave to me, O.

## VI.

## KING ESTMERE.

This old Romantic Legend, (which is given from two copies, one of them in the Editor's folio MS.) bears marks of great antiquity, and perhaps ought to have taken place of any in this volume. It should seem to have been written while a great part of Spain was in the hands of the Saracens or Moors: whose empire there was not fully extinguished before the year 1491. The Mahometans are spoken of in v. 49, &c. just in the same terms as in all other old romances. The author of the ancient Legend of SIR BEVIS represents his hero, upon all occasions, breathing out defiance against

“ Mahound and Termagaunte \* ;”

And so full of zeal for his religion, as to return the following polite message to a Paynim king's fair daughter, who had fallen in love with him, and sent two Saracen knights to invite him to her bower,

“ I wyll not ones stirre off this grounde,  
 “ To speake with an heathen bounde,  
 “ Unchristen boundes, I rede you fle,  
 “ Or I your harte blood shall se †.”

Indeed they return the compliment by calling him elsewhere  
 “ A christen bounde. †”

This was conformable to the real manners of the barbarous ages: perhaps the same excuse will hardly serve our bard for the

\* See a short Memoir at the end of this Ballad, Note †††.

† Sign. C. j. b.

‡ Sign. C. j. b.

the situations in which he has placed some of his royal personages. That a youthful monarch should take a journey into another kingdom to visit his mistress incog. was a piece of gallantry paralleled in our own Charles I. but that king Adland should be found lolling or leaning at his gate (v. 35.) may be thought perchance a little out of character. And yet the great painter of manners, Homer, did not think it inconsistent with decorum to represent a king of the Taphians rearing himself at the gate of Ulysses to inquire for that monarch, when he touched at Ithaca as he was taking a voyage with a ship's cargo of iron to dispose in traffic ||. So little ought we to judge of ancient manners by our own.

Before I conclude this article, I cannot help observing that the reader will see in this ballad, the character of the old Minstrels (those successors of the bards) placed in a very respectable light +: here he will see one of them represented mounted on a fine horse, accompanied with an attendant to bear his harp after him, and to sing the poems of his composing. Here he will see him mixing in the company of kings without ceremony: no mean proof of the great antiquity of this poem. The farther we carry our inquiries back, the greater respect we find paid to the professors of poetry and music among all the Celtic and Gothic nations. Their character was deemed so sacred, that under its sanction our famous king Alfred (as we have already seen §) made no scruple to enter the Danish camp, and was at once admitted to the king's head-quarters \*. Our poet has suggested the same expedient to the heroes of this ballad. All the histories of the North are full of the great reverence paid to this order of men. Harold Harfagre, a celebrated king of Norway, was wont to seat them at his table above all the officers of his court: and we find another Norwegian king

|| Odyss. a. 105. + See vol. 2. Note subjoined to 1st Pt. of Beggar of Bednal, &c.

§ See the Essay on the antient Minstrels prefixed to this Vol.

\* Even so late as the time of Froissart, we find Minstrels and Heralds mentioned together, as those who might securely go into an enemy's country. Cap. xl.

king placing five of them by his side in a day of battle, that they might be eye-witnesses of the great exploits they were to celebrate\*—As to Estmere's riding into the hall while the kings were at table, this was usual in the ages of chivalry; and even to this day we see a relic of this custom still kept up, in the champion's riding into Westminster-hall during the coronation dinner†.

**H**arken to me, gentlemen,  
Come and you shall heare;  
Ile tell you of two of the boldest brethren,  
That ever born y-were.

The tone of them was Adler yonge,  
The tother was kyng Estmere;  
The were as bolde men in their deedes,  
As any were farr and neare.

As they were drinking ale and wine  
Within kyng Estmeres halle:  
When will ye marry a wyfe, brother,  
A wyfe to gladd us all?

Then bespake him kyng Estmere,  
And answered him hastilee:  
I knowe not that ladye in any lande,  
That is able † to marry with mee.

Kyng

\* Bartholini *Antiq. Dan.* p. 173.—*Northern Antiquities, &c.* Vol. I. p. 386. 389, &c.

† See also the account of Edw. II. in the *Essay on the Minstrels.*

† He means fit, suitable.

Kyng Adland hath a daughter, brother,  
 Men call her bright and sheene ;  
 If I were kyng here in your stead,  
 That ladye sholde be queene.

20

Sayes, Reade me, reade me, deare brother,  
 Throughout merrye Englānd,  
 Where we might find a messenger  
 Betweene us two to fende.

Sayes, You shal ryde yourselfe, brothēr, 25  
 Ile beare you companēe ;  
 Many throughe fals messengers are deceivde,  
 And I feare leſt ſoe shold wee.

Thus the reniſht them to ryde  
 Of twoe good reniſht ſteedes, 30  
 And when they came to king Adlands halle,  
 Of red golde ſhone their weedes.

And whan the came to kyng Adlands halle  
 Before the goodlye yate,  
 Ther they found good kyng Adlānd 35  
 Rearing himſelfe theratt.

Nowe Christ thee ſave, good king Adlānd ;  
 Nowe Christ thee ſave and ſee.  
 Sayd, You be welcome, king Eſtmere,  
 Right hartilye unto mee.

40

You have a daughter, sayd Adler yonge,  
 Men call her bright and shene,  
 My brother wold marrye her to his wiffe,  
 Of Englande to be queene.

Yesterdaye was at my deare daughter 45  
 Syr Bremor the kyng of Spayne ;  
 And then she nicked him of naye,  
 I feare sheele do youe the same.

The kyng of Spayne is a soule paynim,  
 And 'leeveth on Maheund ; 50  
 And pitye it were that fayre ladye  
 Shold marrye a heathen hound.

But grant to me, fayes kyng Estmere,  
 For my love I you praye ;  
 That I may see your daughter deare 55  
 Before I goe hence awaye.

Althoughe itt is seven yeare and more  
 Syth my daughter was in halle,  
 She shall come downe once for your sake  
 To glad my guesles alle. 60

Downe then came that mayden fayre,  
 With ladyes lacede in pall,  
 And halfe a hondred of bolde knighthes,  
 To bing her from bowre to hall ;

And

And eke as manye gentle squieres, 65  
 To waite upon them all.

The talents of golde, were on her head sette,  
 Hunge lowe downe to her knee ;  
 And everye rynge on her smalle finger,  
 Shone of the chrystall free. 70

Sayes, Christ you save, my deare madame ;  
 Sayes, Christ you save and see.  
 Sayes, You be welcome, kyng Estmere,  
 Right welcome unto mee.

And iff you love me, as you sayc, 75  
 So well and hartilee,  
 All that ever you are comen about.  
 Soone sped now itt may bee.

Then bespake her father deare :  
 My daughter, I saye naye ; 80  
 Remember well the kyng of Spayne,  
 What he sayd yesterdaye.

He wold pull downe my halles and castles,  
 And reave me of my lyfe :  
 And ever I feare that paynim kyng, 85  
 Iff I reave him of his wyfe.

Your castles and your towres, father,  
 Are stronglye built aboute ;

And therefore of that foule paynim  
Wee neede not stande in doubte.

90

Plyght me your troth, nowe, kyng Estmère,  
By heaven and your righte hand,  
That you will marrye me to your wyfe,  
And make me queene of your land.

Then kyng Estmère he plight his troth  
By heaven and his righte hand,  
That he wolde marrye her to his wyfe,  
And make her queene of his land.

95

And he tocke leave of that ladye fayre,  
To goe to his owne countree,  
To fetche him dukes and lordes and knighthes,  
That marryed the might bee,

100

They had not ridden scant a myle,  
A myle forthe of the towne,  
But in did come the kyng of Spayne,  
With kempes many a one.

105

But in did come the kyng of Spayne,  
With manye a grimme bardone,  
Tone day to marrye kyng Adlands daughter,  
Tother daye to carrye her home.

110

Then shée sent after kyng Estmère  
In all the spedē might bee,

That

That he must either returne and fighte,  
Or goe home and lose his ladye.

One whyle then the page he went, 115  
Another whyle he ranne ;  
Till he had oretaken king Estmere,  
I wis, he never blanne.

Tydinges, tydinges, kyng Estmere !  
What tydinges nowe, my boye ? 120  
O tydinges I can tell to you,  
That will you sore annoye.

You had not ridden scant a myle,  
A myle out of the towne,  
But in did come the kyng of Spayne 125  
With kempes many a one :

But in did come the kyng of Spayne  
With manye a grimme bardone,  
To ne daye to marrye king Adlands daughter,  
To other daye to carrye her home. 130

That ladye fayre she greetes you well,  
And ever-more well by mee :  
You must either turne againe and fighte,  
Or goe home and lose your ladye.

Sayes, Reade me, reade me, deare brother, 135  
My reade shall ryde † at thee,

Whiche waye we best may turne and fighte,  
To save this fayre ladye.

Now hearken to me, sayes Adler yonge,  
And your reade must rise † at me, 140  
I quicklye will devise a waye  
To sette thy ladye free.

My mother was a westerne woman,  
And learned in gramarye \*;  
And when I learned at the schole, 145  
Something shée taught itt mee.

There groweth an hearbe within this fielde,  
And iff it were but knowne,  
His color, which is whyte and redd,  
It will make blacke and browne: 150

His color, which is browne and blacke,  
Itt will make redd and whyte;  
That sworde is not in all Englande,  
Upon his coate will byte.

And you shal be a harper, brother, 155  
Out of the north countrē;  
And Ile be your boye, so faine of fighte,  
To beare your harpe by your knee.

And

† *See A.M.S.*

\* *See at the end of this Ballad, Note \* \* \*.*

And you shall be the best harpèr,  
That ever tooke harpe in hand ; 160  
And I will be the best singèr,  
That ever sung in this land.

Itt shal be written in our forheads  
All and in grammariè,  
That we towe are the boldest men, 165  
That are in all Christentyè.

And thus they renisht them to ryde,  
On towe good renish steedes ;  
And whan they came to king Adlands hall,  
Of redd gold shone their weedes. 170

And whan the came to kyng Adlands hall  
Untill the fayre hall yate,  
There they found a proud portèr  
Rearing himselfe theratt.

Sayes, Christ thee save, thou proud portèr ; 175  
Sayes, Christ thee save and fee.  
Nowe you be welcome, sayd the portèr,  
Of what land soever ye bee.

We been harpers, sayd Adler yonge,  
Come out of the northe countrée ; 180  
We beene come hither untill this place,  
This proud weddinge for to see.

Sayd, And your color were white and redd,  
 As it is blacke and browne,  
 Ild faye king Eftmere and his brother  
 Were comen untill this towne. 185

Then they pulled out a ryng of gold,  
 Layd itt on the porters arme :  
 And ever we will thee, proud portèr,  
 Thow wilt faye us no harme. 190

Sore he looked on kyng Eftmèrè,  
 And sore he handled the ryng,  
 Then opened to them the fayre hall yates,  
 He lett for no kind of thyng.

Kyng Eftmere he light off his steede  
 Up att the fayre hall board ;  
 The frothe, that came from his brydle bitte,  
 Light on kyng Bremors beard. 195

Sayes, Stable thy steede, thou proud harpèr,  
 Go stable him in the stalle ;  
 Itt doth not beseeeme a proud harpèr  
 To stable him in a kyngs halle. 200

My ladd he is so lither, he sayd,  
 He will do nought that's meete ;  
 And aye that I cold but find the man,  
 Were able him to beate. 205

Thou

' Thou spekest proud words, sayd the Paynim king,  
 Thou harper here to mee :  
 There is a man within this halle,  
 That will beate thy Iad and thee. 210

O lett that man come downe, he sayd,  
 A sight of him wold I see ;  
 And whan hee hath beaten well my ladd,  
 Then he shall beate of mee.

Downe then came the kemperye man, 215  
 And looked him in the eare ;  
 For all the gold, that was under heaven,  
 He durst not neigh him neare.

And how nowe, kempe, sayd the kyng of Spayne,  
 And how what aileth thee ? 220  
 He sayes, Itt is written in his forehead  
 All and in gramarye,  
 That for all the gold that is under heaven,  
 I dare not neigh him nye.

Kyng Estmere then pulled forth his harpe, 225  
 And playd thereon so sweete :  
 Upstarte the ladye from the kynge,  
 As hee satte at the meate.

Now stay thy harpe, thou proud harper,  
 Now stay thy harpe, I say ; 230  
 For

For an thou playest as thou beginnest,  
Thou'l till \* my bride awaye.

He strucke upon his harpe agayne,  
And playd both fayre and free ;  
The ladye was so please theratt, 235  
She laught loud laughters three.

Nowe sell me thy harpe, sayd the kyng of Spayne,  
Thy harpe and ftryngs eche one,  
And as many gold nobles thou shalt have,  
As there be ftryngs thereon. 240

And what wold ye doe with my harpe, he sayd,  
Iff I did sell it yee ?  
“ To playe my wiffe and me a FITT †,  
When abed together we bee.”

Now sell me, quoth hee, thy bryde soe gay, 245  
As shee fitts laced in pall,-  
And as many gold nobles I will give,  
As there be rings in the hall.

And what wold ye doe with my bryde soe gay,  
Iff I did sell her yee ? 250  
More seemelye it is for her fayre bodye  
To lye by mee than thee.

\* i. e. Entice. Vid. Gloss. For Gramary, see the end of this Ballad.

† i. e. a tune, or strain of music. See Gloss.

Hee played agayne both loud and shrille,

And Adler he did syng,

“ O ladye, this is thy owne true love ; ” 255

“ Noe harper, but a kyng.

“ O ladye, this is thy owne true love,

“ As playnlye thou mayest see ;

“ And Ile rid thee of that foule paynim,

“ Who partes thy love and thee.” 260

The ladye looked, the ladye blushte;

And blushte and lookt agayne,

While Adler he hath drawne his brande,

And hath the Sowdan slayne.

Up then rose the kemperv men, 265

And loud they gan to crye :

Ah ! traytors, yee have slayne our kyng,

And therefore yee shall dye.

Kyng Estmere threwe the harpe asyde,

And swith he drew his brand ;

And Estmere he, and Adler yonge

Right stiffe in flour can stand.

And aye their swordes soe sore can byte,

Throughé help of Gramarye

That soone they have slayne the kemperv men, 275

Or forst them forth to flee.

Kyng

Kyng Estmere tooke that sayre ladyè,  
 And marryed her to his wyfe,  
 And brought her home to merrye Engländ  
 With her to leade his lyfe.

280

\* \* \* The word Gramarye, which occurs several times in the foregoing Poem, is probably a corruption of the French word Grimoire, which signifies a Conjuring Book in the old French Romances, if not the Art of Necromancy itself.

††† TERMAGAUNT (mentioned above in p. 62.) is the name given in the old romances to the God of the Sarazens: in which he is constantly linked with MAHOUND or Mahomet. Thus in the legend of SYR GUY the Soudan (Sultan) swears,

“ So helpe me MAHOWNE of might,  
 “ And TERMAGAUNT my God so bright.”

Sign. p. iij. b.

This word is derived by the very learned Editor of Junius from the Anglo-Saxon Týn very, and Mazan mighty. — As this word had so sublime a derivation, and was so applicable to the true God, how shall we account for its being so degraded? Perhaps Týn-mazan or Termagant had been a name originally given to some Saxon idol, before our ancestors were converted to Christianity; or had been the peculiar attribute of one of their false deities; and therefore the first Christian missionaries rejected it as profane and improper to be applied to the true God. Afterwards when the irruptions of the Saracens into Europe, and the Crusades into the East, had brought them acquainted with a new species of unbelievers; our ignorant ancestors, who thought all that did not receive the Christian law, were necessarily Pagans and Idolaters, supposed the Mahometan creed was in all respects the same with that of their Pagan forefathers, and therefore made no scruple to give the ancient name of Termagant to the

the God of the Saracens : just in the same manner as they afterwards used the name of Sarazen to express any kind of Pagan or Idolater. In the ancient romance of Merline (in the editor's folio MS.) the Saxons themselves that came over with Hengist, because they were not Christians, are constantly called Sarazens.

However that be, it is certain that, after the times of the Crusades, both MAHOUND and TERMAGAUNT made their frequent appearance in the Pageants and religious Enterludes of the barbarous ages ; in which they were exhibited with gestures so furious and frantic, as to become proverbial. Thus Skelton speaks of Wolsey,

“ Like MAHOUND in a play,  
“ No man dare him withsay.”

Ed. 1736. p. 158..

And Bale, describing the threats used by some Papist magistrates to his wife, speaks of them as “ greynnyng upon her ‘ lyke TERMAGUNTES in a playe.’ ” [Actes of Engl. Votaryes, pt. 2. fo. 83. Ed. 1550. 12mo.]—Hence we may conceive the force of Hamlet’s expression in Shakespeare, where condemning a ranting player he says, “ I could have “ such a fellow whipt for ore-doing TERMAGANT : it “ out-Herods Herod.” A. 3. sc. 3.—By degrees the word came to be applied to an outrageous turbulent person, and especially to a violent brawling woman ; to whom alone it is now confined : and this the rather as, I suppose, the character of TERMAGANT was anciently represented on the stage after the eastern mode, with long robes or petticoats.

Another frequent character in the old pageants or enterludes of our ancestors, was the SOWDAN or SOLDAN representing a grim eastern tyrant : This appears from a curious passage in Stow’s Annals [p. 458.]—In a stage-play “ the people know right well that he that plaieth the SOW- “ DAIN, is percase a sower [shoe-maker], yet if one shoulde “ cal him by his owne name, while he standeth in his ma- “ jestic, one of his tormentors might hap to break his head.”

The sowdain or soldan, was a name given to any Sarazen king, (being only a more rude pronunciation of the word sultan) as the soldan of Egypt, the soudan of Persia, the sowdan of Babylon, &c. who were generally represented as accompanied with grim Sarazens, whose business it was to punish and torment Christians.

I cannot conclude this short Memoir, without observing that the French romancers who had borrowed the word Ter-magant from us, and applied it as we in their old romances, corrupted it into TERVAGAUNTE: And from them La Fontaine took it up, and has used it more than once in his tales. — This may be added to the other proofs adduced in these volumes of the great intercourse that formerly subsisted between the old minstrels and legendary writers of both nations, and that they mutually borrowed each others romances.

## VII.

SIR PATRICK SPENCE,  
A SCOTTISH BALLAD,

— is given from two MS copies transmitted from Scotland. In what age the hero of this ballad lived, or when this fatal expedition happened that proved so destructive to the Scots nobles, I have not been able to discover; yet am of opinion that their catastrophe is not altogether without foundation in history, though it has escaped my own researches. In the infancy of navigation, such as used the northern seas, were very liable to shipwreck in the wintry months: hence a law was enacted in the reign of James the III, (a law which was frequently repeated afterwards) “ That there be na schip frauncled out of the realm with “ any storie gudes, fra the first of Simons day and Jude, “ unto

"unto the feast of the purification our Lady called Candel-mess." *Jam. III. Parlt. 2. Ch. 15.*

In some modern copies, instead of Patrick Spence hath been substituted the name of Sir Andrew Wood, a famous Scottish admiral who flourished in the time of our Edw. IV. but whose story hath nothing in common with this of the ballad. As Wood was the most noted warrior of Scotland, it is probable that, like the Theban Hercules, he hath engrossed the renown of other heroes.

**T**HE king sits in Dumferling toun,  
Drinking the blude-reid wine :  
O quhar will I get guid sailör,  
To sail this schip of mine ?

Up and spak an eldern knicht,  
Sat at the kings richt kne :  
Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailör,  
That sails upon the se.

5

The king has written a braid letter \*,  
And sign'd it wi' his hand ;  
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,  
Was walking on the sand.

40

The first line that Sir Patrick red,  
A loud lauch lauched he :  
The next line that Sir Patrick red,  
The teir blinded his ee.

15

O quha

\* A braid Letter, i. e. open, or patent ; in opposition to close Rolls.

O quha is this has don this deid,  
 This ill deid don to me ;  
 To send me out this time o'the zeir,  
 To fail upon the se ?

20

Mak haft, mak haste, my mirry men all,  
 Our guid schip fails the morne.  
 O say na sae, my master deir,  
 For I feir a deadlie strome.

Late late yestreen I saw the new moone  
 Wi' the auld moone in hir arme ;  
 And I feir, I feir, my deir master,  
 That we will com to harme.

25

O our Scots nobles wer richt laith  
 To weet their cork-heild schoone ;  
 Bot lang owre a' the play wer playd,  
 Thair hats they swam aboone.

30

O lang, lang, may thair ladies sit  
 Wi' thair fans into their hand,  
 Or eir they se Sir Patrick Spence  
 Cum failing to the land.

35

O lang, lang, may the ladies stand  
 Wi' thair gold kems in their hair,  
 Waiting for thair ain deir lords,  
 For they'll se thame na mair.

40

Have

Have owre, have owre to Aberdour \*,  
 It's fiftie fadom deip :  
 And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spence,  
 Wi' the Scots lords at his feit †.

## VIII.

## ROBIN HOOD AND GUY OF GISBORNE.

*We have here a ballad of Robin Hood (from the Editor's folio MS) which was never before printed, and carries marks of much greater antiquity than any of the common popular songs on this subject.*

*The severity of those tyrannical forest-laws, that were introduced by our Norman kings, and the great temptation of breaking them by such as lived near the royal forests, at a time when the yeomanry of this kingdom were every where trained up to the long-bow, and excelled all other nations in the art of shooting, must constantly have occasioned great numbers of outlaws, and especially of such as were the best marksmen. These naturally fled to the woods for shelter, and forming into troops, endeavoured by their numbers to protect themselves from the dreadful penalties of their delinquency. The ancient punishment for killing the king's deer, was loss of eyes and castration : a punishment far worse than death. This will easily account for the troops of banditti,*

\* A village lying upon the river Forth, the entrance to which is sometimes denominated De mortuo mari.

† An ingenious friend thinks the Author of HARDYKNUTE has borrowed several expressions and sentiments from the foregoing, and other old Scotch songs in this collection.

which formerly lurked in the royal forests, and from their superior skill in archery and knowledge of all the recesses of those unfrequented solitudes, found it no difficult matter to resist or elude the civil power.

Among all these, none was ever more famous than the hero of this ballad: the heads of whose story, as collected by Stow, are briefly these.

“ In this time [about the year 1190, in the reign of Richard I.] were many robbers, and outlawes, among the which Robin Hood, and Little John, renowned theives, continued in woods, despoyling and robbing the goods of the rich. They killed none but such as would invade them; or by resistance for their own defence.

“ The saide Robert entertained an hundred tall men and good archers with such spoiles and thefts as he got, upon whom four hundred (were they ever so strong) durst not give the onset. He suffered no woman to be oppressed, violated, or otherwise molested: poore mens goods he spared, abundantlie relieving them with that, which by theft he got from abbeys and the houses of rich earles: whom Maior (the historian) blameth for his rapine and theft, but of all theives he affirmeth him to be the prince and the most gentle theefe.” *Annals*, p. 159.

The personal courage of this celebrated outlaw, his skill in archery, his humanity, and especially his levelling principle of taking from the rich and giving to the poor, have in all ages rendered him the favourite of the common people: who not content to celebrate his memory by innumerable songs and stories, have erected him into the dignity of an earl. Indeed it is not impossible, but our hero, to gain the more respect from his followers, or they to derive the more credit to their profession, may have given rise to such a report themselves: for we find it recorded in an epitaph, which, if genuine, must have been inscribed on his tombstone near the tannery of Kirk-lees in Yorkshire; where (as the story goes) he was bled to death by a treacherous nun to whom he applied for pblebotomy.

\* Hear undernead dis laitl stean  
 laiz robert earl of huntington  
 nea arcir ver az hie sae geud  
 an pipl hauld im Robin Hood  
 sick utlawz as hi an is men-  
 vil England nivir si agen.

obit 24 kal. dekembriſ, 1247.

This Epitaph appears to me suspicious; however, a late Antiquary has given a pedigree of ROBIN HOOD, which, if genuine, shews that he had real pretensions to the Earldom of Huntington, and that his true name was ROBERT FITZ-OOTH †. Yet the most ancient poems on Robin Hood make no mention of this Earldom. He is expressly asserted to have been a yeoman ‡ in a very old legend in verse preserved in the archives of the public library at Cambridge || in eight FYTTES or Parts, printed in black letter, quarto, thus inscribed, “ ¶ Here begynneth a lytell geste of Robyn hode “ and bis meyne, and of the proude sheryfe of Notyngham.” ¶ The first lines are,

“ Lithe and lysten, gentylmen,  
 “ That be of fre-bore blode :  
 “ I shall you tell of a good YEMAN,  
 “ His name was Robyn hode.

“ Robyn was a proude out-larwe,  
 “ Whiles be walked on grounde ;  
 “ So curteyse an outlarwe as he was one,  
 “ Was never none yfounde.” &c.

The printer’s colophon is, “ ¶ Explicit Kinge Edward  
 “ and Robin hode and Lyttel Johan. Enprented at London in  
 “ Fleteſtrete at the sygne of the ſone by Wynkin de Worde.”  
 — In Mr. Garrick’s Collection § is a different edition of the  
 G 2 same

\* See Thoresby’s Ducat. Leod. p. 576. Biog. Brit. VI. 3933.

† Stukeley, in his Palæographia Britannica, No. II. 1746.

‡ See also the following ballad, v. 147. || Num. D. 5. 2.

§ Old Plays, 4to. K. vol. 10.

same poem “*¶ Imprinted at London upon the thre Crane  
wharfe by Wyllyam Copland,*” containing at the end a little dramatic piece on the subject of Robin Hood and the Friar, not found in the former copy, called, “*A newe playe  
for to be played in Maye games very plesaunte and full of  
pastyme. ¶ (.) D.*”

I shall conclude these preliminary remarks with observing, that the hero of this ballad was the favourite subject of popular songs so early as the time of K. Edw. III. In the *Visions of Pierce Plowman*, written in that reign, a monk says,

I can rimes of Roben Hod, and Bandal of Chester,  
But of our Lorde and our Lady, I leyne nothynge at all.

Fol. 26. Ed. 1550.

See also in Bp. Latimer’s Sermons \* a very curious and characteristical story, which shews what respect was shewn to the memory of our archer in the time of that prelate.

The curious reader will find many other particulars relating to this celebrated Outlaw, in Sir JOHN HAWKINS’s *Hist. of Music*, vol. 3d. pag. 410. 4to.

WHAN shaws beene sheene, and shraddes + full  
And leaves both large and longe, [fayre,  
Itt’s merrye walkyng in the fayre forrest  
To heare the small birdes songe.

The woodweele sang, and wold not cease,  
Sitting upon the spraye,  
Soe lowde, he wakened Robin Hood,  
In the greenwood where he lay.

Now

\* Ser. 6th before K. Ed. Apr. 12. fol. 75. Gilpin’s life of Lat. p. 122.

+ It should perhaps be Swards: i. e. the surface of the ground: viz.  
“when the fields are in their beauty.”

Now by my faye, sayd jollye Robin,

A sweaven I had this night ;

I dreamt me of tow wighty yemen,

That fast with me can fight.

10

Methought they did me beate and binde,

And tooke my bowe me froe ;

Iff I be Robin alive in this lande,

15

Ile be wroken on them towe.

Sweavens are swift, sayd Lyttle John,

As the wind blowes over the hill ;

For iff itt be never so loude this night,

To-morrow it may be still.

20

Buske yee, bowne yee, my merry men all,

And John shall gee with mee,

For Ile goe seeke yond wighty yeomen,

In greenwood where they bee.

Then they cast on theyr gownes of grene,

25

And tooke theyr bowes each one ;

And they away to the greene forrest

A shooting forth are gone ;

Untill they came to the merry greenwood,

Where they had gladdest to bee,

30

There they were ware of a wight yeoman,

That leaned agaynst a tree.

A sword and a dagger he wore by his side,  
Of manye a man the bane ;  
And he was clad in his capull hyde  
Topp and tayll and mayne.

35

Stand still, master, quoth Little John,  
Under this tree so grene,  
And I will go to yond wight yeoman  
To know what he doth meane.

40

Ah ! John, by me thou settest noe store,  
And that I farley finde :  
How often send I my men before,  
And tarry my selfe behinde ?

It is no cunning a knave to ken,  
And a man but heare him speake ;  
And it were not for bursting of my bowe,  
John, I thy head wold breake.

45

As often wordes they breeden bale,  
So they parted Robin and John ;  
And John is gone to Barnesdale :  
The gates † he knoweth eche one.

50

But when he came to Barnesdale,  
Great heaviness there hee hadd,

For

† i. e. ways, passes, paths, ridings. Gate is a common word in the North for way.

## A N C I E N T P O E M S.

87

For he found tow of his owne fellōwes

55

Were slaine both in a flade.

And Scarlette he was flyinge a-foote

Fast over stocke and stone,

For the proud sherriffe with seven score men

Fast after him is gone.

60

One shoote now I will shoote, quoth John,

With Christ his might and mayne ;

De make yond sherriffe that wends soe fast,

To stopp he shall be fayne.

Then John bent up his long bende-bowe,

65

And fetteled him to shoote :

The bow was made of tender boughe,

And fell downe at his foote.

Woe worth, woe worth thee, wicked wood,

That ever thou grew on a tree ;

70

For now this day thou art my bale,

My boote when thou shold bee.

His shoote it was but loosely shott,

Yet flewe not the arrowe in vaine,

For itt mett one of the sherriffes men,

75

And William a Trent was flaine.

It had bene better of William a Trent

To have bene abed with sorrowe,

Than to be that day in the green wood flade  
To meet with Little Johns arrowe.

8e

But as it is said, when men be mett  
Fyve can doe more than three,  
The sheriffe hath taken little John,  
And bound him fast to a tree.

Thou shalt be drawen by dale and downe, 85  
And hanged hye on a hill.

But thou mayst fayle of thy purpese, quoth John,  
If it be Christ his will.

Lett us leave talking of little John,  
And thinke of Robin Hood, 90  
How he is gone to the wight yeoman,  
Where under the leaves he stood.

Good morrowe, good fellowe, sayd Robin so fayre,  
“ Good morrowe, good fellow, quo’ he :”  
Methinkes by this bowe thou beares in thy hande 95  
A good archere thou sholdst bee.

I am wilfull of my waye, quo’ the yeman,  
And of my morning tyde.  
Ile lead thee through the wood, sayd Robin ;  
Good fellow, Ile be thy guide. 100

I seeke an outlawe, the straunger sayd,  
Men call him Robin Hood ;

Rather

Rather Ild meet with that proud outlåwe  
Than fortye pound soe good.

Now come with me, thou wighty yeman, 105  
And Robin thou soone shalt see :  
But first let us some pastime find  
Under the greenwood tree.

First let us some masterye make  
Among the woods so even, 110  
We may chance to meeete with Robin Hood  
Here at some unsett steven.

They cutt them down two summer shroggs,  
That grew both under a breere,  
And sett them threescore rood in twaine 115  
To shoote the prickes y-fere.

Leade on, good fellowe, quo:h Robin Hood,  
Leade on, I do bidd thee.  
Nay by my faith, good fellowe, hee sayd,  
My leader thou shalt bee. 120

The first time Robin shot at the pricke,  
He mist but an inch it fro :  
The yeoman he was an archer good,  
But he cold never do soe.

The second shoote had the wightye yeman, 125  
He shot within the garländ :  
But

But Robin he shott far better than hee,  
For he clave the good pricke wande.

A blessing upon thy heart, he sayd ;  
Good fellowe, thy shooting is goode ;  
For an thy hart be as good as thy hand,  
Thou wert better than Robin Hoode.

Now tell me thy name, good fellowe, sayd he,  
Under the leaves of lyne.  
Nay by my faith, quoth bolde Robin,  
Till thou have told me thine.

I dwell by dale and downe, quoth hee,  
And Robin to take Ime sworne ;  
And when I am called by my right name  
I am Guy of good Gisborne.

My dwelling is in this wood, sayes Robin,  
By thee I set right nought :  
I am Robin Hood of Barnesdale,  
Whom thou so long hast sought.

He that had neyther beene kithe nor kin,  
Might have seen a full fayre fight,  
To see how together these yeomen went  
With blades both browne \* and bright.

130

135

140

145

To

\* The common epithet for a fowrd or other offensive weapon, in the old metrical romances, is BROWN. As "brown brand," or "brown fowrd : brown bill," &c. and sometimes even "bright brown fowrd." Chaucer

To see how these yeomen together they fought  
 Two howres of a summers day : 150  
 Yett neither Robin Hood nor sir Guy  
 Them fettled to fyfe away.

Robin was reachles on a roote,  
 And stumbled at that tyde ;  
 And Guy was quicke and nimble with-all, 155  
 And hitt him upon the syde.

Ah deere Ladye, sayd Robin Hood tho,  
 That art but mother and may',  
 I think it was never mans destynye  
 To dye before his day. 160

Robin thought on our ladye deere,  
 And soone leapt up againe,  
 And strait he came with a 'backward' stroke,  
 And he sir Guy hath slayne.

He

Chaucer applies the word **RUSTIE** in the same sense; thus he describes the **REVE**:

" And by his side he bare a rustie blade." *Prol. ver. 620.*

And even thus the God MARS:

" And in his hand he had a rousy sword."

*Teſt. of Crefſid. 188.*

Spencer has sometimes used the same epithet: See Warton's *Obſer. vol. 2. p. 62.* It should seem from this particularity that our ancestors did not pique themselves upon keeping their weapons bright: perhaps they deemed it more honourable to carry them stained with the blood of their enemies.

*Ver. 163. awkwarde, MS.*

He took sir Guy's head by the hayre,

165

And stuck it upon his bowes end :

Thou hast beene a traytor all thy life,

Which thing must have an end.

Robin pulled forth an Irish knife,

And nicked sir Guy in the face,

170

That he was never on woman born,

Cold know whose head it was.

Sayes, Lye there, lye there, now sir Guye,

And with me be not wrothe ;

Iff thou have had the worst strokes at my hand, 175

Thou shalt have the better clothe.

Robin did off his gowne of greene,

And on sir Guy did throwe,

And hee put on that capull hyde,

That cladd him topp to toe.

180

Thy bowe, thy arrowes, and little horne,

Now with me I will beare ;

For I will away to Barnesdale,

To see how my men doe fare.

Robin Hood fett Guyes horne to his mouth,

185

And a loud blast in it did blow.

That beheard the sherriffe of Nottingham,

As he leaned under a lowe.

Hearken,

Hearken, hearken, sayd the sherriffe,  
I heare nowe tydings good,  
For yonder I heare sir Guyes horne blow,  
And he hath slaine Robin Hoode.

190

Yonder I heare sir Guyes horne blowe,  
Itt blowes soe well in tyde,  
And yonder comes that wightye yeoman,  
Cladd in his capull hyde.

195

Come hyther, come hyther, thou good sir Guy,  
Aske what thou wilt of mee.  
O I will none of thy gold, sayd Robin,  
Nor I will none of thy fee:

200

But now I have slaine the master, he fayes,  
Let me goe strike the knave ;  
For this is all the meede I aske ;  
None other rewarde I'le have.

Thou art a madman, sayd the sherriffe, 205  
Thou sholdst have had a knightes fee :  
But seeing thy asking hath beene soe bad,  
Well granted it shal bee.

When Little John heard his master speake,  
Well knewe he it was his steven : 210  
Now shall I be looset, quoth Little John,  
With Christ his might in heaven.

Fast

Fast Robin hee hyed him to Little John,  
 He thought to loose him blive ;  
 The sheriffe and all his compayne  
 Fast after him can drive.

215

Stand abacke, stand abacke, sayd Robin ;  
 Why draw you mee so neere ?  
 Itt was never the use in our countrye,  
 Ones shrift another shold heere.

220

But Robin pulled forth an Irysh knife,  
 And losed John hand and foote,  
 And gave him sir Guyes bow into his hand,  
 And bade it be his boote.

Then John he took Guyes bow in his hand, 225  
 His boltes and arrowes eche one :  
 When the sheriffe saw Little John bend his bow,  
 He fettled him to be gone.

Towards his house in Nottingham towne,  
 He fled full fast away ;  
 And soe did all the compayne :  
 Not one behind wold stay.

230

But he cold neither runne soe fast,  
 Nor away soe fast cold ryde,  
 But little John with an arrowe soe broad, 235  
 He shott him into the ' backe'-syde.

\*\*\* The

\* \* \* The title of *SIR* was not formerly peculiar to Knights, it was given to priests, and sometimes to very inferior personages.

Dr. Johnson thinks this Title was applied to such as had taken the degree of *A. B.* in the universities, who are still styled, *Domini*, “*Sirs*,” to distinguish them from *Undergraduates*, who have no prefix, and from *Masters of Arts*, who are styled *Magistri*, “*Masters*.”

## IX.

## A N E L E G Y

ON HENRY FOURTH EARL OF NORTH-  
UMBERLAND.

The subject of this poem, which was written by SKELTON, is the death of HENRY PERCY, fourth earl of Northumberland, who fell a victim to the avarice of Henry VII. In 1489 the parliament had granted the king a subsidy for carrying on the war in Bretagne. This tax was found so heavy in the North, that the whole country was in a flame. The E. of Northumberland, then lord lieutenant for Yorkshire, wrote to inform the king of the discontent, and praying an abatement. But nothing is so unrelenting as avarice: the king wrote back that not a penny should be abated. This message being delivered by the earl with too little caution, the populace rose, and supposing him to be the promoter of their calamity, broke into his house, and murdered him with several of his attendants: who yet are charged by Skelton with being backward in their duty on this occasion. This melancholy event happened at the earl's seat at Cocklodge, near Thirsk, in Yorkshire, April 28. 1489. See Lord Bacon, &c.

If the reader does not find much poetical merit in this old poem (which yet is one of Skelton's best), he will see a striking picture of the state and magnificence kept up by our ancient nobility during the feudal times. This great earl is described here as having among his menial servants, KNIGHTS, SQUIRES, and even BARONS: see v. 32. 183. &c. Which however different from modern manners, was formerly not-unusual with our greater Barons, whose castles had all the splendour and offices of a royal court, before the Laws against Retainers abridged and limited the number of their attendants.

JOHN SKELTON, who commonly styled himself Poet Laureat, died June 21. 1529. The following poem, which appears to have been written soon after the event, is printed from an ancient MS. copy preserved in the British Museum, being much more correct than that printed among SKELTON's Poems in bl. let. 12mo. 1568.—It is addressed to Henry Percy fifth earl of Northumberland, and is prefaced, &c. in the following manner:

Poeta Skelton Laureatus libellum suum metrice  
alloquitur.

Ad dominum properato meum mea pagina Percy,  
Qui Northumbrorum jura paterna gerit.  
Ad nutum celebri tu prona repone leonis,  
Quæque suo patri tristia justa cano.  
Ast ubi perlegit, dubiam sub mente voluet  
Fortunam, cuncta quæ male fida rotat.  
Qui leo sit felix, & Nestoris occupet annos;  
Ad libitum cuius ipse paratus ero.

SKELTON LAUREAT UPON THE DOLORUS DETHE AND  
MUCH LAMENTABLE CHAUNCE OF THE MOOST  
HONORABLE ERLE OF NORTHUMBERLANDE.

I Wayle, I wepe, I sobbe, I sigh ful sore  
The dedely fate, the dolefull destenny  
Of him that is gone, alas ! withoute restore,

Of

Of the blode + royll descendinge nobelly ;  
 Whos lordshepe doutles was slayne lamentably 5  
 Thorow treson ageyn hym compassyd and wrought ;  
 Trew to his prince, in word, in dede, and thought,

Of hevenly poems, O Clyo calde by name  
 In the college of musis goddess hyftoriall,  
 Adres the to me, whiche am both halt and lame 10  
 In elect uteraunce to make memoryall :  
 To the for soccour, to the for helpe I call  
 Myne homely rudnes and drighnes to expelle  
 With the freshe waters of Elyconys welle.

Of noble actes auncyently enrolde, 15  
 Of famous princis and lordes of astate,  
 By thy report ar wonte to be extold,  
 Regestringe trewly every formare date ;  
 Of thy bountie after the usuall rate,  
 Kyndle in me suche plenty of thy noblès,  
 Thes sorrowfulle dities that I may shew expres. 20

In sesons past who hathe harde or sene  
 Of formar writinge by any prefidente  
 That vilane hastarddis in ther furious tene,

VOL. I.

H

Fulfyld

† The mother of Henry, first Earl of Northumberland, was Mary daughter to Henry E. of Lancaster, whose father Edmond was second son of K. Henry III. —— He was also lineally descended from the Emperor Charlemagne and the ancient Kings of France, by his ancestor Josceline de Lovain, (son of Godfrey Duke of Brabant,) who took the name of PERCY on marrying the heiress of that house in the reign of Hen. II. Vid. Camden, Britan, Edmondson, &c.

Fulfyld with malice of froward entente,  
Confeterd togeder of commoun concente  
Falsly to slo ther moste singular goode lorde ?  
It may be registerde of shamefull recorde.

So noble a man, so valiaunt lorde and knight,  
Fulfilled with honor, as all the worlde dothe ken ;  
At his commaundement, whiche had both day and night  
Knyghtis and squyers, at every season when  
He calde upon them, as menyall houshold men :  
Were no thes commones uncurteis karlis of kynde  
To slo their owne lorde ? God was not in their minde. 35

And were not they to blame, I say also,  
That were aboute hym, his owne servants of trust,  
To suffre hym slayn of his mortall fo ?  
Fled away from hym, let hym ly in the dust :  
They bode not till the reckening were discust. 40  
What shuld I flatter ? what shulde I glose or paynt ?  
Fy, fy for shame, their harts wer to faint.

In Englande and Fraunce, which gretly was redouted ;  
Of whom both Flaunders and Scotland stode in drede ;  
To whome grete astates obeyde and lowttede ; 45  
A mayny of rude villayns made him for to blede :  
Unkindly they slew hym, that holp them oft at nede :  
He was their bulwark, their paves, and their wall,  
Yet shamfully they slew hym ; that shame mot them  
befal.

I say, ye commoners, why wer ye so stark mad ? 50

What frantyk frensy fyll in youre brayne ?

Where was your wit and reson, ye shuld have had ?

What willfull foly made yow to ryse agayne

Your naturall lord ? alas ! I can not fayne.

Ye armed you with will, and left your wit behynd ; 55

Well may you be called comones most unkynd.

He was your chyfteyne, your shelde, your chef defencē,

Redy to assyft you in every tyme of nede :

Your worship depended of his excellēnce :

Alas ! ye mad men, to far ye did excede : 60

Your hap was unhappy, to ill was your spēde :

What movyd you agayn hym to war or to fight ?

What aylde you to sle your lord agyn all right ?

The grounde of his quarel was for his sovereyn lord,

The welle concernyng of all the hole lande, 65

Demaundyng foche dutyes as nedis most accord [stand ;

To the right of his prince which shold not be with-

For whos cause ye slew hym with your awne hande :

But had his nobill men done wel that day,

Ye had not been hable to have saide him nay. 70

But ther was fals packinge, or els I am begylde :

How-be-it the matter was evident and playne,

For yf they had occupied ther spere and ther shelde,

This noble man doutles had not be slayne.

Bot men say they wer lynked with a double chayn, 75

And held with the commouns under a cloke,

Whiche kindeled the wyld fyre that made all this smoke.

The commons renyed ther taxes to pay  
 Of them demaunded and asked by the kynge ;  
 With one voice importune, they playnly said nay : 80  
 They buskt them on a bushment themself in baile to  
 bringe :

Agayne the kings plesure to wrastle or to wringe,  
 Bluntly as beatis with the boste and with cry  
 They faide, they forsede not, nor carede not to dy.

The noblenes of the northe this valiant lorde and  
 knyght, 85

As man that was innocent of trechery or trayne,  
 Presed forthe boldly to witstand the myght,

And, lyke marciall Hector, he fauht them agayne,  
 Vigorously upon them with myght and with mayne,  
 Trustinge in noble men that wer with hym there : 90  
 Bot all they fled from hym for falshode or fere.

Barons, knights, squyers, one and alle,  
 Togeder with seruaunts of his family,  
 Turnd their backis, and let ther master fall,

Of whos [life] they counted not a flye ; 95  
 Take up whos wolde for them, they let hym ly.  
 Alas ! his golde, his fee, his annuall rente  
 Upon suche a sort was ille bestowde and spent.

He was envyronde aboute on every syde  
 Withe his enemys, that were stark mad and wode ; 100  
 Yet whils he stode he gave them woundes wyde :  
 Alas for routhe ! what thouche his mynde were goode,  
 His corage manly, yet ther he shed his bloode !

All left alone, alas ! he fawte in vayne ;  
For cruelly amonge them ther he was slayne. 105

Alas for pite ! that Percy thus was spylt,  
The famous erle of Northumberlante :  
Of knightly prowès the sworde pomel and hylt,  
The myghty lyoun \* doutted by se and lande !  
O dolorous chaunce of fortuns fruward hande ! 110  
What man remembryng how shamfully he was slayne,  
From bitter weeping hymself kan restrayne ?

O cruell Mars, thou dedly god of war !  
O dolorous teusday, dedicate to thy name,  
When thou shoke thyfworde so noble a man to mar ! 115  
O grounde ungracious, unhappy be thy fame,  
Whiche wert endyed with rede blode of the same !  
Moste noble erle ! O fowle mysuryd grounde  
Whereon he gat his fynal dedely wounde !

O Atropos, of the fatall systers thre, 120  
Goddes mooste cruell unto the lyf of man,  
All merciles, in the ys no pitè !  
O homycide, whiche sleest all that thou kan,  
So forcibly upon this erle thou ran,  
That with thy sworde enharpid of mortall drede, 125  
Thou kit a sonder his perfight vitall threde !

My wordis unpullysht be nakide and playne,  
Of aureat poems they want ellumynyng ;  
Bot by them to knoulege ye may attayne

\* Alluding to his crest and supporters. Doutted is contracted for re-doubted.

Of this lordis deth and of his murdrynge. 130

Which whils he lyvyd had fuyson of every thing,  
Of knights, of squyers, chef lord of toure and toune,  
Tyl fykkill fortune began on hym to frowne.

Paregall to dukis, with kings he myght compare,

Sourmountinge in honor all erls he did excede, 135  
To all cuntrieis aboute hym reporte me I dare.

Lyke to Eneas benyngne in worde and dede,

Valiaunt as Hector in every marciall nede,

Provydent, discrete, circumspect, and wyse, 139  
Tyll the chaunce ran agyne him of fortunes duble dyse.

What nedethe me for to extoll his fame

With my rude pen enkankerd all with rust?  
Whos noble actis shew worshiply his name,

Transcendyng far myne homely muse, that must

Yet sumwhat wright supprisid with harty lust, 145  
Truly reportiuge his right noble astate,  
Immortally whiche is immaculate.

His noble blode never disteynyd was,

Trew to his prince for to defende his right,  
Doublenes hatinge, fals maters to compas, 150

Treytory and treson he bannesht out of syght,

With trowth to medle was all his hole delyght,  
As all his kuntrey kan testefy the fame:  
To flo suche a lord, alas, it was grete shame.

If the hole quere of the musis nyne 155

In me all onely wer sett and comprisfyde,  
Enbrethed with the blast of influence dyvyn,

As perfightly as could be thought or devysyd;  
 To me also allthouche it were promysyde  
 Of laureat Phebus holy the eloquence, 160  
 All were to litill for his magnyfiscence.

O yonge lyon, bot tender yet of age,  
 Grow and encrese, remembre thyn astate,  
 God the assynt unto thyn herytage,  
 And geve the grace to be more fortunate, 165  
 Agayne rebellyouns arme to make debate.  
 And, as the lyoune, whiche is of bestis kinge,  
 Unto thy subjectis be kurteis and benyngne.

I pray God sende the prosperous lyf and long,  
 Stabille thy mynde constant to be and fast, 170  
 Right to mayntain, and to resist all wronge,  
 All flattringe faytors abhor and from the cast,  
 Of foule detraction God kepe the from the blast,  
 Let double delinge in the have no place,  
 And be not light of credence in no case. 175

Wythe hevy chere, with dolorous hart and mynd,  
 Eche man may forow in his inward thought,  
 Thys lords death, whose pere is hard to fynd  
 Allgyf Englond and Fraunce were thorow saught.  
 Al kings, all princes, all dukes, well they ought 180  
 Bothe temporall and spirituall for to complayne  
 This noble man, that crewelly was slayne.

More specially barons, and those knygtes bold,  
 And all other gentilmen with hym enterteyned  
 In fee, as menyall men of his houſold, 185

Whom he as lord worshepely manteynd :  
 To sorowfull weeping they ought to be constreynd,  
 As oft as thei call to ther remembraunce,  
 Of ther good lord the fate and dedely chaunce.

O perlese prince of hevyn emperyalle, 190  
 That with one worde formed al thing of noughe ;  
 Hevyn, hell, and erth obey unto thi kall ;  
 Which to thy ressemblance wonderfylly hast wrought  
 All mankynd, whom thou full dere hast boght,  
 With thy blode precious our finaunce thou dyd pay, 195  
 And us redemed, from the fendys pray :

To the pray we, as prince incomperable,  
 As thou art of mercy and pite the well,  
 Thou bringe unto thy joye etermynable  
 The sowle of this lorde from all daunger of hell, 200  
 In endles blis with the to byde and dwell  
 In thy palace above the orient,  
 Where thou art lorde, and God omnipotent.

O quene of mercy, O lady full of grace,  
 Maiden moste pure, and goddis moder dere, 205  
 To sorowfull harts chef comfort and solace,  
 Of all women O floure withouten pere,  
 Pray to thy son above the starris clere,  
 He to vouchesaf by thy mediatioun  
 To pardon thy servant, and bringe to salvacion. 210

In joy triumphaunt the hevenly yerarchy,  
 With all the hole sorte of that glorious place,  
 His soule mot receyve into ther company

Thorowe bounte of hym that formed all solace :  
 Well of pite, of mercy, and of grace, 215  
 The father, the son, and the holy goste  
 In Trinitate one God of myghts moste.

††† I have placed the foregoing poem of SKELTON's before the following extract from HAWES, not only because it was written first, but because I think SKELTON is in general to be considered as the earlier poet; many of his poems being written long before HAWES's Graunde Amour.

## X.

## THE TOWER OF DOCTRINE.

The reader has here a specimen of the descriptive powers of STEPHEN HAWES, a celebrated poet in the reign of Hen. VII. tho' now little known. It is extracted from an allegorical poem of his (written in 1505.) intitled, "The Hist. of Graunde Amoure & La Belle Pucel, called the Palace of Pleasure, &c." 4to. 1555. See more of Hawes in Ath. Ox. v. 1. p. 6. and Warton's Observ. v. 2. p. 105. He was also author of a book, intitled, "The Temple of Glass. Wrote by Stephen Hawes, gentleman of the bedchamber to K. Henry VII." Pr. for Caxton, 4to. no date.

The following Stanzas are taken from Chap. III. and IV. of the Hist. above-mentioned. "How Fame departed from Graunde Amour and left him with Governaunce and Grace, and howe he went to the Tower of Doctrine, &c."—As we are able to give no small lyric piece of Hawes's, the reader will excuse the insertion of this extract.

**I** Loked about and saw a craggy roche,  
 Farre in the west neare to the element,  
 And as I dyd then unto it approche,  
 Upon the toppe I sawe resfulgent  
 The royal tower of MORALL DOCUMENT,  
 Made of fine copper with turrets fayre and hye,  
 Which against Phebus shone soe marveylously,  
 That for the very perfect bryghtnes  
 What of the tower, and of the cleare sunne,  
 I could nothyng behold the goodlines  
 Of that palaice, whereas Doctrine did wonne :  
 Tyll at the last, with myfy wyndes donne,  
 The radiant brightnes of golden Phebus  
 Auster gan cover with clowde tenebrus.  
  
 Then to the tower I drewe nere and nere,  
 And often mused of the great hyghnes  
 Of the craggy rocke, which quadrant did appeare :  
 But the fayre tower, (so much of ryches  
 Was all about,) sexangled doubtles ;  
 Gargeyld with grayhoundes, and with many lyons,  
 Made of fyne golde ; with divers sundry dragons \*.  
  
 The little 'turret' with ymages of golde  
 About was set, whiche with the wynde aye moved  
 With propre vices, that I did well beholde  
 About the tower, in sundry wyse they hoved  
 With goodly pypes, in their mouthes ituned,  
 That

\* Greyounds, Lions, Dragons, were at that time the royal supporters.

That with the wynd they pyped a daunce  
Iclipped *Amour de la hault plesaunce*.

The toure was great of marveylous wydnes,  
To whyche ther was no way to passe but one, 30  
Into the toure for to have an intres :  
A grece there was ychesyld all of stome  
Out of the rocke, on whyche men dyd gone  
Up to the toure, and in lykewyse dyd I  
Wyth bothe the Grayhoundes in my company† : 35

Tyll that I came unto a ryall gate,  
Where I sawe stondynge the goodly Portres,  
Whyche axed me, from whence I came a-late ;  
To whome I gan in every thynge expresse  
All myne adventure, chaunce, and busynesse, 40  
And eke my name ; I tolde her every dell :  
Whan she herde this she lyked me right well.

Her name, she sayd, was called COUNTENAUNCE ;  
Into the 'base' courte she dyd me then lede,  
Where was a fountayne depured of pleasance, 45  
A noble sprynge, a ryall conduyte-hede,  
Made of fyne golde enameled with reed ;  
And on the toppe four dragons blewe and stoute  
Thys dulcet water in four partes dyd spoute.

Of

† This alludes to a former part of the Poem.

Of whyche there flowede four ryvers ryght clere, 50

Sweter than Nylus <sup>†</sup> or Ganges was ther odoure;

Tygrys or Eufrates unto them no pere:

I dyd than taste the aromatyke lycoure,

Fragraunt of fume, and swete as any floure;

And in my mouthe it had a marveylous scent 55

Of divers spyces, I knewe not what it ment.

And after thys further forth me brought

Dame Countenaunce into a goodly Hall,

Of jasper stones it was wonderly wrought:

The wyndowes cleare depured all of crystall, 60

And in the roufe on hye over all

Of golde was made a ryght crafty vyne;

In stede of grapes the rubies there did shyne.

The flore was paved with berall clarified,

With pillers made of stones precious, 65

Like a place of pleasure so gayely glorified,

It myght be called a palaice glorious,

So muche delectable and solacious;

The hall was hanged hye and circuler

With cloth of arras in the rycheſt maner. 70

That treated well of a ful noble story,

Of the doubty waye to the Tower Perillous; <sup>‡</sup>

Howe a noble knyght should wynne the victory

Of many a serpente foule and odious.

\* \* \* \* \*

<sup>†</sup> Nylus. PC.

<sup>‡</sup> The story of the poem.

## XI.

## THE CHILD OF ELLE,

— is given from a fragment in the Editor's folio MS : which tho' extremely defective and mutilated appeared to have so much merit, that it excited a strong desire to attempt a completion of the story. The Reader will easily discover the supplemental stanzas by their inferiority, and at the same time be inclined to pardon it, when he considers how difficult it must be to imitate the affecting simplicity and artless beauties of the original.

CHILD was a title sometimes given to a knight. See Gloss.

ON yonder hill a castle standes,  
With walles and towres bedight,  
And yonder lives the Child of Elle,  
A younge and comely knyghte.

The Child of Elle to his garden wente,  
And stood at his garden pale,  
Whan, lo ! he beheld fair Emmelines page  
Come trippinge downe the dale.

The Child of Elle he hyed him thence,  
Y-wis he stooode not stille,  
And soone he mette faire Emmelines page  
Come climbing up the hille.

Nowe

Nowe Christe thee save, thou little foot-page,  
Now Christe thee save and see !

Oh telle me how doës thy ladye gaye, 15  
And what may thy tydinges bee ?

My lady shee is all woe-begone,  
And the teares they falle from her eyne ;  
And aye she laments the deadlye feude  
Betweene her house and thine. 25

And here shee sends thee a silken scarfe  
Bedewde with many a teare,  
And biddes thee sometimes thinke on her,  
Who loved thee so deare.

And here shee sends thee a ring of golde 25  
The last boone thou mayst have,  
And biddes thee weare it for her sake,  
Whan she is layde in grave.

For, ah ! her gentle heart is broke,  
And in grave soone must shee bee, 30  
Sith her father hath chose her a new new love,  
And forbidde her to think of thee.

Her father hath brought her a carlish knight,  
Sir John of the north countraye,  
And within three dayes shee must him wedde, 35  
Or he vowes he will her slaye.

Nowe

ANCIENT POEMS. III

Nowe hye thee backe, thou little foot-page,  
And greet thy ladye from mee,  
And telle her that I her owne true love  
Will dye, or sette her free.

40

Nowe hye thee backe, thou little foot-page,  
And let thy fair ladye know  
This night will I bee at her bowre-windowe,  
Betide me weale or woe.

The boye he tripped, the boye he ranne,  
He neither stint ne stayd  
Untill he came to fair Emmelines bowre,  
Whan kneeling downe he sayd,

45

O ladye, I've been with thy own true love,  
And he greets thee well by mee ;  
This night will he bee at thy bowre-windowe,  
And dye or sette thee free.

50

Nowe daye was gone, and night was come,  
And all were fast asleepe,  
All save the ladye Emmeline,  
Who fate in her bowre to weepe:

55

And soone shee heard her true loves voice  
Lowe whispering at the walle,  
Awake, awake, my deare ladye,  
Tis I thy true love call.

60

Awake,

Awake, awake, my ladye deare,  
 Come, mount this faire palfraye :  
 This ladder of ropes will lette thee downe,  
 Ile carrye thee hence awaye.

Nowe nay, nowe nay, thou gentle knight, 65  
 Nowe nay, this may not bee ;  
 For aye should I tint my maiden fame,  
 If alone I should wend with thee.

O ladye, thou with a knighte so true  
 Mayst safelye wend alone, 70  
 To my ladye mother I will thee bringe,  
 Where marriage shall make us one.

“ My father he is a baron bolde,  
 Of lynage proude and hye ;  
 And what would he faye if his daughter  
 Awaye with a knight should fly ? 75

Ah ! well I wot, he never would rest,  
 Nor his meate should doe him no goode,  
 Till he had slayne thee, Child of Elle,  
 And seene thy deare hearts blode.” 80

O ladye, wert thou in thy saddle fette,  
 And a little space him fro,  
 I would not care for thy cruel fathèr,  
 Nor the worst that he could doe.

O ladye, wert thou in thy saddle sette, 85  
 And once without this walle,  
 I would not care for thy cruel fathèr,  
 Nor the worst that might befallé.

Faire Emmeline sighde, fair Emmeline wept,  
 And aye her heart was woe : 90

At length he seizde her lilly-white hand,  
 And downe the ladder he drewe :

And thrice he claspde her to his breste,  
 And kist her tenderlie :  
 The teares that fell from her fair eyes, 95  
 Ranne like the fountayne free.

Hee mounted himselfe on his steede so talle,  
 And her on a faire palfraye,  
 And flung his bugle about his necke,  
 And roundlye they rode awaye. 100

All this beheard her owne damselle,  
 In her bed whereas shee ley,  
 Quoth shee, My lord shall knowe of this,  
 Soe I shall have golde and fee.

Awake, awake, thou baron bolde ! 105  
 Awake, my noble dame !  
 Your daughter is fledde with the Child of Elle,  
 To doe the deede of shame.

The baron he woke, the baron he rose,  
And callde his merrye men all : 110  
“ And come thou forth, Sir John the knighte,  
The ladye is carried to thrall.”

Faire Emmeline scant had ridden a mile, 1  
A mile forth of the towne,  
When she was aware of her fathers men 115  
Come galloping over the downe :

And foremost came the carlisch knight,  
Sir John of the north countraye :  
“ Nowe stop, nowe stop, thou false traitoure,  
Nor carry that ladye awaye. 120

For she is come of hye lynâge,  
And was of a ladye borne,  
And ill it beseems thee a false churles sonne  
To carrye her hence to scorne.”

Nowe loud thou lyest, Sir John the knight, 125  
Nowe thou doest lye of mee ;  
A knight mee gott, and a ladye me bôre,  
Soe never did none by thee.

But light nowe downe, my ladye faire,  
Light downe, and hold my steed, 130  
While I and this discourteous knighte  
Doe trye this arduous deede.

But

But light now downe, my deare ladye,  
 Light downe, and hold my horse ;  
 While I and this discourteous knight 135  
 Doe trye our valours force.

Fair Emmeline sighde, fair Emmeline wept,  
 And aye her heart was woe,  
 While twixt her love and the carlish knight  
 Past many a baleful blowe. 140

The Child of Elle hee fought soe well,  
 As his weapon he wavde amaine,  
 That soone he had slaine the carlish knight,  
 And layde him upon the plaine.

And nowe the baron, and all his men 145  
 Full fast approached nye :  
 Ah ! what may ladye Emmeline doe ?  
 Twere nowe no boote to flye.

Her lover he put his horne to his mouth,  
 And blew both loud and shrill, 150  
 And soone he saw his owne merry men  
 Come ryding over the hill.

" Nowe hold thy hand, thou bold baron,  
 I pray thee, hold thy hand,  
 Nor ruthles rend two gentle hearts, 155  
 Fast knit in true loves band.

Thy daughter I have dearly loude

Full long and many a day ;

But with such love as holy kirke

Hath freelye sayd wee may.

160

O give consent, shee may be mine,

And blesse a faithfull paire :

My lands and livings are not small,

My house and lynage faire :

My mother she was an erles daughter,

And a noble knyght my fire —

The baron he frownde, and turnde away

With mickle dole and ire.

165

Fair Emmeline sighde, faire Emmeline wept,

And did all tremblinge stand :

At lengthe she sprange upon her knee,

And held his lifted hand.

170

Pardon, my lorde and father deare,

This faire yong knyght and mee :

Trust me, but for the carlish knyght,

I never had fled from thee.

175

Oft have you callde your Emmeline

Your darling and your joye ;

O let not then your harsh resolues

Your Emmeline destroye.

180

The

The baron he stroakt his dark-brown cheeke,  
 And turnde his heade asyde  
 To whipe awaye the starting teare,  
 He proudly strave to hyde.

In deepe revolving thought he stooode, 185  
 And musde a little space :  
 Then raisde faire Emmeline from the grounde,  
 With many a fond embrase.

Here take her, Child of Elle, he sayd,  
 And gave her lillye hand ; 190  
 Here take my deare and only child,  
 And with her half my land :

Thy father once mine honour wrongde  
 In dayes of youtful pride ;  
 Do thou the injurye repayre 195  
 In fondnesse for thy bride.

And as thou love her, and hold her deare,  
 Heaven prosper thee and thine :  
 And nowe my bleffing wend wi' thee,  
 My lovelye Emmeline. 200

## XII.

## EDOM O' GORDON,

## A SCOTTISH BALLAD,

—was printed at Glasgow, by Robert and Andrew Foulis, MDCCLV. 8vo. 12 pages.—We are indebted for its publication (with many other valuable things in these volumes) to Sir David Dalrymple, Bart. who gave it as it was preserved in the memory of a lady, that is now dead.

The reader will here find it improved, and enlarged with several fine stanzas, recovered from a fragment of the same ballad, in the Editor's folio MS. It is remarkable that the latter is intitled CAPTAIN ADAM CARRE, and is in the English idiom. But whether the author was English or Scotch, the difference originally was not great. The English Ballads are generally of the North of England, the Scottish are of the South of Scotland, and of consequence the country of Ballad-singers was sometimes subject to one crown, and sometimes to the other, and most frequently to neither. Most of the finest old Scotch songs have the scene laid within 20 miles of England; which is indeed all poetic ground, green hills, remains of woods, clear brooks. The pastoral scenes remain: Of the rude chivalry of former ages happily nothing remains but the ruins of the castles, where the more daring and successful robbers resided. The House, or Castle of the RODES, stood about a measured mile south from Duns in Berwickshire: some of the ruins of it may be seen to this day. The GORDONS were anciently seated in the same county: the two villages of East and West Gordon lie about

about 10 miles from the castle of the Rodes\*. Whether this ballad hath any foundation in fact, we have not been able to discover. It contains however but too just a picture of the violences practised in the feudal times all over Europe.

From the different titles of this ballad, it should seem that the old strolling bards or minstrels (who gained a livelihood by reciting these poems) made no scruple of changing the names of the personages they introduced, to humour their bearers. For instance, if a Gordon's conduct was blame-worthy in the opinion of that age, the obsequious minstrel wou'd, when among Gordons, change the name to Car, whose clan or sept lay further west, and vice versa. In the third volume the reader will find a similar instance. See the song of GIL MORRIS, the hero of which had different names given him, perhaps from the same cause.

It may be proper to mention, that in the English copy, instead of the "Castle of the Rodes," it is the "Castle of Bittons-borrow," (or "Diaetours-borrow," for it is very obscurely written,) and "Capt. Adam Carre" is called the "Lord of Westerton-town." Uniformity required that the additional stanzas supplied from that copy should be clothed in the Scottish orthography and idiom: this has therefore been attempted, though perhaps imperfectly.

IT fell about the Martinmas,  
Quhen the wind blew schril and cauld,  
Said Edom o' Gordon to his men,  
We maun draw to a hauld.

I 4

And

\* This Ballad is well known in that neighbourhood, where it is intitled ADAM o' GORDON. It may be observed, that the famous free-booter, whom Edward I. fought with, hand to hand, near Barnham, was named ADAM GORDON.

And quhat a hauld fall we draw to,  
5  
My mirry men and me ?  
We wul gae to the house o' the Rodes,  
To see that fair ladie.

The lady stude on hir castle wa',  
Beheld baith dale and down :  
10  
There she was ware of a host of men  
Cum ryding towards the toun.

O see ze nat, my mirry men a' ?  
O see ze nat quhat I see ?  
Methinks I see a host of men :  
15  
I marveil quha they be.

She weend it had been hir luvely lord,  
As he cam ryding hame ;  
It was the traitor Edom o' Gordon,  
Quha reckt nae sin nor shame.  
20

She had nae sooner buskit hirself,  
And putten on hir goun,  
Till Edom o' Gordon and his men  
Were round about the toun.

They had nae sooner supper sett,  
25  
Nae sooner faid the grace,  
Till Edom o' Gordon and his men,  
Were light about the place.

The lady ran up to hir towir head,  
Sa fast as she could drie, 30  
To see if by hir fair speechès  
She could wi' him agree.

But quhan he see this lady saif,  
And hir yates all locked fast,  
He fell into a rage of wrath, 35  
And his hart was all aghast.

Cum doun to me, ze lady gay,  
Cum doun, cum doun to me :  
This night fall ye lig within mine armes,  
To-morrow my bride fall be. 40

I winnae cum doun, ze fals Gordòn,  
I winnae cum doun to thee ;  
I winnae forsake my ain dear lord,  
That is sae far frae me.

Give owre zour house, ze lady fair, 45  
Give owre zour house to me,  
Or I fail brenn yoursel therein,  
Bot and zour babies three.

I winnae give owre, ze false Gordòn,  
To nae sik traitor as zee ;  
And if ze brenn my ain dear babes, 50  
My lord fall make ze drie.

But reach me hether my guid bend-bowe,  
 Mine arrows one by one ;  
 For, but an I pierce that bluidy butcher,  
 My bábes we been undone.

She stude upon hir castle wa',  
 And let twa arrows flee :  
 She mist that bluidy butchers hart,  
 And only raz'd his knee. \*

Set fire to the house, quo' fals Gordón,  
 All wood wi' dule and ire :  
 Fals lady, ze fall rue this deid,  
 As ze brenn in the fire.

Wae worth, wae worth ze, Jock my man,  
 I paid ze weil zour fee ;  
 Quhy pow ze out the ground-wa stane,  
 Lets in the reek to me ?

And ein wae worth ze, Jock my man,  
 I paid ze weil zour hire ;  
 Quhy pow ze out the ground-wa stane,  
 To me lets in the fire ?

55

60

65

70

Ze

\* The two foregoing stanzas are improved in this edition by more ancient readings, communicated lately to the publisher. In the former edition they were evidently modernized, viz. "reach my pistol, Glaud, my man, And charge ze weil my gun;" and below, "let twa bullets flee."

Ze paid me weil my hire, lady;  
 Ze paid me weil my fee:  
 But now I me Edom o' Gordons man,  
 Maun either doe or die. 75

O than bespaik hir little son,  
 Sate on the nourcee' knee:  
 Sayes, Mither deare, gl owre this house,  
 For the reek it smithers me. 80

I wad gie a' my gowd, my childe,  
 Sae wad I a' my fee,  
 For ane blast o' the westlin wind,  
 To blaw the reek frae thee.

O then bespaik hir dochter dear,  
 She was baith jimp and sma:  
 O row me in a pair o' sheits,  
 And tow me owre the wa. 85

They rowd hir in a pair o' sheits,  
 And towd hir owre the wa:  
 But on the point of Gordons spear,  
 She gat a deadly fa. 90

O bonnie bonnie was hir mouth,  
 And cherry were hir cheiks,  
 And clear clear was hir zellow hair,  
 Wheron the reid bluid dreips. 95

Then wi' his spear he turnd hir owre,

O gin hir face was wan !

He sayd, Ze are the first that eir

I wisht alive again.

100

He turnd hir owre and owre again,

O gin hir skin was whyte !

I might ha spared that bonnie face

To hae been sum mans delyte.

Busk and boun, my merry men a',

For ill dooms I doe gues ;

I cannae luik in that bonnie face,

As it lyes on the grafs.

Thame, luiks to freits, my master deir,

Then freits wil follow thame :

Let it neir be said brave Edom o' Gordon

Was daunted by a dame.

110

But quhen the ladye see the fire

Cum flaming owre hir head,

She wept and kist her children twain,

Sayd, Bairns, we been but dead.

115

The

V. 98, 102. O gin, &c. a Scottish idiom to express great admiration.

V. 109, 110. Thame, &c. i. e. Them that look after omens of ill luck, ill luck will follow.

The Gordon then his bougill blew,  
And said, Awa', awa';  
This house o' the Rodes is a' in flame,  
I hauld it time to ga'. 120

O then bespyed hir ain dear lord,  
As hee cam owr the lee ;  
He fied his castle all in blaze  
Sa far as he could see.

Then fair, O fair his mind misgave,  
And all his hart was wae ;  
Put on, put on, my wighty men,  
So fast as ze can gae. 125

Put on, put on, my wighty men,  
Sa fast as ze can drie ;  
For he that is hindmost of the thrang,  
Sall neir get guid o' me. 130

Than sum they rade, and sum they rin,  
Fou fast out-owr the bent ;  
But eir the foremost could get up,  
Baith lady and babes were brent. 135

He wrang his hands, he rent his hair,  
And wept in teenefu' muid :  
O traitors, for this cruel deid  
Ze fall weep teirs o'bluid.

And after the Gordon he is gane,  
 Sa fast as he might drie ;  
 And soon i' the Gordon's foul hartis bluid,  
 He's wroken his dear ladie.

\*\*\* Since the foregoing Ballad was first printed, the subject of it has been found recorded in Abp. Spotswood's History of the Church of Scotland, p. 259 : who informs us, that

" Anno 1571. In the north parts of Scotland, ADAM GORDON (who was deputy for his brother the earl of Huntley) did keep a great stir ; and under colour of the queen's authority, committed divers oppressions, especially upon the Forbes's . . . . Having killed Arthur Forbes, brother to the lord Forbes . . . . Not long after he sent to summon the house of Tavoy pertaining to Alexander Forbes. The LADY refusing to yield without direction from her husband, he put fire unto it, and burnt her therein, with children and servants, being twenty-seven persons in all.

" This inhuman and barbarous cruelty made his name odious, and stained all his former doings ; otherwise he was held very active and fortunate in his enterprizes."

This fact, which had escaped the Editor's notice, was in the most obliging manner pointed out to him, by an ingenious writer who signs his name H. H. (Newcastle, May 9.) in the Gentleman's Magazine for May, 1775.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.



RELICS  
OF ANCIENT POETRY,  
etc.

SERIES THE FIRST.  
BOOK II.

BALLADS THAT ILLUSTRATE SHAKESPEARE.

Our great dramatic poet having occasionally quoted many ancient ballads, and even taken the plot of one, if not more, of his plays from among them, it was judged proper to preserve

serve as many of these as could be recovered, and that they might be the more easily found, to exhibit them in one collective view. This SECOND BOOK is therefore set apart for the reception of such ballads as are quoted by SHAKESPEARE, or contribute in any degree to illustrate his writings: this being the principal point in view, the candid reader will pardon the admission of some pieces, that have no other kind of merit.

The design of this BOOK being of a Dramatic tendency, it may not be improperly introduced with a few observations ON THE ORIGIN OF THE ENGLISH STAGE, and ON THE CONDUCT OF OUR FIRST DRAMATIC POETS: a subject, which though not unsuccessfully handled by several good writers already †, will yet perhaps admit of some further illustration.

ON  
THE ORIGIN OF THE ENGLISH STAGE,  
&c.

It is well known that dramatic poetry in this and most other nations of Europe owes its origin, or at least its revival, to those religious shows, which in the dark ages were usually exhibited on the more solemn festivals. At those times they were wont to represent in the churches the lives and miracles of the saints, or some of the more important stories of scripture. And as the most mysterious subjects were frequently chosen, such as the Incarnation, Passion, and Resurrection of Christ, &c. these exhibitions acquired the general name of MYSTERIES. At first they were probably a kind of dumb shews, intermingled, it may be, with a few short speeches; at length they grew into a regular series of connected dialogues, formally divided into acts and scenes. Specimens of these in their most improved

† Ep. Warburton's Shakesp. vol. 5. p. 338.—Pref. to Dodley's Old Plays.—Ricobini's Acct. of Theat. of Europe, &c. &c.

proved state (being at best but poor artless compositions) may be seen among Dodslēy's OLD PLAYS and in Osborne's HARLEYAN MISCEL. How they were exhibited in their most simple form, we may learn from an ancient novel (often quoted by our old dramatic poets (a) intitled . . . . a merre Test of a man that was called Howleglas (b) &c. being a translation from the Dutch language, in which he is named *Ulenspiegel*. Howleglas, whose waggish tricks are the subject of this book, after many adventures comes to live with a priest, who makes him his parish-clerk. This priest is described as keeping a LEMAN or concubine, who had but one eye, to whom Howleglas owed a grudge for revealing his rogueries to his master. The story thus proceeds, . . . .

“ And than in the meane season,  
 “ while Howleglas was parysh clarke, at Easter they  
 “ should play the resurrection of our lorde: and for  
 “ because than the men wer not learned, nor could  
 “ not read, the priest toke his leman, and put her in  
 “ the grave for an Aungell: and this seing Howleglas,  
 “ toke to hym iij of the symplest persons that were in  
 “ the towne, that played the iij Maries; and the Per-  
 “ son [i. e. Parson or Rector] played Christe, with a  
 “ baner in his hand. Than saide Howleglas to the  
 “ symple persons. Whan the Aungel asketh you,  
 “ whome you seke, you may faye, The parsons leman  
 “ with one iye. Than it fortuned that the tyme was  
 “ come that they must playe, and the Aungel asked  
 “ them whom they sought, and than sayd they, as  
 “ Howleglas had shewed and lerned them afore, and  
 “ than answered they, We seke the priests leman with  
 “ one iye. And than the prieste might heare that he  
 “ was mocked. And whan the priestes leman herd

K

“ that,

(a) See Ben Jonson's Poetaster, Act 3. sc. 4. and his Masque of the Fortunate Isles. Whalley's Edit. vol. 2. p. 49. vol. 6. p. 190.

(b) Howleglas is said in the Preface to have died in M. cccc. 2. At the end of the book, in M. ccc. 2.

“ that, she arose out of the grave, and would have  
 “ smyten with her fist Howleglas upon the cheke, but  
 “ she misshed him and smote one of the simple persons  
 “ that played one of the thre Maries; and he gave  
 “ her another; and than toke she him by the heare  
 “ [hair]; and that seing his wyse, came running hast-  
 “ ely to smite the priestes leaman; and than the  
 “ priest seeing this, caste down hys baner and went to  
 “ helpe his woman, so that the one gave the other  
 “ sore strokēs, and made great noyse in the churche.  
 “ And than Howleglas seyng them lyinge together by  
 “ the eares in the bodi of the churche, went his way  
 “ out of the village, and came no more there (c).”

As the old *Mysteries* frequently required the representation of some allegorical personage, such as Death, Sin, Charity, Faith, and the like, by degrees the rude poets of those unlettered ages began to form compleat dramatic pieces consisting intirely of such personifications. These they intitled *MORAL PLAYS*, or *MORALITIES*. The *Mysteries* were very inartificial, representing the scripture stories simply according to the letter. But the *Moralities* are not devoid of invention; they exhibit outlines of the dramatic art: they contain something of a fable or plot, and even attempt to delineate characters and manners. I have now before me two that were printed early in the reign of Henry VIII; in which I think one may plainly discover the seeds of *Tragedy* and *Comedy*; for which reason I shall give a short analysis of them both.

One of them is intitled *Every Man (d)*. The subject of this piece is the summoning of man out of the world by death; and its moral, that nothing will then avail him but a well-spent life and the comforts of religion. This subject and moral are opened in a monologue

(c) C. Impryned . . . by Wylliam Copland: without date, in 4to. bl. let. among Mr. Garrick's Old Plays, K. vol. 10.

(d) This Play has been lately reprinted by Mr. HAWKINS in his 3 vols. of Old Plays, intitled, THE ORIGIN OF THE ENGLISH DRAMA. 12mo. Oxford, 1773. See vol. I, p. 27.

nologue spoken by the **MESSENGER** (for that was the name generally given by our ancestors to the prologue on their rude stage;) then **GOD** (*e*) is represented; who, after some general complaints on the degeneracy of mankind, calls for **DETH**, and orders him to bring before his tribunal **EVERY-MAN**, for so is called the personage who represents the human race. **EVERY-MAN** appears, and receives the summons with all the marks of confusion and terror. When death is withdrawn, **Every-man** applies for relief in this distress to **FELLOWSHIP**, **KINDRED**, **GOODS**, or **RICHES**, but they successively renounce and forsake him. In this disconsolate state he betakes himself to **GOOD-DEDES**, who, after upbraiding him with his long neglect of her (*f*), introduces him to her sister **KNOWLEDGE**, and she leads him to the “holy man **CONFESION**,” who appoints him penance: this he inflicts upon himself on the stage, and then withdraws to receive the sacraments of the priest. On his return he begins to wax faint, and after **STRENGTH**, **BEAUTY**, **DISCRETION**, and **FIVE WITS** (*g*) have all taken their final leave of him, gradually expires on the stage; **Good-dedes** still accompanying him to the last. Then an **AUNGELL** descends to sing his *requiem*: and the epilogue is spoken by a person, called **DOCTOUR**, who recapitulates the whole, and delivers the moral,

“ C. This memoriall men may have in mynde,  
 “ Ye herers, take it of worth old and yonge,  
 “ And forsake pryde, for he disceyveth you in thende,  
 “ And remembre Beaute, Five Witts, Strength and  
 “ They all at last do Every-man forsake; [Discrecion,  
 “ Save his Good Dedes there dothe he take:

K 2

“ But

(*e*) The second person of the Trinity seems to be meant.

(*f*) Those above-mentioned are male characters.

(*g*) i. e. The Five Senses. These are frequently exhibited as five distinct personages upon the Spanish stage; (see Riccoboni, p. 98.) but our moralist has represented them all by one character.

“ But beware, for and they be small,  
“ Before God he hath no helpe at all.” &c.

From this short analysis it may be observed, that *Every Man* is a grave solemn piece, not without some rude attempts to excite terror and pity, and therefore may not improperly be referred to the class of tragedy. It is remarkable that in this old simple drama the fable is conducted upon the strictest model of the Greek tragedy. The action is simply one, the time of action is that of the performance, the scene is never changed, nor the stage ever empty. *EVERY-MAN*, the hero of the piece, after his first appearance never withdraws, except when he goes out to receive the sacraments, which could not well be exhibited in public; and during his absence *KNOWLEDGE* descants on the excellence and power of the priesthood, somewhat after the manner of the Greek chorus. And indeed, except in the circumstance of *Every-man*’s expiring on the stage, the *Sampson Agonistes* of Milton is hardly formed on a severer plan \*.

The other play is intitled *Wick-Scorner (b)*, and bears no distant resemblance to comedy: its chief aim seems to be to exhibit characters and manners, its plot being much less regular than the foregoing. The prologue is spoken by *PITY* represented under the character of an aged pilgrim, he is joined by *CONTEMPLACION* and *PERSEVERANCE*, two holy men, who, after lamenting the degeneracy of the age, declare their resolution of stemming the torrent. Pity then is left upon the stage, and presently found by *FREWYLL*, representing a lewd debauchee, who, with his dissolute companion *IMAGINACION*, relate their manner of life, and not without humour describe the stews and other places

\* See more of *EVERY MAN*, in vol. II. Pref. to B. II. Note.

(b) *Emprynted by me Wynkyn de Worde*, no date; in 4to. bl. Let. This play has also been reprinted by Mr. HAWKINS in his “Origin of the English Drama,” Vol. I. p. 69.

places of base resort. They are presently joined by HICK-SCORNER, who is drawn as a libertine returned from travel, and agreeably to his name scoffs at religion. These three are described as extremely vicious, who glory in every act of wickedness: at length two of them quarrel, and PITY endeavours to part the fray; on this they fall upon him, put him in the stocks, and there leave him. Pity then descants in a kind of lyric measure on the profligacy of the age, and in this situation is found by Perseverance and Contemplacion, who set him at liberty, and advise him to go in search of the delinquents. As soon as he is gone, Frewill appears again; and, after relating in a very comic manner some of his rogueries and escapes from justice, is rebuked by the two holy men, who, after a long alteration, at length convert him and his libertine companion Imaginacion from their vicious course of life: and then the play ends with a few verses from Perseverance by way of epilogue. This and every Morality I have seen conclude with a solemn prayer. They are all of them in rhyme; in a kind of loose stanza, intermixed with distichs.

It would be needless to point out the absurdities in the plan and conduct of the foregoing play: they are evidently great. It is sufficient to observe, that, bating the moral and religious reflection of PITY, &c. the piece is of a comic cast, and contains a humorous display of some of the vices of the age. Indeed the author has generally been so little attentive to the allegory, that we need only substitute other names to his personages, and we have real characters and living manners.

We see then that the writers of these Moralities were upon the very threshold of real Tragedy and Comedy; and therefore we are not to wonder that Tragedies and Comedies in form soon after took place, especially as the revival of learning about this time brought them acquainted with the Roman and Grecian models.

II. At what period of time the *Mysteries* and *Moralities* had their rise, it is difficult to discover. *Holy plays* representing the miracles and sufferings of the saints appear to have been no novelty in the reign of Henry II. and a lighter sort of interludes were not then unknown (i). In Chaucer's Time " *Plays of Miracles*" in lent were the common resort of idle gossips (k). Towards the latter end of Henry the VIIth's reign *Moralities* were so common, that John Rastel, brother-in-law to Sir Thomas More, conceived a design of making them the vehicle of science and natural philosophy. With this view he published ' *C. A new interlute and a mery of the nature of the ffe elements declarynge many prover potes of phisylsophy naturall, and of dyvers straunge landys, (l), &c.* It is observable that the poet speaks of the discovery of America as then recent;

— “ Within this xx yere  
 “ Westwarde be founde new landes  
 “ That we never hårde tell of before this,” &c.

The West Indies were discovered by Columbus in 1492, which fixes the writing of this play to about

1510.

(i) See Fitz-stephens's description of London, preserved by Stow, *Londonia pro spectaculis theatralibus, pro ludis scenicis, Iudos habet sanctiores, representationes miraculorum, &c.* He is thought to have written in the R. of Hen. II. and to have died in that of Rich. I. It is true at the end of his book we find mentioned *Henricum regem tertium*; but this is doubtless Henry the Second's son, who was crowned during the life of his father, in 1170, and is generally distinguished as *Rex juvenis*, *Rex filius*, and sometimes they were jointly named *Reges Angliae*. From a passage in his *Chap. De Religione*, it should seem that the body of St. Thomas Becket was just then a new acquisition to the church of Canterbury.

(k) See Prologue to Wife of Bath's Tale, v. 338. Urry's edit.

(l) Mr. Garrick has an imperfect copy, *Old Plays*, i. vol 3.) The Dramatis Personæ are, “ *C. The Messengere [or Prologue] Nature naturale: Humanytē: Studyous Desire. Sensuall Appetyte. The Taverner. Experyence. Ygnorāunce.* (Also yf ye lyste ye may “ bryngē

1510. The play of Hick Scorne was probably somewhat more ancient, as he still more imperfectly alludes to the American discoveries, under the name of "the Newe founde Ilonde," sign. A. vij.

It appears from the play of The Four Elements, that Interludes were then very common: The profession of PLAYER was no less common; for in an old satire intitled *Ceek Moralites Tete* (m) the author enumerates all the most common trades or callings, as "Carpenters, Coopers, Joynters, &c. and among others, PLAYERS, tho' it must be acknowledged he has placed them in no very reputable company.

" PLAYERS, purse-cutters, money-batterers,

" Golde-washers, tomblers, jogelers,

" Pardoners, &c."

Sign. B. vj.

It is observable that in the old Moralities of Hick Scorne, Every-man, &c. there is no kind of stage distinction for the exits and entrances of the personages, no division of acts and scenes. But in the moral interlude of *Lusty Juventus* (n), written under Edw. VI. the exits and entrances begin to be noted in the margin (o): at length in Q. Elizabeth's reign Moralities

K 4

appeared

" bryngē in a dysgesyngē.)" Afterwards follows a table of the matters handled in the interlude. Among which are "C. Of certeyn conculusions prouynge the yerthe must nedes be roudde, and that it hengyth in the myddes of the syrmament, and that yt is in circumference above xxi M. myle," — "C. Of certeyne points of cosmographye—and of dyvers straunge regyons,—and of the new founde landys and the maner of the people." This part is extremely curious, as it shows what notions were entertained of the new American discoveries by our own countrymen.

(m) Pr. at the Sun in Fleet-str. by W. de Worde, no date, bl. I. 4to.

(n) Described in vol. 2. Preface to Book II. The Dramatis Personae of this piece are, "C. Messenger. Lusty Juventus. Good Counsaill. Knowledge. Sathan the devyll. Hypocrisie. Fellowship. Abominable-lyving [an Harlot.] God's-merciful-promises."

(o) I have also discovered some few *Exacts* and *Intrats* in the very old Interlude of the *Four Elements*.

appeared formally divided into acts and scenes, with a regular prologue, &c. One of these is reprinted by Dodsley.

In the time of Hen. VIII. one or two dramatic pieces had been published under the classical names of Comedy and Tragedy (*p*), but they appear not to have been intended for popular use: it was not till the religious ferment had subsided that the public had leisure to attend to dramatic poetry. In the reign of Eliz. Tragedies and Comedies began to appear in form, and could the poets have persevered, the first models were good. *Gorboduc*, a regular tragedy, was acted in 1561 (*q*); and *Gascoigne*, in 1566, exhibited *Tocasta*, a translation from Euripides, as also *The Supposes*, a regular comedy, from Ariosto: near thirty years before any of Shakespeare's were printed.

The people however still retained a relish for their old *Mysteries* and *Moralities* (*r*), and the popular dramatic poets seem to have made them their models. The graver sort of *Moralities* appear to have given birth to our modern *TRAGEDY*; as our *COMEDY* evidently took its rise from the lighter interludes of that kind. And as most of these pieces contain an absurd mixture of religion and buffoonery, an eminent critic (*s*) has well deduced from thence the origin of our unnatural

(*p*) Bp. Bale had applied the name of Tragedy to his *Mystery of Gods Promises*, in 1538. In 1540 John Palsgrave, B. D. had republished a Latin comedy, called *Acolastus*, with an English version. Holingshed tells us, (vol. 3. p. 850.) that so early as 1520, the king had "a goodlie comedie of Plautus plaied" before him at Greenwich; but this was in Latin, as Mr. FARMER informs us in his late curious "Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare." 8vo. p. 31.

(*q*) See Ames, p. 316.—This play appears to have been first printed under the name of *Gorboduc*; then under that of *Herreyn and Potrey*, in 1569; and again, under *Gorboduc*, 1590.—Ames calls the first edit. Quarto; Langbaine, Octavo; and Tanner, 12mo.

(*r*) The general reception the old *Moralities* had upon the stage, will account for the fondness of all our first poets for allegory. Subjects of this kind were familiar to every body.

(*s*) Bp. Warburt. *Shakesp.* vol. 5.

natural TRAGI-COMEDIES. Even after the people had been accustomed to Tragedies and Comedies, Moralities still kept their ground : one of them intitled *The New Custom* (t) was printed so late as 1573 : at length they assumed the name of MASQUES (u), and with some classical improvements, became in the two following reigns the favourite entertainments of the court.

As for the old Mysteries, which ceased to be acted after the Reformation, they seem to have given rise to a third species of stage exhibition, which, though now confounded with Tragedy or Comedy, were by our first dramatic writers considered as quite distinct from them both : these were Historical Plays, or HISTORIES, a species of dramatic writing, which resembled the old Mysteries in representing a series of historical events simply in the order of time in which they happened, without any regard to the three great unities. These pieces seem to differ from Tragedy, just as much as Historical poems do from Epic : as the *Pharsalia* does from the *Aeneid*. What might contribute to make dramatic poetry take this turn was this ; soon after the Mysteries ceased to be exhibited, there was published a large collection of poetical narratives, called *The Mirror for Magistrates* (w), wherein a great number of the most eminent characters in English history are drawn relating their own misfortunes. This book was popular and of a dramatic cast, and therefore, as an elegant writer (x) has well observed, might have its influence in producing Historic Plays. These narratives probably furnished the subjects, and the ancient Mysteries suggested the plan.

That

(t) Reprinted among Dodsley's Old Plays, vol. 1.

(u) In some of these appeared characters full as extraordinary as in any of the old Moralities. In Ben Jonson's *Masque of Christmas* 1616, one of the personages is *MINCED PYKE*.

(w) The first part of which was printed in 1559.

(x) Catal. of Royal and Noble authors, vol. 1. p. 166, 7.

That our old writers considered Historical Plays as somewhat distinct from Tragedy and Comedy, appears from numberless passages of their works. “ Of late “ days, says Stow, instead of those stage-playes (y) “ have been used Comedies, Tragedies, Enterludes, “ and HISTORIES both true and fained.” Survey of London (z).—Beaumont and Fletcher, in the prologue to *The Captain*, say,

“ This is nor Comedy, nor Tragedy,  
“ Nor HISTORY.”—

Polonius in *Hamlet* commends the actors, as the best in the world “ either for Tragedie, Comedie, His-“ TORIE, Pastorall,” &c. And Shakespeare’s friends, Heminge and Condell, in the first folio edit. of his plays, in 1623, have not only intitled their book “ Mr. William Shakespeare’s Comedies, HISTORIES, “ and Tragedies :” but in their Table of Contents have arranged them under those three several heads ; placing in the class of HISTORIES, “ K. John, Richard II. Henry IV. 2 pts. Henry V. Henry VI. 3 pts. Richard III. and Henry VIII.”

This distinction deserves the attention of the critics : for if it be the first canon of sound criticism to examine any work by those rules the author prescribed for his observance, then we ought not to try Shakespeare’s HISTORIES by the general laws of Tragedy or Comedy. Whether the rule itself be vicious or not, is another inquiry : but certainly we ought to examine a work only by those principles according to which it was composed. This would save a deal of impertinent criticism.

III. We have now brought the inquiry as low as was intended, but cannot quit it, without entering into a short

(y) *The Creation of the World*, acted at Skinners-well, in 1409.

(z) See Mr. Warton’s Observations, vol. 2, p. 109.

Short description of what one may call the economy of the ancient English stage.

Such was the fondness of our forefathers for dramatic entertainments, that not fewer than NINETEEN Playhouses had been opened before the year 1633, when Prynne published his *Histriomastix* (a). From this writer it should seem that “ tobacco, wine, and “ beer (b)” were in those days the usual accommodations in the theatre as now at Sadlers Wells.

With regard to the players themselves, the several companies were retainers, or menial servants to particular noblemen (c), who protected them in the exercise

of

(a) He speaks in p. 492. of the play-houses in Bishopsgate-street, and on Ludgate-hill, which are not among the SEVENTEEN enumerated in the Preface to Dodley's Old Plays.

(b) So, I think, we may infer from the following passage, viz. “ How many are there, who according to their several qualities, “ spend 2d. 3d. 4d. 6d. 12d. 18d. 2s. and sometimes 4s. or 5s. “ at a play-house, day by day, if coach-hire, boat-hire, tobacco, “ wine, beere, and such like vaine expences, which playes doe usu- “ ally occasion, be cast into the reckoning ? ” Prynne's *Histriom.*

P. 322.

But that Tobacco was smoked in the play-houses, appears from Taylor the Water-poet, in his Proclamation for Tobacco's Propagation. “ Let PLAY-HOUSES, drinking-schools, taverns, &c. be con- “ tinually haunted with the contaminous vapours of it ; nay (if it “ be possible) bring it into the CHURCHES, and there choak up “ their preachers.” (Works, p. 253.) And this was really the case at Cambridge : James I. sent a letter in 1607, against “ taking To- “ bacco” in St. Mary's. So I learn from my friend Mr. FARMER.

A gent. has informed me, that once going into a church in Holland, he saw the male part of the audience sitting with their hats on, smoking tobacco, while the preacher was holding forth in his Morning-gown.

(c) See the Pref. to Dodley's Old Plays.—The author of an old Invective against the Stage, called *A third Blast of Retraite from Plaies, &c.* 1580. 12mo. says, “ Alas ! that private affection should “ so raigne in the nobilitie, that to pleasure their servants, and to “ upholde them in their vanitye, they should restraine the magistrates “ from executing their office ! . . . They [the nobility] are thought to “ be covetous by permitting their servants . . . to live at the devotion

“ or

of their profession: and many of them were occasionally strollers, that travelled from one gentleman's house to another. Yet so much were they encouraged, that, notwithstanding their multitude, some of them acquired large fortunes. Edward Allen, master of the play-house called the Globe, who founded Dulwich college, is a known instance. And an old writer speaks of the very inferior actors, whom he calls the Hirelings, as living in a degree of splendor, which was thought enormous in that frugal age (*d*).

At the same time the ancient prices of admission were often very low. Some houses had penny-benches.

(e) The “two-penny gallery” is mentioned in the prologue to Beaumont and Fletcher's *Woman-Hater*.

And

“ or almes of other men, passing from countrie to countrie, from one gentleman's house to another, offering their service, which is a kind of beggerie. Who indeede, to speake more trulie, are become beggers for their servants. For comonlie the good-wil men beare to their Lordes make them draw the stringes of their purses to extend their liberalitie.” Vid. pag. 75, 76, &c.

(d) Stephen Gosson in his *Schoole of Abuse*, 1579. 12mo. fo. 23. says thus of what he terms in his margin *PLAYERS-MEN*: “ Over lashing in apparel is so common a fault, that the very hyerlings of some of our Players, which stand at revirson of vi. s. by the week, jet under gentlemens noses in futs of silke, exercising themselves to prating on the stage, and common scoffing when they come abrode, where they look askance over the shoulder at every man, of whom the *SUNDAY* before they begged an almes. I speake not this, as though every one that professeth the qualitie so abused himselfe, for it is well knownen, that some of them are sober, discrete, properly learned, honest housholders and citizens, well thought on among their neighbours at home.” [he seems to mean *EDW. ALLEN* abovementioned] “ though the prude of their shadewes (I meane those hangbves, whom they succour with stipend) cause them to be somewhat il-talked of abroad.”

(e) So a MS. of Oldys, from Tom Nash, an old pamphlet-writer. And this is confirmed by Taylor the Water-poet, in his *Praise of Beggerie*. (p. 99.)

“ Yet have I seen a begger with his many, [sc. vermin]  
“ Come at a Play-houise, all in for one penny.”

And seats of three-pence and a groat seem to be intended in the passage of Prynne above referred to. Yet different houses varied in their prices: That play-house called the HOPE had five several priced seats from six-pence to half-a-crown (*f*). But the general price of what is now called the PIT, seems to have been a shilling (*g*).

The day originally set apart for theatrical exhibition appears to have been Sunday; probably because the first dramatic pieces were of a religious cast. During a great part of Queen Elizabeth's reign the play-houses were only licensed to be opened on that day (*b*): But before the end of her reign, or soon after, this abuse was probably removed.

The

(*f*) Induct. to Ben. Jonson's Bartholomew-fair.

(*g*) Shakesp. Prol. to Hen. viij.—Beaum. and Fletch. Prol. to the Captain, and to the Mad-lover. The PIT probably had its name from one of the Play-houses having been a Cock-pit.

(*b*) So Ste. Goffon, in his Schoole of Abuse, 1579, 12mo. speaking of the Players, says, "These, because they are allowed to play 'every Sunday, make iiiij. or v. Sundayes at least every week.'" fol. 24.—So the author of A Second and Third Blast of Retraut from Plaies, p. 1580. 12mo. "Let the magistrate but repel them from 'the libertie of plaleng on the Sabbath-dae. . . . . To plaie on 'the Sabbath is but a priviledge of sufferance, and might with ease 'be repelled, were it thoroughly followed." pag. 61, 62. So again, "Is not the Sabbath of al other daies the most abused? . . . Where- 'fore abuse not so the Sabbath-dae, my brethren; leave not the 'temple of the Lord." . . . . "Those unsaverie morfels of un- "seemelic sentences passing out of the mouth of a ruffenlie plaier, "doth more content the hungrie humors of the rude multitude, and "carrieth better rellysh in their mouthes, than the bread of the "worde, &c." Vid. pag. 63. 65. 69. &c. I do not recollect that exclamations of this kind occur in Prynne, whence I conclude that this enormity no longer subsisted in his time.

It should also seem, from the author of the Third Blast above-quoted, that the Churches still continued to be used occasionally for theatres. Thus in p. 77. he says, that the Players, (who, as has been observed, were servants of the nobility) "under the title of "their maisters, or as reteiners, are priviledged to roave abroad, "and permitted to publish their mametree in everie temple of God, "and that throughout England, unto the horrible contempt of "praier."

The usual time of acting was early in the afternoon (*i*), plays being generally performed by day-light (*k*). All female parts were performed by men, no English actress being ever seen on the public stage (*l*) before the civil wars. And as for the playhouse furniture and ornaments, tho' some houses were probably more decorated than others, yet in general “they had no other “ scenes nor decorations of the stage, but only old “ tapestry, and the stage strewed with rushes, with “ habits accordingly (*m*):” as we are assured in a short discourse on the English stage, subjoined to Flecknoe's **LOVE'S KINGDOM**, 1674. 12mo.

SOME ADDITIONS TO THE FOREGOING ESSAY WILL BE  
FOUND AT THE END OF THIS VOLUME.

(*i*) “He entertaines us (says Overbury in his character of an Actor) “in the best leasure of our life, that is, betweene meales; the “most unfit time either for study, or bodily exercise.”—Even so late as in the reign of Cha. II. Plays generally began at 3 in the afternoon. (*k*) See Biogr. Brit. I. 117. n. D.

(*l*) I say “no ENGLISH Actres—on the PUBLIC Stage,” because Prynne speaks of it as an unusual enormity, that “they had “French-women actors in a play not long since personated in Black-“friars Playhouse.” This was in 1629. vid. p. 215. And tho' female parts were performed by men or boys on the public stage, yet in Masques at Court, the Queen and her ladies made no scruple to perform the principal parts, especially in the reigns of Jam. I. and Cha. I.

Sir William Davenant, after the restoration introduced women, scenery, and higher prices. See Cibber's *Apology for his own Life*.

(*m*) It appears from an Epigram of Taylor the Water-poet, that one of the principal theatres in his time, viz. The Globe on the Bankside, Southwark, (which Ben Jonson calls the Glory of the Bank, and Fort of the whole Parish,) had been covered with thatch till it was burnt down in 1613.—(See Taylor's *Sculler*. Epig. 22. p. 31. Jonson's *Execration on Vulcan*.)

Puttenham tells us they used Wizards in his time, “partly to “supply the want of players, when there were more parts than there “were persons, or that it was not thought meet to trouble . . . . “princes chambers with too many folkes.” [Art of Eng. Poet. 1589. p. 26.] From the last clause, it should seem that they were chiefly used in the MASQUES at Court.

## I.

ADAM BELL, CLYM OF THE CLOUGH,  
AND WILLIAM OF CLOUDESLEY,

—were three noted outlaws, whose skill in archery rendered them formerly as famous in the North of England, as Robin Hood and his fellows were in the midland counties. Their place of residence was in the forest of Englewood, not far from Carlisle, (called corruptly in the ballad Englishwood, whereas Engle, or Ingle-wood, signifies Wood for firing.) At what time they lived does not appear. The author of the common ballad on “THE PEDIGREE, EDUCATION, AND MARRIAGE, OF ROBIN HOOD,” makes them contemporary with Robin Hood’s father, in order to give him the honour of beating them: viz.

The father of ROBIN a Forester was,  
And he shot in a lusty long-bow  
Two north-country miles and an inch at a shot,  
As the Pindar of Wakefield does know.

For he brought Adam Bell, and Clim of the Clough,  
And William a Clowdeslee  
To shoot with our Forester for forty mark;  
And our Forester beat them all three.

Collect. of Old Ballads. 1727. 1 vol. p. 67.

This seems to prove that they were commonly thought to have lived before the popular Hero of Sherwood.

Our northern archers were not unknown to their southern countrymen, their excellence at the long-bow is often alluded to by our ancient poets. Shakespeare, in his comedy of "Much adoe about nothing," *Act 1.* makes Benedicke confirm his resolves of not yielding to love, by this protestation, "If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat\*", and shoot at me, "and he that hits me, let him be clapt on the shoulder and called ADAM:" meaning ADAM BELL, as Theobald rightly observes, who refers to one or two other passages in our old poets wherein he is mentioned. The Oxford editor has also well conjectured that "Abraham Cupid" in Romeo and Juliet, *A. 2. sc. 1.* should be "ADAM Cupid," in allusion to our archer. Ben Jonson has mentioned CLYM O' THE CLOUGH in his Alchemist, *Act 1. sc. 2.* And Sir William Davenant, in a mock poem of his, called "The long vacation in London," describes the Attorneys and Proctors, as making matches to meet in Finsbury fields.

"With loynes in canvas bow-case tyde † :  
 "Where arrowes stick with mickle pride; . . . .  
 "Like ghosts of ADAM BELL and CLYMMEE.  
 "Sol sets for fear they'l shoot at him."

Works, p. 291. fol. 1673.

I have only to add further concerning the principal Hero of this Ballad, that the BELLS were noted rogues in the North so late as the time of Q. Elizabeth. See in Rymer's *Fædera*, a letter from lord William Howard to some of the officers of state, wherein he mentions them.

As for the following stanzas, they will be judged from the style, orthography, and numbers, to be very ancient: they are given from an old black-letter quarto, Imprinted at London in Lothburge by Wyllpam Copland (no date):

corrected

\* Bottles formerly were of leather; though perhaps a wooden bottle might be here meant. It is still a diversion in Scotland to hang up a cat in a small cask or firkin, half filled with soot: and then a parcel of clowns on horseback try to beat out the ends of it, in order to shew their dexterity in escaping before the contents fall upon them.

† i. e. Each with a canvas bow-case tied round his loins.

corrected in some places by another copy in the editor's folio MS. In that volume this ballad is followed by another, intitled YOUNGE CLOUDESLEE, being a continuation of the present story, and reciting the adventures of William of Cloudefly's son: but greatly inferior to this both in merit and antiquity.

## PART THE FIRST.

M E R Y it was in grene forêt  
Amonge the levès grene,  
Wherás men hunt east and west  
Wyth bowes and arrowes kene;

To ryse the dere out of theyr denne ;  
Suche fightes hath ofte bene sene ;  
As by thre yemen of the north countrèy,  
By them it is I meane.

The one of them hight Adam Bel,  
The other Clym of the Clough \*,  
The thyrd was William of Cloudefly,  
An archer good ynough.

They were outlawed for venyson,  
These yemen everychone ;  
They swore them brethren upon a day,  
To Englyshe wood for to gone.

VOL. I.

L

Now

\* Clym of the Clough, means Clem. [Clement] of the Valley: for so Clough signifies, in the North.

Now lith and lysten, gentylmen,  
 That of myrthe loveth to here :  
 Two of them were singele men,  
 The third had a wedded fere.

26

Wylliam was the wedded man,  
 Muche more than was hys care :  
 He sayde to hys brethren upon a day,  
 To Carleil he wold fare ;

For to speke with fayre Alyce his wife,  
 And with hys chyldren thre.  
 By my trouth, sayde Adam Bel,  
 Not by the counsell of me :

25

For if ye go to Carleil, brother,  
 And from thys wylde wode wende,  
 If the justice may you take,  
 Your lyfe were at an ende.

30

If that I come not to-morowe, brother,  
 By pryme to you agayne,  
 Truste not els, but that I am take,  
 Or else that I am slayne.

35

He toke his leave of hys brethren two,  
 And to Carleil he is gon :  
 There he knocked at his owne windowe  
 Shortlye and anone.

40

Wher

Wher be you, fayre Alyce my wyfe,  
 And my chyldren thre ?  
 Lyghtly let in thyne owne husbānde,  
 Wylyam of Cloudeslē.

Alas ! then sayde fayre Alyce, 45  
 And syghed wonderous sore,  
 Thys place hath ben besette for you  
 Thys halfe yere and more.

Now am I here, sayde Cloudeslē,  
 I wold that in I were : 50  
 Now fetche us meate and drynke ynoughe,  
 And let us make good chere.

She fetched hym meate and drynke plentyè,  
 Lyke a true wedded wyfe ;  
 And pleased hym with that she had, 55  
 Whome she loved as her lyfe.

There lay an old wyfe in that place,  
 A lytle besyde the fyre,  
 Whych Wylyam had found of charytyè  
 More than seven yere. 60

Up she rose, and forth she goes,  
 Evel mote she spedeth therefoore ;  
 For she had not set no fote on ground  
 In seuen yere before.

She went unto the justice hall,  
As fast as she could hye :  
Thys night is come unto thys town  
Wyllyam of Cloudeflyè.

Thereof the justice was full fayne,  
And so was the shirife also :  
Thou shalt not trauaill hither, dame, for nougħt,  
Thy meed thou shalt have or thou go.

They gave to her a ryght good gounē  
Of scarlate, and of graine :  
She toke the gyft, and home she wente,  
And couched her dounē agayne.

They ryfed the towne of mery Carleile  
In all the haste they can ;  
And came thronging to Wyllyames house,  
As fast as they might gone.

There they besette that good yemān  
About on every syde :  
Wyllyam hearde great noyse of folkes,  
That theyther-ward they hyed.

Alyce opened a back wyndow,  
And loked all aboute,  
She was ware of the justice and shirife bothe,  
Wyth a full great route.

Alas !

Ver. 85. shop window. PC.

Alas ! treason, cryed Alyce,  
Ever wo may thou be ! 90

Goe into my chamber, husband, she sayd,  
Swete Wylyam of Cloudeslē.

He toke hys fward and hys bucler,  
Hys bow and hys chyldren thre,  
And wente into hys stongest chamber, 95  
Where he thought surest to be.

Fayre Alyce, like a lover true,  
Took a pollaxe in her hande :  
He shal be deade that here commeth in  
Thys dore, whyle I may stand. 100

Cloudeslē bente a wel-good bowe,  
That was of trusty tre,  
He smot the justise on the brest,  
That hys arowe brest in three.

A curse on his harte, saide William, 105  
Thys day thy cote dyd on !  
If it had ben no better then myne,  
It had gone nere thy bone.

Yeld the Cloudeslē, sayd the justise,  
Thy bowe and thy arrowes the fro. 110  
A curse on hys hart, sayd fair Alyce,  
That my husband councelleth so.

Set fyre on the house, saide the sherife,  
 Syth it wyll no better be,  
 And brenne we therin William, he saide,  
 Hys wyfe and chyldren thre. 115

They fyred the house in many a place,  
 The fyre flew up on hye :  
 Alas ! then cryed fayre Alice,  
 I se we here shall dy. 120

William openyd a backe wyndow,  
 That was in hys chamber hie,  
 And wylt shetes let downe his wyfe,  
 And eke hys chyldren thre.

Have here my treasure, sayde William,  
 My wyfe and my chyldren thre :  
 For Christes love do them no harme,  
 But wreke you all on me. 125

Wyllyam shot so wonderous well,  
 Tyll hys arrowes were all agoe,  
 And the fyre so fast upon hym fell,  
 That hys bowstryng brent in two. 130

The sparkles brent and fell upon  
 Good Wyllyam of Cloudesle :  
 Than was he a wofull man, and sayde,  
 Thys is a cowardes death to me. 135

Lever had I, sayde Wyllyam,  
 With my sworde in the route to renne,  
 Then here among myne enemyes wode  
 Thus cruelly to bren.

140

He toke hys fweard and hys buckler,  
 And among them all he ran,  
 Where the people were most in prece,  
 He smot downe many a man.

There myght no man abyde hys stroke, 145  
 So fersly on them he ran :  
 Then they threw wyndowes, and dores on him,  
 And so toke that good yemân.

There they hym bounde both hand and fote,  
 And in depe donegon cast : 150  
 Now Cloudesle, sayd the hye justice,  
 Thou shalt be hanged in haſt.

A payre of new gallowes, sayd the ſherife,  
 Now ſhal I for the make ;  
 And the gates of Carleil ſhal be shutte : 155  
 No man ſhal come in therat.

Then shall not helpe Clym of the Clouge,  
 Nor yet ſhal Adam Bell,  
 Though they came with a thouſand mo,  
 Nor all the deuels in hell. 160

Early in the mornynge the justice uprose,  
 To the gates first gan he gon,  
 And commaundeth to be shut full close  
 Lightilè everychone.

Then went he to the markett place, 165  
 As fast as he coulde hye ;  
 A payre of new gallous there he set up  
 Befyde the pyllorye.

A lytle boy amoneg them asked,  
 " What meaneth that gallow-tre ?" 170  
 They sayde to hange a good yeamàn,  
 Called Wyllyam of Cloudeflè.

That lytle boye was the towne swyne-heard,  
 And kept fayre Alyces swyne ;  
 Oft he had seene Cloudeflè in the wodde, 175  
 And geuend hym there to dyne.

He went out att a crevis in the wall,  
 And lightly to the woode dyd gone ;  
 There met he with these wightye yemen  
 Shortly and anone. 180

Alas ! then sayde that lytle boye,  
 Ye tary here all to longe ;  
 Cloudeflè is taken, and dampned to death,  
 All readye for to honge.

Ver. 179. yonge men. PC.

Alas ! then sayd good Adam Bell,

185

That ever we fee thys daye !

He had better with us have taryed,

So ofte as we dyd hym praye.

He myght have dwellyd in grene forèle,

Under the shadowes grene,

192

And have kepte both hym and us in reste,

Out of trouble and teene,

Adam bent a ryght good bow,

A great hart sone had he slayne :

Take that, chylde, he sayde, to thy dynner,

195

And bryng me myne arrowe agayne.

Now go we hence, fayed these wightye yeomen,

Tary we no lenger here ;

We shall hym bōrowe by God his grace,

Though we bye it full dere.

200

To Caerleil wente these good yemen,

In a mery mornyng of maye.

Here is a FYT + of Cloudeilie,

And another is for to saye.

## PART

Ver. 190. shadowes sheene, PC. Ver. 197. wight yong men. PC.

+ See *Gloss*.

## P A R T T H E S E C O N D.

**A**ND when they came to mery Carleil,  
All in the mornynge tyde,  
They founde the gates shut them untyll  
About on every syde.

Alas ! then sayd good Adam Bell, 5  
That ever wè were made men !  
These gates be shut so wonderous wel,  
We may not come here in.

Then bespake 'him' Clym of the Clough,  
Wyth a wyle we wyl us in bryng ; 10  
Let us saye we be messengers,  
Streyght come nowe from our king.

Adam said, I have a letter written,  
Now let us wysely werke,  
We wyl saye we have the kynges seales ; 15  
I holde the porter no clerke.

Then Adam Bell bete on the gate  
With strokes great and strong :  
The porter herde suche noyse therat,  
And to the gate he throng. 20

Who is there nowe, sayde the porter,  
That maketh all thys dinne ?

We

We be tow messengers, sayde Clim of the Clough,  
Be come ryght from our kyng.

We have a letter, sayde Adam Bel, 25  
To the justice we must it bryng ;  
Let us in our message to do,  
That we were agayne to the kyng.

Here commeth none in, sayd the porter,  
Be hym that dyed on a tre, 30  
Tyll a false thefe he hanged up,  
Called Wylyam of Cloudeslē.

Then spake the good yeman Clym of the Clough,  
And swore by Mary fre,  
And if that we stande long wythout, 35  
Lyk a thefe honge thou shalt be.

Lo ! here we have the kyngēs seale :  
What, Lurden, art thou wode ?  
The porter went + it had ben so,  
And lyghtly dyd off hys hode. 40

Welcome be my lordes seale, he saide ;  
For that ye shall come in.  
He opened the gate full shortlye ;  
An euyl openyng for him.

Now

Ver. 38. Lordeyne. PC. + i. e. weened.—Calais, or  
Rouen was taken from the English by showing the governor, who could  
not read, a letter with the king's seal, which was all he looked at.

Now are we in, sayde Adam Bell,  
Theroft we are full faine ;  
But Christ he knowes, that harowed hell,  
How we shall com out agayne,

45

Had we the keys, said Clim of the Clough,  
Ryght wel then shoulde we spedē,  
Then might we come out wel ynough  
When we se tyme and nede,

50

They called the porter to counsell,  
And wrange hys necke in two,  
And cast hym in a depe dongeon,  
And toke hys keys hym fro,

55

Now am I porter, sayd Adam Bel,  
Se brother the keys are here,  
The worst porter to merry Carleile  
The have had thys hundred yere,

60

And now wyll we our bowes bend,  
Into the towne wyll we go,  
For to delyuer our dere brothēr,  
That lyeth in care and wo.

Then they bent theyr good ewe bowes,  
And loked theyr stringes were round \* ,

65

The

\* So Ajebam in his *Toxophilus* gives a precept ; “ The Stringe must be rounde : ” (p. 149. Ed. 1761.) otherwise, we may conclude from mechanical principles, the Arrow will not fly true.

The markett place in mery Carleile  
They beset that stound.

And, as they loked them besyde,  
A paire of new galowes thei see, 70  
And the justice with a quest of squyers,  
Had judged theyr fere to de.

And Cloudeslē hymselfe lay in a carte,  
Fast bound both fote and hand ;  
And a stronge rop about hys necke, 75  
All readye for to hange.

The justice called to him a ladde,  
Cloudeslēs clothes should he have,  
To take the measure of that yemān,  
Therafter to make hys grave. 80

I have sene as great mervaile, said Cloudesle,  
As betweyne thys and pryme,  
He that maketh thys grave for me  
Hymselfe may lye therin.

Thou speakest proudli, said the justice, 85  
I shall the hange with my hande.  
Full wel herd this his brethren two,  
There styll as they dyd stande.

Then Cloudeslē cast his eyen asyde,  
And saw hys brethren twaine 90  
At

At a corner of the market place,  
Redy the justice for to slaine.

I se comfort, sayd Cloudeslē,  
Yet hope I well to fare,  
If I might have my handes at wyll  
Ryght lytle wolde I care. 95

Then bespake good Adam Bell  
To Clym of the Clough so free,  
Brother, se ye marke the justyce wel ;  
Lo ! yonder ye may him se : 100

And at the shyrife shote I wyll  
Strongly wytth arrowe kene ;  
A better shote in mery Carleile  
Thys seven yere was not sene.

They loosed their arrowes both at once,  
Of no man had the dread ;  
The one hyt the justice, the other the sheryfe,  
That both theyr sides gan blede. 105

All men voyded, that them stode nyne,  
When the justice fell to the grounde,  
And the sheryfe fell hym by ;  
Eyther had his deathes wounde. 110

All

All the citezens fast gan flye,  
They durst no lenger abyde :  
There lyghtly they loosed Cloudesle, 115  
Where he with ropes lay tyde.

Wyllyam sterte to an officer of the towne,  
Hys axe fro hys hand he wronge,  
On eche syde he smote them downe,  
Hym thought he taryed to long. 120

Wyllyam sayde to hys brethren two,  
Thys daye let us lyve and de,  
If ever you have nede, as I have now,  
The same shall you finde by me.

They shot so well in that tyde, 125  
Theyr stringes were of silke ful sure,  
That they kept the stretes on every fide ;  
That batayle did long endure.

The fought together as brethren tru,  
Lyke hardy men and bolde, 130  
Many a man to the ground they thrue,  
And many a herte made colde.

But when their arrowes were all gon,  
Men preced to them full fast,  
They drew theyr swordes then anone, 135  
And theyr bowes from them cast.

They wenten lyghtlye on theyr way,  
 Wyth swordes and bucklers round ;  
 By that it was myd of the day,  
 They made mani a wound.

140

There was many an out-horne\* in Carleil blowen,  
 And the belles bacwārd dyd ryng,  
 Many a woman sayde, Alas !  
 And many theyr handes dyd wryng.

The mayre of Carleile forth was com,  
 Wyth hym a ful great route :  
 These yemen dred hym full sore,  
 Of theyr lyves they stode in doute.

145

The mayre came armed a full great pace,  
 With a pollaxe in hys hande ;  
 Many a strong man wyth him was,  
 There in that stowre to stande.

150

The mayre smot at Cloudeslē with his bil,  
 Hys bucler he braft in two,  
 Foll many a yeman with great evyll,  
 Alas ! they cryed for wo.  
 Kepe we the gates fast, they bad,  
 That these traytours therout not go.

But

\* Outhorne, is an old term signifying the calling forth of subjects to arms by the sound of a horn. See Cole's Lat. Diet. Bailey, &c.

But al for nought was that the wrought,  
 For so fast they downe were layde, 160  
 Tyll they all thre, that so manfulli fought,  
 Were gotten without, abraide.

Have here your keys, sayd Adam Bel,  
 Myne office I here forsake,  
 And yf you do by my counsell 165  
 A new porter do ye make.

He threw theyr keys at theyr heads,  
 And bad them well to thryve \*,  
 And all that letteth any good yeman  
 To come and comfort his wyfe. 170

Thus be these good yemen gon to the wod,  
 And lyghtly, as lese bn lynde;  
 The lough and be mery in theyr mode,  
 Theyr foes were ferr behynd.

And when they came to Englyshé wode, 175  
 Under the trusty tre,  
 There they found bowes full good,  
 And arrowes full great plentye.

So God me help, sayd Adam Bell,  
 And Clym of the Clough so fre, 180

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\* This is spoken ironically.  
 For, 175. merry green wood. P.C.

I would we were in mery Carleile,  
Before that fayre meynè.

They set them downe, and made good chere,  
And eate and dranke full well.

A second fyf of the wightye yeomen, 185  
Another I wyll you tell.

## PART THE THIRD.

**A**S they sat in Englyshe wood,  
Under the green-wode tre,  
They thought they herd a woman wepe,  
But her they mought not se.

Sore then syghed the fayre Alyce : 5  
That ever I sawe thys day !  
For nowe is my dere husband slayne :  
Alas ! and wel-a-way !

Myght I have spoke wyth hys dere brethren,  
Or with eyther of them twayne, 10  
To shew to them what him befell,  
My hart were out of Payne.

Cloudeflè walked a lytle beside,  
Lookt under the grene wood linde,  
He was ware of his wife, and chyldren three, 15  
Full wo in harte and mynde.

Welcome, wyfe, then sayde Wylyam,  
Under this trusti tre: 20  
I wende yesterday, by swete saynt John,  
Thou shulde me never have se.

“ Now well is me that ye be here,  
My harte is out of wo.”  
Dame, he sayde, be mery and glad,  
And thanke my brethren two.

Herof to speake, said Adam Bell, 25  
I-wis it is no bote:  
The meate, that we must supp withall,  
It runneth yet fast on fote.

Then went they downe into a launde,  
These noble archares thre; 30  
Eche of them slew a hart of greece,  
The best that they cold se.

Have here the best, Alyce, my wyfe,  
Sayde Wylyam of Cloudeflye;  
By cause ye so bouldly stode by me 35  
When I was slayne full nye.

Then went they to supp're  
Wyth suche meate as they had;  
And thanked God of ther fortune:  
They were both mery and glad. 40  
M 2 And

And when they had supped well,

Certayne wythouten lease,

Cloudeflē fayd, We wyll to our kyng,

To get us a charter of peace.

Alyce shal be at our sojournyng

In a nunnery here besyde;

My tow sonnes shall wyth her go,

And there they shall abyde.

45

Myne eldest son shall go wyth me;

For hym have 'you' no care:

And he shall breng you worde agayn,

How that we do fare.

50

Thus be these yemen to London gone,

As fast as they myght he \*,

Tyll they came to the kynge's pallace,

55

Where they woulde nedes be.

And whan they came to the kyngēs courte,

Unto the pallace gate,

Of no man wold they aske no leave,

But boldly went in therat.

60

They preced prestly into the hall,

Of no man had they dreade :

The porter came after, and dyd them call,

And with them gan to chyde.

The

The usher sayde, Yemen, what would ye have? 65

I pray you tell to me:

You myght thus make offykers shent:

Good syrs, of whence be ye?

Syr, we be out-lawes of the forest

Certayne withouten lease;

And hether we be come to our kyng,

To get us a charter of peace.

70

And whan they came before the kyng.

As it was the lawe of the lande,

The kneled downe without letting,

And eche held up his hand.

75

The sayed, Lord, we beseeche the here,

That ye wyll graunt us grace;

For we have slayne your fat falow dere

In many a sondry place.

80

What be your nams, then said our king,

Anone that you tell me?

They sayd, Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough,

And Wyllyam of Cloudeflè.

Be ye those theves, then sayd our kyng,

That men have tolde of to me?

Here to God I make an avowe,

Ye shal be hanged all thre.

85

Ye shal be dead withoute mercy,  
As I am kynge of this lande. 90

He commandeth his officers every one,  
Fast on them to lay hande.

There they toke these good yemen,  
And arested them all thre :  
So may I thryve, sayd Adam Bell, 95  
Thys game lyketh not me.

But, good lorde, we beseeche you now,  
That yee graunt us grace,  
Insomuche as frelè to you we comen,  
As frelè fro you to passe, 100

With such weapons, as we have here,  
Tyll we be out of your place ;  
And yf we lyve this hundredth yere,  
We wyll aske you no grace.

Ye speake proudly, sayd the kynge ; 105  
Ye shall be hanged all thre.  
That were great pitye, then sayd the quene,  
If any grace myght be.

My lorde, whan I came fyrst into this lande  
To be your wedded wyfe, 110  
The fyrst boone that I wold aske,  
Ye would graunt it me belyfe :

And

And I never asked none tyll now ;

Then, good lorde, graunt it me.

Now aske it, madam, sayd the kynge, 115  
And graunted it shall be.

Then, good my lord, I you beseeche,

These yemen graunt ye me.

Madame, ye myght have asked a boone,  
That shuld have been worth them all three. 120

Ye myght have asked towres, and townes,  
Parkes and forestes plentè.

But none soe pleasant to my pay, shee sayd ;  
Nor none so lefe to me.

Madame, sith it is your desyre, 125  
Your askyng graunted shal be ;  
But I had never have geven you  
Good market townes thre.

The quene was a glad woman,  
And sayde, Lord, gramarcyè : 130  
I dare undertake for them,  
That true men they shal be.

But good my lord, speke som mery word,  
That comfort they may fe.  
I graunt you grace, then sayd our king, 135  
Washe, felos, and to meate go ye.

They had not setten but a whyle  
 Certayne without lesynge,  
 There came messengers out of the north  
 With letters to our kyng.

149

And whan the came before the kynge,  
 They knelt downe on theyr kne ;  
 Sayd, Lord, your officers grete you well,  
 Of Carleile in the north cuntrè.

How fareth my justice, sayd the kyng,  
 And my sherie also ?  
 Syr, they be slayne without leasynge,  
 And many an officer mo.

Who hath them slayne, sayd the kyng ;  
 Anone thou tell to me ?  
 " Adam Bell, and Clime of the Clough,  
 And Wyllyam of Cloudeslè."

Alas for rewth ! then sayd our kynge :  
 My hart is wonderous sore ;  
 I had lever than a thoufande pounde,  
 I had knowne of thys before ;

155

For I have graunted them grace,  
 And that forthynketh me :  
 But had I knowne all thys before,  
 They had been hanged all thre.

160  
The

The kyng hee opened the letter anone,  
 Himselfe he red it tho,  
 And founde how these outlawes had slain  
 Thre hundred men and mo :

Fyrst the justice, and the sheryfe, 165  
 And the mayre of Carleile towne ;  
 Of all the constables and catchipolles  
 Alyve were scant left one :

The baylyes, and the bedyls both,  
 And the sergeaunte of the law, 170  
 And forty fosters of the fe,  
 These outlawes had yslaw :

And broke his parks, and slayne his dere ;  
 Of all they chose the best ;  
 So perelous out-lawes, as they were, 175  
 Walked not by easte nor west.

When the kynge this letter had red,  
 In harte he syghed sore :  
 Take up the tables anone he bad,  
 For I may eat no more. 180

The kyng called hys best archars  
 To the buttes wyth hym to go :  
 I wyll se these felowes shote, he sayd,  
 In the north have wrought this wo.

The kynges bowmen busket them blyve, 185  
 And the quenes archers also ;  
 So dyd these thre wyghtye yemen ;  
 With them they thought to go.

There twyse, or thryse they shote about  
 For to assay theyr hande ; 190  
 There was no shote these yemen shot,  
 That any prycke + myght stand.

Then spake Wyllyam of Cloudeslè ;  
 By him that for me dyed,  
 I hold hym never no good archar, 195  
 That shoteth at buttes so wyde.

“ At what a butte now wold ye shote,  
 I pray thee tell to me ? ”  
 At suche a but, syr, he sayd,  
 As men use in my countrè. 200

Wyllyam wente into a fyeld,  
 With his two brethèrene :  
 There they set up two hafell roddes  
 Full twenty score betwene.

I hold him an archar, said Cloudeslè,  
 That yonder wande cleveth in two. 205

Here

Ver. 185. blythe. MS. + i. e. mark. Ver. 202, 203, 212, to.  
 PC. Ver. 204. Twenty score paces. PC. i. e. 400 yards.

Here is none such, sayd the kyng,  
Nor none that can so do.

I shall assaye, syr, sayd Cloudeflē,  
Or that I farther go. 210

Cloudeflē with a bearyng arowe  
Clave the wand in two.

Thou art the best archer, then said the king,  
For sothe that ever I se.

And yet for your love, sayd Wyllyam, 215  
I wyll do more maystery.

I have a sonne is seven yere olde,  
He is to me full deare ;  
I wyll hym tye to a stake ;  
All shall se, that be here ; 220

And lay an apple upon hys head,  
And go syxe score hym fro,  
And I my selfe with a brode arōw  
Shall cleve the apple in two.

Now haste the, then sayd the kyng, 225  
By hym that dyed on a tre,  
But yf thou do not, as thou hast sayde,  
Hanged shalt thou be.

And

And thou touche his head or gowne,  
In syght that men may se, 230  
By all the sayntes that be in heaven,  
I shall hange you all thre.

That I have promised, said William,  
That wyll I never forsake.  
And there even before the kynge 235  
In the earth he drove a stake:

And bound therto his eldest sonne,  
And bad hym stand styll thereat;  
And turned the childe face him fro,  
Because he should not sterte. 240

An apple upon his head he set,  
And then his bowe he bent:  
Syx score paces they were out mete,  
And thether Cloudeslē went.

There he drew out a fayr brode arrowe, 245  
Hys bowe was great and longe,  
He set that arrowe in his bowe,  
That was both styffe and stronge.

He prayed the people, that wer there,  
That they 'all' still wold stand, 250  
For he that shoteth for such a wager,  
Behoveth a stedfast hand.

Ver. 252. steedye, MS.

Muche

Muche people prayed for Cloudeflè,  
 That his lyfe saved myght be,  
 And whan he made hym redy to shote, 255  
 There was many weeping ee.

But Cloudeflè clefste the apple in twaine,  
 His sonne he did not nee.  
 Over Gods forbode, sayde the kinge,  
 That thou shold shote at me. 260

I geve thee eightene pence a day,  
 And my bowe shalt thou bere,  
 And over all the north countrè  
 I make the chyse rydèr. 265

And I thyrtene pence a day, said the quene, 265  
 By God, and by my fay ;  
 Come feche thy payment when thou wylt,  
 No man shall say the nay.

Wyllyam, I make the a gentleman  
 Of clothynge, and of fe : 270  
 And thy two brethren, yemen of my chambre,  
 For they are so semely to se.

Your sonne, for he is tendre of age,  
 Of my wyne seller he shall be ;  
 And when he commeth to mans estate, 275  
 Shal better avaunced be.

And,

And, Wylym, bring to me your wife,  
 Me longeth her sore to se :  
 She shall be my chefe gentlewoman,  
 To governe my nurserye.

280

The yemen thanketh them curteously.  
 To some byshop wyl we wend,  
 Of all the synnes, that we have done,  
 To be affoyld at his hand.

So forth be gone these good yemen,  
 As fast as they might he \* ;  
 And after came and dwelled with the kynge,  
 And dyed good men all thre.

285

Thus endeth the lives of these good yemen ;  
 God send them eternall blysse.  
 And all, that with a hand-bowe shoteth,  
 That of heven they never mysse. Amen.

290

\* *he, i. e. bie, basten.* See the Glossary.

## II.

## THE AGED LOVER RENOUNCETH LOVE.

The Grave-digger's song in HAMLET, A. 5. is taken from three stanzas of the following poem, though greatly altered and disguised, as the same were corrupted by the ballad-singers of Shakespeare's time; or perhaps so designed by the poet himself, the better to paint the character of an illiterate clown. The original is preserved among Surrey's Poems, and is attributed to Lord VAUX, by George Gascoigne, who tells us, it "was thought by some to be made upon his death-bed;" a popular error which he laughs at. (See his Epist. to Yong Gent. prefixed to his Posies 1575. 4to.) It is also ascribed to Lord Vaux in a manuscript copy preserved in the British Museum\*. This Lord was remarkable for his skill in drawing feigned manners, &c. for so I understand an ancient writer. "The Lord Vaux his commendation lyeth chiefly in the facilitie of his meetre, and the aptnesse of his descriptions such as he taketh upon him to make, namely in sundry of his Songs, wherein he sheweth the COUNTERFAIT ACTION very lively and pleasantly." Arte of Eng. Poesie, 1589. p. 51. See another Song by this Poet in vol. 2. No. VIII.

I Lothe that I did love,  
In youth that I thought swete,

A3

\* Harl. MSS. num. 1703. § 25. The readings gathered from that copy are distinguished here by inverted commas. The text is printed from the "Songs, &c. of the Earl of Surrey and others. 1557. 4to."

As time requires: for my behove  
 Methinkes they are not mete.

My lustes they do me leave, 5  
 My fansies all are fled;  
 And tract of time begins to weave  
 Gray heares upon my hed.

For Age with stealing steps,  
 Hath clawde me with his crowch, 10  
 And lusty ' Youthe' awaye he leapes,  
 As there had bene none such.

My muse doth not delight  
 Me, as she did before:  
 My hand and pen are not in plight, 15  
 As they have bene of yore.

For Reason me denies,  
 ' All' youthly idle rime;  
 And day by day to me she cries,  
 Leave off these toyes in tyme. 20

The wrinkles in my brow,  
 The furrowes in my face  
 Say, Limping age will 'lodge' him now,  
 Where youth must geve him place.

The

Ver. 6. be. PC. [printed copy in 1557.] V. 11. Life away she. PC  
 V. 18. This. PC. V. 23. So Ed. 1583. 'tis hedge in Ed. 1557. hath  
 caught him. MS.

The harbenger of death, 25  
 To me I se him ride,

The cough, the cold, the gasping breath,  
 Doth bid me to provide

A pikeax and a spade,  
 And eke a shrowding shete, 30  
 A house of clay for to be made  
 For such a guest most mete.

Me thinkes I heare the clarke,  
 That knoles the carefull knell,  
 And bids me leave my 'wearye' warke, 35  
 Ere nature me compell.

My kepers \* knit the knot,  
 That youth doth laugh to scorne,  
 Of me that 'shall bee cleane' forgot,  
 As I had 'ne'er' been borne. 40

Thus must I youth geve up,  
 Whose badge I long did weare :  
 To them I yelde the wanton cup,  
 That better may it beare.

Lo here the bared skull ; 45  
 By whose balde signe I know,

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\* Alluding perhaps to *Eccles. xii. 3.*

That stouping age away shall pull  
 ' What' youthful yeres did sow.

For Beautie with her band,  
 These crooked cares had wrought, 50  
 And shipp'd me into the lande,  
 From whence I first was brought.

And ye that bide behinde,  
 Have ye none other trust :  
 As ye of claye were cast by kinde, 55  
 So shall ye ' turne' to dust.

V. 48. Which. PC. That. MS. What is conj. V. 56. waft. PC.

### III.

## JEPHTHAH JUDGE OF ISRAEL.

In Shakespeare's HAMLET, A. II. sc. 7. the Hero of the Play takes occasion to banter Polonius with some scraps of an old Ballad, which has never appeared yet in any collection: for which reason, as it is but short, it will not perhaps be unacceptable to the Reader; who will also be diverted with the pleasant absurdities of the composition. It was retrieved from utter oblivion by a lady, who wrote it down from memory as she had formerly heard it sung by her father. I am indebted for it to the friendship of Mr. STEEVENS.

The

The Banter of Hamlet is as follows :

“ HAMLET. “ O Jephtha, Judge of Israel,” what  
“ a treasure hadst thou ?  
“ POLONIUS. What a treasure had he, my Lord ?  
“ HAM. Why, “ One faire daughter, and no more,  
“ The which he loved passing well.”  
“ POL. Still on, my daughter.  
“ HAM. Am not I i’tb’ right, old Jephtha ?  
“ POLON. If you call me Jephtha, my Lord ; I have  
“ a daughter, that I love passing well.  
“ HAM. Nay, that follows not.  
“ POLON. What follows then, my Lord ?  
“ HAM. Why, “ As by lot, God wot :” and then  
“ you know, “ It came to passe, As most like it was.”  
“ The first row of the plous chanfon will shew you more.”

Steevens’s Edit. Vol. X. p. 221.

H AVE you not heard these many years ago,  
Jephtha was judge of Israel ?

He had one only daughter and no mo,

The which he loved passing well :

And, as by lott,

God wot,

It so came to passe,

As Gods will was,

That great wars there should be,

And none should be chosen chief but he.

10

And when he was appointed judge,  
 And chieftain of the company,  
 A solemn vow to God he made ;  
 If he returnd with victory,  
 At his return  
 To burn  
 The first live thing,

\* \* \* \* \*

That should meet with him then,  
 Off his house, when he shoud return agen.

It came to pass, the wars was oer,  
 And he returnd with victory ;  
 His dear and only daughter first of all  
 Came to meet her father foremostly :

And all the way  
 She did play  
 On tabret and pipe,  
 Full many a stripe,  
 With note so high,  
 For joy that her father is come so nigh.

But when he saw his daughter dear  
 Coming on most foremostly,  
 He wrung his hands, and tore his hair,  
 And cryed out most pitifully ;  
 Oh ! it's thou, said he,  
 That have brought me  
 Low,

15

20

25

30

35

And

And troubled me so,  
That I know not what to do.

For I have made a vow, he said,  
The which must be replenished :

"What thou hast spoke

**Do not revoke:**

What thou hast said;

Be not afraid;

Altho' it be I ;

Keep promises to God on high.

But, dear father, grant me one request,

That I may go to the wilderness,

Three months there with my friends to stay;

There to bewail my virginity;

And let there be,

Said she,

Some two or three

Young maids with me."

So he sent her away,

For to mourn, for to mourn, till her dying day.

## IV.

## A SONG TO THE LUTE IN MUSICKE.

Shakespear has made this sonnet the subject of some pleasant ridicule in his ROMEO AND JULIET, A. IV. Sc. 5. where he introduces Peter putting this Question to the Musicians.

" PETER. . . . why " Silver Sound" ? why " Musické  
 " with her silver sound?" what say you, Simon Catling ?  
 " 1. Mus. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet  
 " sound.  
 " PET. Pretty ! what say you, Hugh Rebecke ?  
 " 2. Mus. I say, silver sound, because Musicians sound  
 " for silver.  
 " PET. Pretty too ! what say you, James Sound-post.  
 " 3. Mus. Faith, I know not what to say.  
 " PET. . . . I will say for you : It is " Musické with  
 " her silver sound," because Musicians have no gold for  
 " sounding."

First folio Ed. p. 73.

This ridicule is not so much levelled at the song itself (which for the time it was written is not inelegant) as at those forced and unnatural explanations often given by us painful editors and expositors of ancient authors.

This copy is printed from an old quarto MS in the Cotton Library, [Vesp. A. 25.] entitled " Divers things of Hen. viij's time :" with some corrections from The Paradise of Dainty Devises, 1596,

WHERE

W HERE gripinge grefes the hart would wounde,  
 And dolefull dumps the mynde oppresse,  
 There musicke with her silver sound  
 With spede is wont to fende redresse :  
 Of trobled mynds, in every fore, 5  
 Swete musicke hathe a salve in store.

In joye yt maks our mirthe abounde,  
 In woe yt cheres our hevy sprites ;  
 Be-strawghted heads relyef hath founde,  
 By musickes pleasaunt swete delightes : 10  
 Our senses all, what shall I say more ?  
 Are subiecte unto musicks lore.

The Gods by musicke have theire prayse ;  
 The lyfe, the soul therein doth joye :  
 For, as the Romayne poet fayes, 15  
 In feas, whom pyrats would destroy,  
 A dolphin saved from death most sharpe  
 Arion playing on his harpe.

O heavenly gyft, that rules the mynd,  
 Even as the sterne dothe rule the shippe ! 20  
 O musicke, whom the gods affinde  
 To comforte manne, whom cares would nippe !  
 Since thow both man and beste doest move,  
 What beste ys he, wyll the disprove ?

## V.

## KING COPHETUA AND THE BEGGAR-MAID,

— is a story often alluded to by our old Dramatic Writers. Shakespeare in his *ROMEO AND JULIET*, A. II. Sc. 1. makes Mercutio say,

— “Her [Venus’s] purblind son and heir,  
“ Young Adam \* Cupid, he that shot so true,  
“ When King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid.”

As the 13th Line of the following ballad seems here particularly alluded to, it is not improbable but Shakespeare wrote it SHOT SO TRIM, which the players or printers, not perceiving the allusion, might alter to TRUE. The former, as being the more humorous expression, seems most likely to have come from the mouth of Mercutio †.

IN the 2d Part of HEN. IV. A. 5. Sc. 3. Falstaff is introduced affectedly saying to Pistol,

“ O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?  
“ Let king Cophetua know the truth thereof.”

These lines Dr. Warburton thinks were taken from an old bombast play of KING COPHETUA. No such play is, I believe, now to be found; but it does not therefore follow that

\* See above, preface to Song I. Book II. of this vol.

† Since this conjecture was first made, it has been discovered that SHOT SO TRIM was the genuine reading, see Steevens’s *Shakespeare*.

that it never existed. Many dramatic pieces are referred to by old writers †, which are not now extant, or even mentioned in any List. In the infancy of the stage, plays were often exhibited that were never printed.

It is probably in allusion to the same play that Ben Jonson says in his Comedy of *EVERY MAN in his humour*, A. 3. sc. 4.

“I have not the heart to devour thee, an’ I might be  
“made as RICH as King Cophetua.”

At least there is no mention of King Cophetua’s RICHES in the present ballad, which is the oldest I have met with on the subject.

It is printed from Rich. Johnson’s “Crown Garland of “Goulden Roses.” 1612. 12mo. (where it is intitled simply, A SONG OF A BEGGAR AND A KING:) corrected by another copy.

I Read that once in Affrica  
A princely wight did raine,  
Who had to name Cophetua,  
As poets they did faine :  
From natures lawes he did decline, 5  
For sure he was not of my mind,  
He cared not for women-kinde,  
But did them all disdaine.  
But, marke, what hapned on a day,  
As he out of his window lay, 10  
He saw a beggar all in gray,  
The which did cause his paine.

The

† See *Meres Wits Treas.* f. 283. *Arte of Eng. Poet.* 1589. p. 51, 111, 143, 169.

The blinded boy, that shoothes so trim,  
 From heaven downe did hie;  
 He drew a dart and shot at him,  
 In place where he did lye:  
 Which soone did pierce him to the quicke,  
 And when he felt the arrow pricke,  
 Which in his tender heart did sticke,  
 15 He looketh as he would dye.

What sudden chance is this, quoth he,  
 That I to love must subiect be,  
 Which never thereto would agree,  
 20 But still did it desie?

Then from the window he did come,  
 And laid him on his bed,  
 A thousand heapes of care did runne  
 Within his troubled head:

For now he meanes to crave her love,  
 And now he seekes which way to proove  
 How he his fancie might remoove,  
 25

And not this beggar wed.

But Cupid had him so in snare,  
 That this poor begger must prepare  
 A salve to cure him of his care,  
 30 Or els he would be dead.

And,

And, as he musing thus did lye,  
 He thought for to devise  
 How he might have her compayne,  
 That so did 'maze his eyes. 40

In thee, quoth he, doth rest my life ;  
 For surely thou shalt be my wife,  
 Or else this hand with bloody knife  
 The Gods shall sure suffice.

Then from his bed he soon arose, 45  
 And to his pallace gate he goes ;  
 Full little then this begger knowes  
 When she the king espies.

The gods preserve your majesty,  
 The beggers all gan cry : 50  
 Vouchsafe to give your charity  
 Our childrens food to buy.

The king to them his pursse did cast,  
 And they to part it made great haste ;  
 This silly woman was the last  
 That after them did hye. 55

The king he cal'd her back againe,  
 And unto her he gave his chaine ;  
 And said, With us you shal remaine  
 Till such time as we dye : 60

For thou, quoth he, shalt be my wife,  
 And honoured for my queene ;  
 With thee I meane to lead my life,  
 As shortly shall be seene :  
 Our wedding shall appointed be, 65  
 And every thing in its degree :  
 Come on, quoth he, and follow me,  
 Thou shalt go shist thee cleane.  
 What is thy name, faire maid ? quoth he.  
 Penelophon \*, O king, quoth she : 70  
 With that she made a lowe courtsey ;  
 A trim one as I weene.

Thus hand in hand along they walke  
 Unto the king's pallace :  
 The king with courteous comly talke 75  
 This begger doth imbrace :  
 The begger blushest scarlet red,  
 And straight againe as pale as lead,  
 But not a word at all she said,  
 She was in such amaze. 80  
 At last she spake with trembling voyce,  
 And said, O king, I doe rejoice  
 That you wil take me for your choyce,  
 And my degree's so base.

And

\* Shakespeare (who alludes to this ballad in his "Loves Labour lost," Act IV. Sc. 1.) gives the Beggar's name Zenelophon, according to all the old editions; but this seems to be a corruption; for Penelophon, in the

And when the wedding day was come, 85

The king commanded strait

The noblemen both all and some

Upon the queene to wait.

And she behavde herself that day,

As if she had never walkt the way ; 90

She had forgot her gowne of gray,

Which she did weare of late.

The proverbe old is come to passe,

The priest, when he begins his masse,

Forgets that ever clerke he was, 95

He knowth not his estate.

Here you may read, Cophetua,

Though long time fancie-fed,

Compelled by the blinded boy

The begger for to wed : 100

He that did lovers lookes disdaine,

To do the same was glad and faine,

Or else he would himselfe have slaine,

In storie, as we read.

Disdaine no whit, O lady deere,

But pitty now thy servant heere,

Least that it hap to thee this yeare,

As to that king it did.

100

105

And

the text, sounds more like the name of a Woman.—The story of the King and the Beggar is also alluded to in K. Ricb. II. Act V. Sc. 7.

V. 90. i. e. tramped the streets.

V. 105. Here the Poet ad-

dresses himself to his mistress.

And thus they led a quiet life

During their princely raine ;

And in a tombe were buried both,

As writers sheweth plaine.

The lords they tooke it grievously,

The ladies tooke it heavily,

The commons cryed pitiously,

Their death to them was paine.

Their fame did sound so passingly,

That it did pierce the starry sky,

And throughout all the world did flye

To every princes realme \*.

110

115

120

V. 112. Sheweth was anciently the plur. numb.

\* An ingenious friend thinks the two last stanzas should change place.

## VI.

## TAKE THY OLD CLOAK ABOUT THEE,

—is supposed to have been originally a Scottish Ballad. The reader here has an ancient copy in the English idiom, with an additional Stanza (the 2d.) never before printed. This curiosity is preserved in the Editor's folio MS. but not without corruptions, which are here removed by the assistance of the Scottish Edit. Shakespear in his OTHELLO, A. 2. has quoted one stanza, with some variations, which are here adopted: The old MS. readings are however given in the margin.

THIS

**T**HIS winters weather waxeth cold,  
And frost doth freeze on every hill,  
And Boreas blowes his blasts soe bold,  
That all our cattell are like to spill ;  
Bell my wife, who loves no strife,  
She sayd unto me quietlie,  
Rise up, and fave cow Crumbockes life,  
Man, put thine old cloake about thee.

## H E.

O Bell, why dost thou flyte ' and scorne' ?  
Thou kenst my cloak is very thin : 10  
It is so bare and overworne  
A cricke he thereon cannot renn :  
Then Ile noe longer borrowe nor lend,  
' For once Ile new appareld bee,  
To-morrow Ile to towne and spend,' 15  
For Ile have a new cloake about mee.

## S H E.

Cow Crumbocke is a very good cowe,  
Shee has been alwayes true to the payle,  
Still has helpt us to butter and cheese, I trow,  
And other things she will not fayle ; 20  
I wold be loth to see her pine,  
Good husband, councell take of mee,  
It is not for us to go soe fine,  
Then take thine old cloake about thee.

## H E.

My cloake it was a very good cloake, 25  
 Itt hath been alwayes true to the weare,  
 But now it is not worth a groat ;  
 I have had it four and forty yeare :  
 Sometime it was of cloth in graine,  
 'Tis now but a figh-clout as you may see, 30  
 It will neither hold out winde nor raine ;  
 Ill have a new cloake about mee.

## S H E.

It is four and fortye yeeres agoe  
 Since th' one of us the other did ken,  
 And we have had betwixt us towe 35  
 Of children either nine or ten ;  
 Wee have brought them up to women and men ;  
 In the feare of God I trow they bee ;  
 And why wilt thou thyself misken ?  
 Man, take thine old cloake about thee. 40

## H E.

O Bell my wife, why dost thou floute !  
 Now is nowe, and then was then :  
 Seeke now all the world throughout,  
 Thou kenst not clownes from gentlemen.  
 They are clad in blacke, greene, yellowe, or 'gray,' 45  
 Soe far above their owne degree :  
 Once in my life Ile ' doe as they,'  
 For Ile have a new cloake about mee.

## SHE.

King Stephen was a worthy peere,  
 His breeches cost him but a crowne, 50  
 He held them sixpence all too deere ;  
 Therefore he calld the taylor Lowne.  
 He was a wight of high renowne,  
 And thouse but of a low degree :  
 Itt's pride that puttts the countrye downe, 55  
 Then take thine old cloake about thee.

## HE.

‘ Bell my wife she loves not strife,  
 Yet she will lead me if she can ;  
 And oft, to live a quiet life,  
 I am forced to yield, though I me good-man ;’ 60  
 Itt's not for a man with a woman to threape,  
 Unlesse he first give oer the plea :  
 Where I began I now mun leave,  
 And take mine old cloake about mee.

VOL. I.

VII. WIL-

Ver. 49. King Harry. MS. Ver. 50. I trow his hose. MS. Ver.  
 51. 12 pence. MS. Ver. 52. clowne. MS.

## VII.

## WILLOW, WILLOW, WILLOW.

It is from the following stanzas that Shakespeare has taken his song of the WILLOW, in his OTHELLO, A. 4. s. 3. though somewhat varied and applied by him to a female character. He makes Desdemona introduce it in this pathetic and affecting manner,

“ My mother had a maid call’d Barbarie :  
 “ She was in love ; and he, she lov’d, forsook her,  
 “ And she prov’d mad. She had a Song of WILLOW.  
 “ An old thing ’twas, but it express’d her fortune ;  
 “ And she dyed singing it.”

This is given from a black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, thus intitled, “ A lovers complaint, being forsaken of his love. To a pleasant tune.”

**A** Poore soule sat fighing under a sicamore tree ;  
 O willow, willow, willow !  
 With his hand on his bosom, his head on his knee :  
 O willow, willow, willow !  
 O willow, willow, willow !  
 Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland.

He sigh'd in his singing, and after each grone,  
Come willow, &c.

I am dead to all pleasure, my true-love is gone;  
O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garländ.

10

My love she is turned; untrue she doth prove:  
O willow, &c.

She renders me nothing but hate for my love.  
O willow, &c.

15

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

O pitty me (cried he) ye lovers, each one;  
O willow, &c.

Her heart's hard as marble; she rues not my mone.  
O willow, &c.

20

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The cold streams ran by him, his eyes wept apace;  
O willow, &c.

The salt tears fell from him, which drowned his face.  
O willow, &c.

25

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The mute birds fate by him, made tame by his mones;  
O willow, &c.

The salt tears fell from him, which softned the stones.  
O willow, &c.

30

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garländ!

Let nobody blame me, her scornes I do prove;  
O willow, &c.

She was borne to be faire; I, to die for her love.  
O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland,

O that beauty should harbour a heart that's so hard!  
Sing willow, &c.

My true love rejecting without all regard,  
O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Let love no more boast him in palace, or bower;  
O willow, &c.

For women are trothles, and flote in an houre.  
O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

But what helps complaining? In vaine I complaine;  
O willow, &c.

I must patiently suffer her scorne and disdaine.  
O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Come, all you forfaken, and sit down by me,  
O willow, &c.

He that 'plaines of his false love, mine's falser than she,  
O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The

35

40

45

50

55

The willow wreath weare I, since my love did fleet;

O willow, &c.

A Garland for lovers forsaken most meete.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland!

66

PART THE SECOND.

LOWE lay'd by my sorrow, begot by disdaine;

O willow, willow, willow!

Against her too cruell, still fill I complaines;

O willow, willow, willow!

O willow, willow, willow!

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland!

5

O love too injurious, to wound my poore heart!

O willow, &c.

To suffer the triumph, and joy in my smart:

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

10

O willow, willow, willow! the willow garland;

O willow, &c.

A sign of her falsofesse before me doth stand!

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

15

As here it doth bid to despair and to dye,  
O willow, &c.

So hang it, friends, ore me in grave where I lye:  
O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garländ.

20

In grave where I rest mee, hang this to the view  
O willow, &c.

Of all that doe knowe her, to blaze her untrue.  
O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

25

With these words engraven, as epitaph meet,  
O willow, &c.

“Here lyes one, drank poysen for potion most sweet.”  
O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

30

Though she thus unkindly hath scorned my love,  
O willow, &c.

And carelesly smiles at the sorrowes I prove;  
O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

35

I cannot against her unkindly exclaim,  
O willow, &c.

Cause once well I loved her, and honoured her name:  
O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

40

The

The name of her sounded so sweete in mine eare,

O willow, &c.

It rays'd my heart lightly, the name of my deare;

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garländ.

45

As then 'twas my comfort, it now is my griefe;

O willow, &c.

It now brings me anguish, then brought me relief.

O willow, &c.

50

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Farewell, faire false hearted: plaints end with my breath!

O willow, willow, willow!

Thou dost loath me; I love thee, though cause of my  
death.

O willow, willow, willow!

55

O willow, willow, willow!

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garländ.

## VIII.

## SIR LANCELOT DU LAKE.

This ballad is quoted in Shakespeare's second Part of HENRY IV. A. 2. s. 4. The subject of it is taken from the ancient romance of K. Arthur (commonly called MORTE ARTHUR) being a poetical translation of Chap. cviii, cix, cx, in Pt. 1st, as they stand in Ed. 1634, 4to. In the older Editions the Chapters are differently numbered.—This song is given from a printed copy, corrected in part by the folio MS.

In the same play of 2 HEN. IV. SILENCE hums a scrap of one of the old ballads of Robin Hood. It is taken from the following stanza of ROBIN HOOD AND THE PINDAR OF WAKEFIELD.

All this beheard three wighty yeomes,  
Twas Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John :  
With that they espy'd the jolly Pindar  
As he sate under a thorne.

That ballad may be found on every stall, and therefore is not here reprinted.

WHEN Arthur first in court began,  
And was approved king,  
By force of armes great victoryes warne,  
And conquest home did bring.

Then into England straight he came  
With fifty good and able  
Knights, that resorted unto him,  
And were of his round table :

And

And he had justs and tournaments,

Wherto were many prest,

Wherein some knights did then excell

And far surmount the rest.

10

But one Sir Lancelot du Lake,

Who was approved well,

He for his deeds and feates of armes,

All others did excell.

15

When he had rested him a while,

In play, and game, and sportt,

He said he wold goe prove himselfe

In some adventrous sort.

20

He armed rode in forrest wide,

And met a damsell faire,

Who told him of adventures great,

Whereto he gave good eare.

Such wold I find, quoth Lancelott :

For that cause came I hither.

Thou seemst, quoth she, a knight full good,

And I will bring thee thither,

25

Wheras a mighty knight doth dwell,

That now is of great fame :

30

¶. 29. Where is often used by our old writers for wheras: Here it is just the contrary.

Therefore

Therefore tell me what wight thou art,  
And what may be thy name.

" My name is Lancelot du Lake."

Quoth she, it likes me than :  
Here dwelles a knight who never was  
Yet matcht with any man : 35

Who has in prison threescore knights  
And four, that he did wound ;  
Knights of king Arthurs court they be,  
And of his table round. 40

She brought him to a river side,  
And also to a tree,  
Whereon a copper bason hung,  
And many shields to see.

He struck soe hard, the bason broke ;  
And Tarquin soon he spye :  
Who drove a horse before him fast,  
Whereon a knight lay tyed. 45

Sir knight, then sayd Sir Lancelott,  
Bring me that horse-load hither,  
And lay him downe, and let him rest ;  
Weel try our force together : 50

For,

For, as I understand, thou hast,  
Soe far as thou art able,  
Done great despite and shame unto 55  
The knights of the Round Table.

If thou be of the Table Round,  
Quoth Tarquin speedilye,  
Both thee and all thy fellowship  
I utterly defye. 60

That's over much, quoth Lancelott ;  
Defend thee by and by.  
They sett their speares unto their steeds,  
And each att other fleye.

They coucht their speares, (their horses ran,  
As though there had been thunder) 65  
And strucke them each amidst their shields,  
Wherewith they broke in funder.

Their horses backes brake under them,  
The knights were both astound : 70  
To avoyd their horses they made haste  
And light upon the ground.

They tooke them to their shields full fast,  
Their swords they drew out than,  
With mighty strokes most eagerlye 75  
Eache at the other ran.

They

They wounded were, and bled full sore,  
 For breath they both did stand,  
 And leaning on their swordes awhile,  
 Quoth Tarquine, Hold thy hand;

80

And tell to me what I shall aske.  
 Say on; quoth Lancelot tho.  
 Thou art, quoth Tarquine, the best knight  
 That ever I did know;

And like a knight, that I did hate :  
 Soe that thou be not hee,  
 I will deliver all the rest;  
 And eke accord with thee.

85

That is well sayd, quoth Lancelott;  
 But sith it must be foe,  
 What knight is that thou hatest thus ?  
 I pray thee to me shew.

90

His name is Lancelot du Lake,  
 He slew my brother deere ;  
 Him I suspect of all the rest :  
 I would I had him here.

95

Thy wish thou hast, but yet unknowne,  
 I am Lancelot du Lake,  
 Now knight of Arthurs Table Round ;  
 King Hauks son of Schuwake ;

100

And.

And I desire thee do thy worst.

Ho, ho, quoth Tarquin tho,  
One of us two shall end our lives  
Before that we do go,

If thou be Lancelot du Lake,

105

Then welcome shalt thou bee :  
Wherfore see thou thyself defend,  
For now defye I thee,

They buckled then together so,

Like unto wild boares rushing,  
And with their swords and shields they ran  
At one another flashing :

110

The ground besprinkled was with blood :

Tarquin began to yield ;  
For he gave backe for weariness,  
And lowe did beare his shield,

115

This soone Sir Lancelot espyde,

He leapt upon him then,  
He pull'd him downe upon his knee,  
And rushing off his helm,

120

Forthwith he strucke his necke in two,

And, when he had soe done,  
From prison threescore knights and four  
Delivered everye one.

IX. CORVDON'S

## IX.

## CORYDON's FAREWELL TO PHILLIS,

— is an attempt to paint a lover's irresolution, but so poorly executed, that it would not have been admitted into this collection, if it had not been quoted in Shakespeare's *TWELFTH-NIGHT*, A. 2. sc. 3.—It is found in a little ancient miscellany intitled, “*The golden Garland of princely delights.*” 12mo. bl. let.

In the same scene of the *Twelfth Night*, SIR TOBY sings a scrap of an old ballad, which is preserved in the Pepys Collection [Vol. I. p. 33. 496.] but as it is not only a poor dull performance, but also very long, it will be sufficient here to give the first stanza :

## THE BALLAD OF CONSTANT SUSANNA.

There dwelt a man in Babylon  
 Of reputation great by fame ;  
 He took to wife a faire woman,  
 Susanna she was callde by name :  
 A woman fair and vertuous ;  
 Lady, lady :  
 Why should we not of her learn thus  
 To live godly ?

*If this song of CORYDON; &c. has not more merit, it is at least an evil of less magnitude.*

FAREWELL,

**F**AREWELL, dear love; since thou wilt needs begone,  
 Mine eyes do shew, my life is almost done.  
 Nay I will never die, so long as I can spie  
 There be many mo, though that she doe goe,  
 There be many mo, I fear not; 5  
 Why then let her goe, I care not.

Farewell, farewell; since this I find is true,  
 I will not spend more time in wooing you:  
 But I will seek elsewhere, if I may find love there:  
 Shall I bid her goe? what and if I doe? 10  
 Shall I bid her goe and spare not?  
 O no, no, no, I dare not.

Ten thousand times farewell;—yet stay a while:—  
 Sweet, kiss me once; sweet kisses time beguile:  
 I have no power to move. How now am I in love? 15  
 Wilt thou needs be gone? Go then, all is one.  
 Wilt thou needs be gone? Oh, hie thee!  
 Nay stay, and do no more deny me.

Once more adieu, I see loath to depart  
 Bids oft adieu to her, that holds my heart. 20  
 But seeing I must lose thy love, which I did choose,  
 Goe thy way for me, since that may not be.  
 Goe thy ways for me. But whither?  
 Goe, oh, but where I may come thither.

What shall I doe ? my love is now departed. 25  
 She is as fair, as she is cruel-hearted.  
 She would not be intreated, with prayers oft repeated.  
 If she come no more, shall I die therefore ?  
 If she come no more, what care I ?  
 Faith, let her goe, or come, or tarry. 30

## X.

## GERNUTUS THE JEW OF VENICE.

*In the "LIFE OF POPE SIXTUS V. translated from the Italian of Greg. LETI, by the Rev. Mr. Farneworth, folio," is a remarkable passage to the following effect :*

"IT was reported in Rome, that Drake had taken and  
 "plundered St. Domingo in Hispaniola, and carried off an  
 "immense booty. This account came in a private letter to  
 "Paul Secchi, a very considerable merchant in the city,  
 "who had large concerns in those parts, which he had in-  
 "sured. Upon receiving this news, he sent for the insurer  
 "Sampson Geneda, a Jew, and acquainted him with it.  
 "The Jew, whose interest it was to have such a report  
 "thought false, gave many reasons why it could not possibly  
 "be true, and at last worked himself into such a passion,  
 "that he said, I'll lay you a pound of my flesh it is a lye.  
 "Secchi, who was of a fiery hot temper, replied, I'll lay  
 "you a thousand crowns against a pound of your flesh that  
 "it is true. The Jew accepted the wager, and articles  
 "were immediately executed betwixt them, That if Secchi  
 "won, he should himself cut the flesh with a sharp knife  
 "from

“ from whatever part of the Jew’s body he pleased. The truth of the account was soon confirmed; and the Jew was almost distracted, when he was informed, that Secchi had solemnly sworn he would compel him to an exact performance of his contract. A report of this transaction was brought to the Pope, who sent for the parties, and being informed of the whole affair, said, When contracts are made, it is but just they should be fulfilled, as this shall: Take a knife therefore, Secchi, and cut a pound of flesh from any part you please of the Jew’s body. We advise you, however, to be very careful; for if you cut but a scruple more or less than your due, you shall certainly be hanged.”

The Editor of that book is of opinion, that the scene between Shylock and Antonio in the MERCHANT OF VENICE is taken from this incident: But Mr. Warton, in his ingenious “Observations on the Faerie Queen, vol. 1. page 128.” has referred it to the following ballad. Mr. Warton thinks this ballad was written before Shakespeare’s play, as being not so circumstantial, and having more of the nakedness of an original. Besides, it differs from the play in many circumstances, which a mere copyist, such as we may suppose the ballad-maker to be, would hardly have given himself the trouble to alter. Indeed he expressly informs us, that he had his story from the Italian writers. See the CONNOISSEUR, Vol. 1. No. 16.

After all, one would be glad to know what authority LETI had for the foregoing fact, or at least for connecting it with the taking of St. Domingo by Drake; for this expedition did not happen till 1585, and it is very certain that a play of the JEW, “representing the greediness of worldly chusers, and bloody minds of usurers,” had been exhibited at the play-house called THE BULL, before the year 1579, being mentioned in Steph. Goffon’s SCHOOLE OF ABUSE †, which was printed in that year.

† Warton, ubi supra.

As for Shakespeare's MERCHANT OF VENICE, the earliest edition known of it is in quarto 1600; though it had been exhibited before the year 1598, being mentioned together with eleven other of his plays in Meres's WITS TREASURY, Ec. 1598. 12mo. fol. 282.

The following is printed from an ancient black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection †, intitled, "A new Song, shewinge the cruetie of GERNUTUS, a JEWE, who lending to a merchant an hundred crowns, would have a pound of his fleshe, because he could not pay him at the time appointed. To the tune of Black and yellow."

## THE FIRST PART.

**I**N Venice towne not long agoe  
A cruet Jew did dwell,  
Which lived all on usurie,  
As Italian writers tell.

Gernutus called was the Jew,  
Which never thought to dye,  
Nor ever yet did any good  
To them in streets that lie.

His life was like a barrow hogge,  
That liveth many a day,  
Yet never once doth any good,  
Until men will him slay.

5

10

Or

† Compared with the Ashmole Copy.

Or like a filthy heap of dung,  
That lyeth in a whoard;  
Which never can do any good,  
Till it be spread abroad.

15

So fares it with the usurer,  
He cannot sleep in rest,  
For feare the thiefe will him pursue  
To plucke him from his nest.

20

His heart doth thinke on many a wile,  
How to deceive the poore;  
His mouth is almost ful of mucke,  
Yet still he gapes for more.

His wife must lend a shilling,  
For every weeke a penny,  
Yet bring a pledge, that is double worth,  
If that you will have any.

25

And see, likewise, you keepe your day,  
Or else you loose it all:  
This was the living of the wife,  
Her cow she did it call.

30

Ver. 32. Her Cow, &c. seems to have suggested to Shakespeare SHYLOCK's argument for usury taken from JACOB's management of LABAN's sheep, ACT 1. to which ANTONIO replies,  
"Was this inserted to make interest good?"  
"Or are your gold and silver EWES and rams?"  
"SHY. I cannot tell, I make it BREED AS FAST."

Within that citie dwelt that time

A marchant of great fame,

Which being distressed in his need,

Unto Gernutus came :

35

Desiring him to stand his freind

For twelve month and a day,

To lend to him an hundred crownes :

And he for it would pay

40

Whatsoever he would demand of him,

And pledges he should have.

No, (quoth the Jew with flearing lookes)

Sir, aske what you will have.

No penny for the loane of it

For one year you shall pay ;

You may doe me as good a turne,

Before my dying day.

45

But we will have a merry jeast,

For to be talked long :

You shall make me a bond, quoth he,

That shall be large and strong :

50

And this shall be the forfeiture ;

Of your owne fleshe a pound.

If you agree, make you the bond,

And here is a hundred crownes.

55

With

With right good will ! the marchant says :  
 And so the bond was made.  
 When twelve month and a day drew on  
 That backe it should be payd, 60

The marchants ships were all at sea,  
 And money came not in ;  
 Which way to take, or what to doe  
 To thinke he doth begin :

And to Gernutus strait he comes 65  
 With cap and bended knee,  
 And sayde to him, Of curtesie  
 I pray you beare with mee.

My day is come, and I have not  
 The money for to pay : 70  
 And little good the forfeyture  
 Will doe you, I dare say.

With all my heart, Gernutus sayd,  
 Commaund it to your minde :  
 In thinges of bigger waight then this 75  
 You shall me ready finde.

He goes his way ; the day once past  
 Gernutus doth not flacke  
 To get a sergiant presently ;  
 And clapt him on the backe : 80

And layd him into prison strong,  
And sued his bond withall;  
And when the judgement day was come,  
For judgement he did call.

The marchants friends came thither fast, 85  
With many a weeping eye,  
For other means they could not find,  
But he that day must dye.

## THE SECOND PART,

*"Of the Jews crueltie ; setting foorth the mercifulneffe  
of the Judge towards the Marchant. To the tune of  
Blacke and yellow."*

SOME offered for his hundred crownes  
Five hundred for to pay ;  
And some a thousand, two or three,  
Yet still he did denay.

And at the last ten thousand crownes 5  
They offered, him to save.  
Gernutus sayd, I will no gold,  
My forfeite I will have.

A pound of fleshe is my demand,  
And that shall be my hire.

10  
Then

Then sayd the judge, Yet, good my friend,  
Let me of you desire

To take the flesh from such a place,  
As yet you let him live :  
Do so, and lo ! an hundred crownes  
To thee here will I give. 15

No : no : quoth he, no : judgment here :  
For this it shall be tride,  
For I will have my pound of fleshe  
From under his right side. 20

It grieved all the companie  
His crueltie to see,  
For neither friend nor foe could helpe  
But he must spoyle bee.

The bloudie Jew now ready is  
With whetted blade in hand \*,  
To spoyle the bloud of innocent,  
By forfeit of his bond. 25

And as he was about to strike  
In him the deadly blow :  
Stay (quoth the judge) thy crueltie ;  
I charge thee to do so. 30

\* The passage in Shakespeare bears so strong a resemblance to this, as to render it probable that the one suggested the other. See AET IV. sc. 2.

“ Bass. Why doest thou whet thy knife so earnestly ? &c.”

Sith needs thou wilt thy forfeit have,  
 Which is of flesh a pound :  
 See that thou shed no drop of bloud,  
 Nor yet the man confound.

For if thou doe, like murderer,  
 Thou here shalt hanged be :  
 Likewise of flesh see that thou cut  
 No more than longes to thee :

For if thou take either more or lesse  
 To the value of a mite,  
 Thou shalt be hanged presently,  
 As is both law and right.

Gernutus now waxt frantick mad,  
 And wotes not what to say ;  
 Quoth he at last, Ten thousand crownes,  
 I will that he shall pay ;

And so I graunt to set him free.  
 The judge doth answere make ;  
 You shall not have a penny given ;  
 Your forfeyture now take.

At the last he doth demaund  
 But for to have his owne.  
 No, quoth the judge, doe as you list,  
 Thy judgement shall be showne.

35

40

45

50

55

Either

Either take your pound of flesh, quoth he,  
Or cancell me your bond.

O cruell judge, then quoth the Jew,  
That doth against me stand !

60

And so with griping grieved mind  
He biddeth them fare-well.

‘Then’ all the people prays’d the Lord,  
That ever this heard tell.

Good people, that doe heare this song,  
For trueth I dare well say,  
That many a wretch as ill as hee  
Doth live now at this day ;

65

That seeketh nothing but the spoyle  
Of many a wealthey man,  
And for to trap the innocent  
Deviseth what they can.

70

From whome the Lord deliver me,  
And every Christian too,  
And send to them like sentence eke  
That meaneth so to do.

75

\* \* \* Since the first Edition of this book was printed,  
the Editor bath had reason to believe that both S H A K E-  
S P E A R E and the Author of this Ballad, are indebted  
for their Story of the Jew (however they came by it) to  
an Italian Novel, which was first printed at Milan in the  
year 1554, in a book intituled, Il Pecorone, nel quale si

Ver. 61. griped. Aßmol. copy.

contengono Cinquanta Novelle antiche, &c. republished at Florence about the year 1748, or 9.—The Author was SER. GIOVANNI FIORENTINO, who wrote in 1378; thirty years after the time, in which the scene of Boccace's Decamerone is laid. (Vid. Manni Iistoria del decamerone di Giov. Boccac. 4to. Fior. 1744.)

That Shakespeare had his Plot from the Novel itself, is evident from his having some incidents from it, which are not found in the Ballad: And I think it will also be found that he borrowed from the Ballad some hints, that were not suggested by the Novel. (See above, Pt. 2d. ver. 25, &c. where instead of that spirited description of the whetted blade, &c. the Prose Narrative coldly says, "The " Jew had prepared a razor, &c." See also some other passages in the same piece.) This however is spoken with diffidence, as I have, at present before me only the Abridgment of the Novel which Mr. JOHNSON has given us at the End of his Commentary on Shakespeare's Play. The Translation of the Italian Story at large, is not easy to be met with, having I believe never been published, though it was printed some years ago with this title,—"THE NOVEL, " from which the Merchant of Venice written by Shakespeare " is taken, translated from the Italian. To which is added " a Translation of a Novel from the Decamerone of Boccaccio. London, Printed for M. Cooper. 1755. 8vo."

## XI.

## THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

This beautiful sonnet is quoted in the MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR. A. 3. sc. 1. and is ascribed (together with the REPLY) to Shakespeare himself by all the modern editors

editors of his smaller poems. In Lintot's COLLECTION of them, 12mo. (no date) is a copy of this sonnet containing only four stanzas (the 4th and 6th being wanting,) accompanied with the first stanza of the Answer. This edition has some appearance of exactness, and is affirmed to be reprinted from an ancient copy, containing "THE PASSIONATE PILGRIME, and SONNETS TO SUNDRY NOTES OF MUSICK, by Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. LOND. printed for W. JAGGARD. 1599." — If this may be relied on, then was this sonnet, &c. published, as Shakespeare's, in his Life-time.

And yet there is good reason to believe that (not Shakespeare, but) CHRISTOPHER MARLOW, wrote the song, and Sir WALTER RALEIGH the "Nymph's Reply :" For so we are positively assured by Isaac Walton, a writer of some credit, who has inserted them both in his COMPLEAT ANGLER \*, under the character of "that smooth song, which was made by Kit. Marlow, now at least fifty years ago ; and . . . an Answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days. . . . Old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good." — It also passed for Marlow's in the opinion of his contemporaries ; for in the old Poetical Miscellany, intituled ENGLAND'S HELICON, it is printed, with the name of Chr. Marlow subjoined to it ; and the Reply is subscribed Ignoto, which is known to have been a signature of Sir Walter Raleigh. With the same signature Ignoto, in that Collection, is an imitation of Marlow's beginning thus,

" COME live with me, and be my dear,  
" And we will revel all the year,  
" In plains and groves, &c."

Upon the whole I am inclined to attribute them to MARLOW, and RALEIGH ; notwithstanding the authority of Shakespeare's Book of Sonnets. For it is well known that as he took

\* First printed in the year 1653, but probably written some time before.

took no care of his own compositions, so was he utterly regardless what spurious things were fathered upon him. Sir JOHN OLDCASTLE, PERICLES, and the LONDON PRODIGAL, were printed with his name at full length in the title-pages, while he was living, which yet were afterwards rejected by his first editors HEMINGE and CONDELL, who were his intimate friends †, and therefore no doubt had good authority for setting them aside.

The following sonnet appears to have been (as it deserved) a great favourite with our earlier poets: for besides the imitation above-mentioned, another is to be found among DONNE's poems, intituled "The Bait," beginning thus,

" COME live with me, and be my love,  
" And we will some new pleasures prove  
" Of golden sands; &c."

As for CHR. MARLOW, who was in high repute for his Dramatic writings, he lost his life by a stab received in a breshet, before the year 1593. See A. Wood, I. 138.

COME live with me, and be my love,  
And we wil all the pleasures prove  
That hills and vallies, dale and field,  
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks,  
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,  
By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

5

There

† He mentions them both in his will.

There will I make thee beds of roses  
With a thousand fragrant posies,

A cap of flowers, and a kirtle  
Imbrodered all with leaves of mirtle;

A gown made of the finest wool,  
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;  
Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold,  
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw, and ivie buds,  
With coral clasps, and amber studs:  
And if these pleasures may thee move,  
Then live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing  
For thy delight each May morning:  
If these delights thy mind may move,  
Then live with me, and be my love.

## THE NYMPH'S REPLY.

IF that the World and Love were young,  
And truth in every shepherd's young,  
These pretty pleasures might me move  
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,  
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,

And

And Philomel becometh dumb,  
And all complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields  
To wayward winter reckoning yield:  
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,  
Is fancies spring, but sorrows fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,  
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,  
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,  
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivie buds,  
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs;  
All these in me no means can move  
To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,  
Had joyes no date, nor age no need;  
Then those delights my mind might move  
To live with thee, and be thy love.

## XII.

## TITUS ANDRONICUS's COMPLAINT.

*The reader has here an ancient ballad on the same subject as the play of TITUS ANDRONICUS, and it is probable that the one was borrowed from the other: but which of them*

them was the original, it is not easy to decide. And yet, if the argument offered above in p. 209 for the priority of the ballad of the *JEW OF VENICE* may be admitted, somewhat of the same kind may be urged here; for this ballad differs from the play in several particulars, which a simple Ballad-writer would be less likely to alter than an inventive Tragedian. Thus in the ballad is no mention of the contest for the empire between the two brothers, the composing of which makes the ungrateful treatment of *TITUS* afterwards the more flagrant: neither is there any notice taken of his sacrificing one of Tamora's sons, which the tragic poet has assigned as the original cause of all her cruelties. In the play *Titus* loses twenty-one of his sons in war, and kills another for assisting Bassianus to carry off *Lavinia*: the reader will find it different in the ballad. In the latter she is betrothed to the Emperor's Son: in the play to his brother. In the tragedy only Two of his sons fall into the pit, and the Third being banished returns to Rome with a victorious army, to avenge the wrongs of his house: in the ballad all Three are entrapped and suffer death. In the scene the Emperor kills *Titus*, and is in return stabbed by *Titus's* surviving son. Here *Titus* kills the Emperor, and afterwards himself.

Let the Reader weigh these circumstances and some others wherein he will find them unlike, and then pronounce for himself.—After all, there is reason to conclude that this play was rather improved by Shakespeare with a few fine touches of his pen, than originally writ by him; for not to mention that the style is less figurative than his others generally are, this tragedy is mentioned with discredit in the Induction to Ben Jonson's *BARTHOLOMEW-FAIR*, in 1614, as one that had then been exhibited “five and twenty, or thirty years:” which, if we take the lowest number, throws it back to the year 1589, at which time Shakespeare was but 25: an earlier date, than can be found for any other of his pieces\*; and

\* The earliest known, is *KING JOHN* in two parts 1591. 4to. bl. let. This play be afterwards entirely new wrote, as we now have it.

and if it does not clear him entirely of it, shews at least it was a first attempt.

The following is given from a Copy in "The Golden Garland" intitled as above; compared with three others, two of them in black letter in the Pepys collection, intitled "The Lamentable and Tragical History of Titus Andronicus, &c.—To the tune of Fortune. Printed for E. Wright."—Unluckily none of these have any dates.

YOU noble minds, and famous martiall wights,  
That in defence of native country fights,  
Give eare to me, that ten yeeres fought for Rome,  
Yet reapt disgrace at my returning home.

In Rome I lived in fame fulle threescore yeeres, 5  
My name beloved was of all my peeres;  
Full five and twenty valiant sonnes I had,  
Whose forwarde vertues made their father glad.

For when Romes foes their warlike forces bent,  
Against them stille my sonnes and I were sent; 10  
Against the Goths full ten yeercs weary warre  
We spent, receiving many a bloody scarre.

Just two and twenty of my sonnes were slaine  
Before we did returne to Rome againe:  
Of five and twenty sonnes, I brought but three 15  
Alive, the stately towers of Rome to see.

When wars were done, I conquest home did bring,  
 And did present my prisoners to the king,  
 The queene of Goths, her sons, and eke a moore,  
 Which did such murders, like was nere before. 20

The emperour did make this queene his wife,  
 Which bred in Rome debate and deadlie strife ;  
 The moore, with her two sonnes did growe soe proud,  
 That none like them in Rome might bee allowd.

The moore soe pleas'd this new-made empref's eie, 25  
 That she consented to him secretlye  
 For to abuse her husbands marriage bed,  
 And soe in time a blackamore she bred.

Then she, whose thoughts to murder were inclinde,  
 Consented with the moore of bloody minde 30  
 Against my selfe, my kin, and all my friendes,  
 In cruell sort to bring them to their endes,

Soe when in age I thought to live in peace,  
 Both care and griefe began then to increase :  
 Amongst my sonnes I had one daughter bright, 35  
 Which joy'd, and pleased best my aged sight :

My deare Lavinia was betrothed than  
 To Cesars sonne, a young and noble man :  
 Who in a hunting by the emperouts wife,  
 And her two sonnes, bereaved was of life. 40

He being slaine, was cast in cruel wise,  
 Into a darksome den from light of skies :  
 The cruell moore did come that way as then  
 With my three sonnes, who fell into the den.

The moore then fetcht the emperor with speed, 45  
 For to accuse them of that murderous deed ;  
 And when my sonnes within the den were found,  
 In wrongfull prison they were cast and bound.

But nowe, behold ! what wounded most my mind,  
 The empresses two sonnes of savage kind 50  
 My daughter ravished without remorse,  
 And took away her honour, quite perforce.

When they had tasted of soe sweete a flowre,  
 Fearing this sweete should shortly turne to sowre,  
 They cutt her tongue, whereby she could not tell 55  
 How that dishonoure unto her befell.

Then both her hands they basely cutt off quite,  
 Whereby their wickednesse she could not write ;  
 Nor with her needle on her sampler sowe  
 The bloudye workers of her direfull woe. 60

My brother Marcus found her in the wood,  
 Staining the graffie ground with purple bloud,  
 That trickled from her stumpe, and bloudlesse armes :  
 Noe tongue at all she had to tell her harmes.

But

But when I sawe her in that woefull case, 65  
 With teares of bloud I wet mine aged face :  
 For my Lavinia I lamented more,  
 Then for my two and twenty sonnes before.

When as I sawe she could not write nor speake,  
 With grief mine aged heart began to breake ; 70  
 We spred an heape of sand upon the ground,  
 Whereby those bloudy tyrants out we found.

For with a staffe without the helpe of hand,  
 She writh these wordes upon the plat of sand :  
 " The lustfull sonnes of the proud emperesse 75  
 " Are doers of this hateful wickednesse."

I tore the milk-white hairs from off mine head,  
 I curst the houre, wherein I first was bred,  
 I wisht this hand, that fought for countrie's fame,  
 In cradle rockt, had first been stroken lame. 80

The moore delighting still in villainy,  
 Did say, to sett my sonnes from prison free  
 I should unto the king my right hand give,  
 And then my three imprisoned sonnes should live.

The moore I caus'd to strike it off with speede, 85  
 Whereat I grieved not to see it bleed,  
 But for my sonnes would willingly impart,  
 And for their ransome send my bleeding heart.

But as my life did linger thus in paine,  
They sent to me my booteſſe hand againe,  
And therewithal the headeſ of my three ſonneſ,  
Which filld my dying heart with fresher moaneſ.

Then paſt relieve I upp and downe did goe,  
And with my tears writ in the dufſt my woe :  
I ſhot my arroweſ † towards heauen hic,  
And for revenge to hell did often crye.

The empreſſe then, thinking that I was mad,  
Like furies ſhe and both her ſonneſ were clad,  
(She nam'd Revenge, and Rape and Mürder they)  
To undermine and heare what I would ſay.

I fed their fooliſh veineſ † a certaine ſpace,  
Untill my friendeſ did find a ſecret place,  
Where both her ſonneſ unto a poſt were bound,  
And juſt revenge in cruell forteſt was found.

I cut their throateſ, my daughter held the pan  
Betwixt her ſtumpes, wherein the bloud it ran :  
And then I ground their boneſ to powder ſmall,  
And made a paſte for pyeſ ſtreight therewithall.

Then

† If the ballad was written before the play, I ſhould ſuppoſe this to be  
only a metaphorical expreſſion, taken from that in the Psalms, “They ſhoot  
out their arroweſ, even bitter wordeſ.” Ps. 64. 3.

† i. e. encourgged them in their fooliſh humours, or fancies.

Then with their fleshe I made two mighty pyes,  
And at a banquet servde in stately wise : 110  
Before the empresse set this loathsome meat ;  
So of her sonnes own flesh she well did eat.

Myselfe bereav'd my daughter then of life,  
The empresse then I slew with bloody knife,  
And stabb'd the emperour immediatlie, 115  
And then myself : even soe did Titus die.

Then this revenge against the Moore was found,  
Alive they sett him halfe into the ground,  
Whereas he stood untill such time he starv'd.  
And soe God send all murderers may be serv'd. 120

## XIII.

## TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY.

The first stanza of this little sonnet, which an eminent critic <sup>†</sup> justly admires for its extreme sweetness, is found in Shakespeare's MEASURE FOR MEASURE, A. 4. sc. 1. Both the stanzas are preserved in Beaum. and Fletcher's BLOODY BROTHER, A. 5. sc. 2. Sewel and Gildon have printed it among Shakespeare's smaller Poems, but they have done the same by twenty other pieces that were never writ by him; their book being a wretched heap of inaccuracies and mistakes. It is not found in Jaggard's old edition of Shakespeare's SONNETS reprinted by Lintot.

Q 3

TAKE,

<sup>†</sup> Ep. Warb. in his Shakesp.

TAKE, oh take those lips away,  
 That so sweetlye were forsworne ;  
 And those eyes, the breake of day,  
 Lights, that do misleade the morne :  
 But my kisses bring againe,  
 Seales of love, but seal'd in vaine. 5

Hide, oh hide those hills of snowe,  
 Which thy frozen bosom beares,  
 On whose tops the pinkes that growe,  
 Are of those that April wears : 19  
 But first set my poor heart free,  
 Bound in those icy chains by thee.

## XIV.

## KING LEIR AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

The Reader has here an ancient ballad on the subject of KING LEAR, which (as a sensible female critic has well observed †) bears so exact an analogy to the argument of Shakespeare's play, that his having copied it could not be doubted, if it were certain, that it was written before the tragedy. Here is found the hint of Lear's madness, which the old chronicles ‡ do not mention, as also the extravagant cruelty exercised on him by his daughters: In the death of Lear

† Shakespeare illustrated, Vol. 3. p. 302.

‡ See Jeffery of Monmouth, Holingsbed, &c. who relate Lear's history in many respects the same as the ballad.

Lear they likewise very exactly coincide.—The misfortune is, that there is nothing to assist us in ascertaining the date of the ballad but what little evidence arises from within; this the Reader must weigh and judge for himself.

It may be proper to observe, that Shakespeare was not the first of our Dramatic Poets who fitted the Story of LEIR to the Stage. His first 4to Edition is dated 1608; but three years before that had been printed a play intitled, “The true Chronicle History of Leir and his three daughters Gonorill, Ragan, and Cordella, as it hath been divers and sundry times lately acted. 1605. 4to.”—This is a very poor and dull performance, but happily excited Shakespeare to undertake the subject, which he has given with very different incidents. It is remarkable, that neither the circumstances of Leir’s madness; nor his retinue of a select number of knights; nor the affecting deaths of Cordelia and Leir, are found in that first dramatic piece: in all which Shakespeare concurs with this ballad.

But to form a true Judgment of Shakespeare’s Merit, the curious Reader should cast his eye over that previous Sketch: which he will find printed at the end of THE TWENTY PLAYS of Shakespeare, republished from the quarto impressions by GEORGE STEEVENS, Esq; with such elegance and exactness, as led us to expect that fine edition of all the works of our great Dramatic Poet, which he hath since published.

The following Ballad is given from an ancient copy in the “Golden Garland,” bl. let. intitled, “A lamentable song of the Death of King Leir, and his three daughters. To the Tune of When flying fame.”

KING Leir once ruled in this land,  
With princely power and peace;  
And had all things with hearts content,  
That might his joys increase.

Amongst those things that nature gave,  
Three daughters fair had he,  
So princely seeming beautiful,  
As fairer could not be.

So on a time it pleas'd the king  
A question thus to move,  
Which of his daughters to his grace  
Could shew the dearest love :  
For to my age you bring content,  
Quoth he, then let me hear  
Which of you three in plighted troth  
The kindest will appear.

To whom the eldest thus began ;  
Dear father, mind, quoth she,  
Before your face, to do you good,  
My blood shall render'd be :  
And for your sake my bleeding heart  
Shall here be cut in twain,  
Ere that I see your reverend age  
The smallest grief sustain.

And so will I, the second said ;  
Dear father, for your sake,  
The worst of all extremities.  
I'll gently undertake :  
And serve your highness night and day  
With diligence and love ;

30  
That

5

10

15

20

25

30

That sweet content and quietness  
Discomforts may remove.

In doing so, you glad my soul,  
The aged king reply'd ;  
But what sayst thou, my youngest girl, 35  
How is thy love ally'd ?  
My love (quoth young Cordelia then)  
Which to your grace I owe,  
Shall be the duty of a child,  
And that is all I'll show. 40

And wilt thou shew no more, quoth he,  
Than doth thy duty bind ?  
I well perceive thy love is small,  
When as no more I find :  
Henceforth I banish thee my court, 45  
Thou art no child of mine ;  
Nor any part of this my realm.  
By favour shall be thine.

Thy elder sisters loves are more  
Than well I can demand, 50  
To whom I equally bestow  
My kingdome and my land,  
My pompal state and all my goods,  
That lovingly I may  
With those thy sisters be maintain'd  
Until my dying day. 55

Thus

Thus flattering speeches won renown,

By these two sisters here :

The third had causeless banishment,

Yet was her love more dear :

For poor Cordelia patiently

Went wandring up and down,

Unhelp'd, unpity'd, gentle maid,

Through many an English town :

60

Untill at last in famous France

65

She gentler fortunes found ;

Though poor and bare, yet she was deem'd

The fairest on the ground :

Where when the king her virtues heard,

And this fair lady seen,

With full consent of all his court

He made his wife and queen.

70

Her father 'old' king Lear this while

With his two daughters slaid ;

Forgetful of their promis'd loves,

75

Full soon the same decay'd ;

And living in queen Ragan's court,

The eldest of the twain,

She took from him his chiefest means,

And most of all his train.

80

For whereas twenty men were wont

To wait with bended knee :

She

She gave allowance but to ten,  
And after scarce to three :  
Nay, one she thought too much for him, 85  
So took she all away,  
In hope that in her court, good king,  
He would no longer stay.

Am I rewarded thus, quoth he,  
In giving all I have 90  
Unto my children, and to beg  
For what I lately gave ?  
I'll go unto my Gonorell ;  
My second child, I know,  
Will be more kind and pitiful,  
And will relieve my woe. 95

Full fast he hies then to her court ;  
Where when she heard his moan  
Return'd him answer, That she griev'd,  
That all his means were gone : 100  
But no way could relieve his wants ;  
Yet if that he would stay  
Within her kitchen, he should have  
What scullions gave away.

When he had heard, with bitter tears,  
He made his answer then ;  
In what I did let me be made  
Example to all men. 105

I will

I will return again, quoth he,

Unto my Ragan's court ;

She will not use me thus, I hope,

But in a kinder sort.

110

Where when he came, she gave command

To drive him thence away :

When he was well within her court

(She said) he would not stay.

Then back again to Gonorell,

The woeful king did hie,

That in her kitchen he might have

What scullion boys set by.

115

120

But there of that he was deny'd,

Which she had promis'd late :

For once refusing, he should not

Come after to her gate.

Thus twixt his daughters, for relief

125

He wandred up and down ;

Being glad to feed on beggars food,

That lately wore a crown.

And calling to remembrance then

His youngest daughters words,

That said the duty of a child

Was all that love affords :

But doubting to repair to her,

Whom he had banish'd so,

130

Grew

Grew frantick mad; for in his mind 135  
 He bore the wounds of woe :

Which made him rend his milk-white locks,  
 And tresses from his head,  
 And all with blood besmear his cheeks,  
 With age and honour spread : 140  
 To hills and woods and watry founts,  
 He made his hourly moan,  
 Till hills and woods, and sensless things,  
 Did seem to sigh and groan.

Even thus posset with discontents, 145  
 He passed o're to France,  
 In hopes from fair Cordelia there,  
 To find some gentler chance :  
 Most virtuous dame ! which when she heard  
 Of this her father's grief, 150  
 As duty bound, she quickly sent  
 Him comfort and relief :

And by a train of noble peers,  
 In brave and gallant sort,  
 She gave in charge he should be brought 155  
 To Aganippus' court ;  
 Whose royal king, with noble mind  
 So freely gave consent,  
 To muster up his knights at arms,  
 To fame and courage bent. 160  
 And

And so to England came with speed,  
 To reposseſſe king Leir,  
 And drivē his daughters from their thrones  
 By his Cordelia dear :  
 Where ſhe, true-hearted noble queen,  
 Was in the battel slain :  
 Yet he good king, in his old days,  
 Poſteſt his crown again.

165

But when he heard Cordelia's death,  
 Who died indeed for love  
 Of her dear father, in whose cause  
 She did this battle move ;  
 He swooning fell upon her breast,  
 From whence he never parted :  
 But on her bosom left his life,  
 That was ſo truly hearted.

170

175

The lords and nobles when they ſaw  
 The end of these events,  
 The other ſisters unto death  
 They doomed by conſents ;  
 And being dead, their crowns they left  
 Unto the next of kin :  
 Thus have you ſeen the fall of pride,  
 And diſobedient ſin.

180

## XV.

## YOUTH AND AGE,

— is found in the little collection of Shakespeare's Sonnets, intitled the **PASSIONATE PILGRIME** †, the greatest part of which seems to relate to the amours of Venus and Adonis, being little effusions of fancy, probably written, while he was composing his larger Poem on that subject. The following seems intended for the mouth of Venus, weighing the comparative merits of youthful Adonis and aged Vulcan. In the “*Garland of good will*” it is reprinted, with the addition of IV. more such stanzas, but evidently written by a meaner pen.

**C**RABBED Age and Youth  
Cannot live together ;  
Youth is full of pleasance,  
Age is full of care :  
Youth like summer morn,  
Age like winter weather,  
Youth like summer brave,  
Age like winter bare :  
Youth is full of sport,  
Ages breath is short ;

5

10

† *Mentioned above, Song XI. B. II.*

Youth is nimble, Age is lame :  
 Youth is hot and bold,  
 Age is weak and cold ;

Youth is wild, and Age is tame.  
 Age, I do abhor thee,  
 Youth, I do adore thee ;

O, my love, my love is young :  
 Age, I do defie thee ;  
 Oh sweet shepheard, hie thee,  
 For methinks thou stayst too long.

15

20

## XVI.

THE FROLICKSOME DUKE, OR THE TINKER'S  
GOOD FORTUNE.

*The following ballad is upon the same subject, as the INDUCTION to Shakespeare's TAMING OF THE SHREW : whether it may be thought to have suggested the hint to the Dramatic poet, or is not rather of later date, the reader must determine.*

*The story is told + of PHILIP the GOOD, Duke of Burgundy ; and is thus related by an old English writer. "The  
 " said Duke, at the marriage of Eleonora, sister to the king  
 " of Portugall, at Bruges in Flanders, which was solemn-  
 " nised in the deepe of winter ; when as by reason of un-  
 " seasonable weather he could neither hawke nor hunt, and  
 " was*

+ By Ludov. Vives in Epist. & by Pont. Heuter. Rerum Burgund.  
 b. 4.

" was now tired with cards, dice, &c. and such other do-  
 " mestick sports, or to see ladies dance ; with some of his  
 " courtiers, he woulde in the evening walke disguised all  
 " about the towne. It so fortuned, as he was walking  
 " late one night, he found a countrey fellow dead drunke,  
 " storting on a bulke ; he caused his followers to bring him  
 " to his palace, and there stripping him of his old clothes,  
 " and attyrring him after the court fashion, when he  
 " wakened, he and they were all ready to attend upon his  
 " excellency, and perswade him that he was some great Duke.  
 " The poor fellow admiring how he came there, was served  
 " in state all day long : after supper he saw them dance,  
 " heard musicke, and all the rest of those court-like plea-  
 " sures : but late at night, when he was well tippled, and  
 " agaин fast asleep, they put on his old robes, and so con-  
 " veyed him to the place, where they first found him. Now  
 " the fellow had not made them so good sport the day before,  
 " as he did now, when he returned to himself : all the jest  
 " was to see how he looked upon it. In conclusion, after  
 " some little admiration, the poore man told his friends he  
 " had seen a vision ; constantly believed it ; woulde not  
 " otherwise be perswaded, and so the jest ended." Burton's  
 Anatomy of Melancholy. Pt. 2. sect. 2. Memb. 4. 2d. Ed.  
 1624. fol.

This ballad is given from a black letter Copy in the Pepys  
 Collection, which is intitled as above. "To the tune of,  
 " Fond boy."

**N**OW as fame does report a young duke keeps a court,  
 One that pleases his fancy with frolicksome sport :  
 But amongst all the rest, here is one I protest,  
 Which will make you to smile when you hear the true jest :  
 A poor tinker he found, lying drunk on the ground, 5  
 As secure in a sleep as if laid in a swound.

The duke said to his men, William, Richard, and Ben,  
 Take him home to my palace, we'll sport with him then.  
 O'er a horse he was laid, and with care soon convey'd  
 To the palace, altho' he was poorly arrai'd : 10  
 Then they stript off his cloaths, both his shirt, shoes and hose,  
 And they put him to bed for to take his repose.

Having pull'd off his shirt, which was all over durt,  
 They did give him clean holland, this was no great hurt:  
 On a bed of soft down, like a lord of renown, 15  
 They did lay him to sleep the drink out of his crown.  
 In the morning when day, then admiring he lay,  
 For to see the rich chamber both gaudy and gay.

Now he lay something late, in his rich bed of state,  
 Till at last knights and squires they on him did wait ; 20  
 And the chamberling bare, then did likewise declare,  
 He desir'd to know what apparel he'd ware :  
 The poor tinker amaz'd, on the gentleman gaz'd,  
 And admired how he to this honour was rais'd.

Tho' he seem'd something mute, yet he chose a rich suit,  
 Which he straitways put on without longer dispute ; 26  
 With a star on his side, which the tinker oft ey'd,  
 And it seem'd for to swell him ' no' little with pride ;  
 For he said to himself, Where is Joan my sweet wife ?  
 Sure she never did see me so fine in her life. 30

From a convenient place, the right duke his good grace  
Did observe his behaviour in every case.

To a garden of state, on the tinker they wait,  
Trumpets sounding before him: thought he, this is great:  
Where an hour or two, pleasant walks he did view, 35  
With commanders and squires in scarlet and blew.

A fine dinner was drest, both for him and his guests,  
He was plac'd at the table above all the rest,  
In a rich chair 'or bed,' lin'd with fine crimson red,  
With a rich golden canopy over his head: 40  
As he sat at his meat, the musick play'd sweet,  
With the choicest of singing his joys to compleat.

While the tinker did dine, he had plenty of wine,  
Rich canary with sherry and tent superfine.  
Like a right honest soul, faith, he took off his bowl, 45  
Till at last he began for to tumble and roul  
From his chair to the floor, where he sleeping did snore,  
Being seven times drunker than ever before.

Then the duke did ordain, they should strip him amain,  
And restore him his old leather garments again: 50  
'Twas a point next the worst, yet perform it they must,  
And they carry'd him strait, where they found him at first;  
'Then he slept all the night, as indeed well he might;  
But when he did waken, his joys took their flight.

For his glory ' to him' so pleasant did seem, 55  
 That he thought it to be but a meer golden dream ;  
 Till at length he was brought to the duke, where he sought  
 For a pardon, as fearing he had set him at nought ;  
 But his highness he said, Thou'rt a jolly bold blade,  
 Such a frolick before I think never was plaid. 60

Then his highness bespake him a new suit and cloak,  
 Which he gave for the sake of this frolicksome joak ;  
 Nay, and five hundred pound, with ten acres of ground,  
 Thou shalt never, said he, range the counteries round,  
 Crying old brass to mend, for I'll be thy good friend; 65  
 Nay, and Joan thy sweet wife shall my duchess attend.

Then the tinker reply'd, What ! must Joan my sweet bride  
 Be a lady in chariots of pleasure to ride ?  
 Must we have gold and land ev'ry day at command ? 70  
 Then I shall be a squire I well understand :  
 Well I thank your good grace, and your love I embrace,  
 I was never before in so happy a case.

and out ther wend I hond wod h  
and the wod wod wod wod  
and the wod wod wod wod  
and the wod wod wod wod

and the wod wod wod wod  
and the wod wod wod wod  
and the wod wod wod wod

## XVII.

## THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY,

Dispersed thro' Shakespeare's plays are innumerable little fragments of ancient ballads, the entire copies of which could not be recovered. Many of these being of the most beautiful and pathetic simplicity, the Editor was tempted to select some of them, and with a few supplemental stanzas to connect them together, and form them into a little TALE, which is here submitted to the Reader's candour.

One small fragment was taken from Beaumont and Fletcher.

**I**T was a friar of orders gray  
Walkt forth to tell his beades;  
And he met with a lady faire  
Clad in a pilgrime's weedes.

Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar,

5

I pray thee tell to me,  
If ever at yon holy shrine  
My true love thou didst see.

And how should I know your true love  
 From many another one ?  
 O by his cockle hat, and staff,  
 And by his sandal shooone †.

But chiefly by his face and mien,  
 That were so fair to view ;  
 His flaxen locks that sweetly curl'd,  
 And eyne of lovely blue.

O lady, he is dead and gone !  
 Lady, he's dead and gone !  
 And at his head a green grafs turfe,  
 And at his heels a stone.

Within these holy cloysters long  
 He languisht, and he dyed,  
 Lamenting of a ladyes love,  
 And 'playning of her pride.

Here bore him barefac'd on his bier  
 Six proper youths and tall,  
 And many a tear bedew'd his grave  
 Within yon kirk-yard wall.

10

15

20

25

And

† These are the distinguishing marks of a Pilgrim. The chief places of devotion being beyond sea, the pilgrims were wont to put cockle-shells in their hats to denote the intention or performance of their devotion. Warb. Shakesp. Vol. 8. p. 224.

And art thou dead, thou gentle youth !

And art thou dead and gone !

And didst thou dye for love of me !

Break, cruel heart of stome !

O weep not, lady, weep not soe ;

Some ghostly comfort seek :

Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,

Ne teares bedew thy cheek.

35

O do not, do not, holy friar,

My sorrow now reprove ;

For I have lost the sweetest youth,

That e'er wan ladyes love.

40

And nowe, alas ! for thy sad losse,

I'll evermore weep and sigh ;

For thee I only wisht to live,

For thee I wish to dye.

Weep no more, lady, weep no more,

45

Thy sorrowe is in vaine :

For violets plukt the sweetest showers

Will ne'er make grow againe.

Our joys as winged dreams doe flye,

Why then should sorrow last ?

50

Since grief but aggravates thy losse,

Grieve not for what is past.

R.

O say

O say not soe, thou holy friar ;  
 I pray thee, say not soe :  
 For since my true-love dyed for mee,  
 'Tis meet my tears should flow.

55

And will he ne'er come again ?  
 Will he ne'er come again ?  
 Ah ! no, he is dead and laid in his grave,  
 For ever to remain.

60

His cheek was redder than the rose ;  
 The comliest youth was he !—  
 But he is dead and laid in his grave :  
 Alas, and woe is me !

Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,  
 Men were deceivers ever :  
 One foot on sea and one on land,  
 To one thing constant never.

65

Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,  
 And left thee sad and heavy ;  
 For young men ever were fickle found,  
 Since summer trees were leafy.

70

Now say not so, thou holy friar,  
 I pray thee say not soe ;  
 My love he had the truest heart :  
 O he was ever true !

75

And

And art thou dead, thou much-lov'd youth,  
And didst thou dye for mee ?  
Then farewell home ; for ever-more  
A pilgrim I will bee.

80

But first upon my true-loves grave  
My weary limbs I'll lay,  
And thrice I'll kiss the green-grass turf,  
That wraps his breathles clay.

Yet stay, fair lady ; rest awhile 85  
Beneath this cloyster wall :  
See through the hawthorn blows the cold wind,  
And drizzly rain doth fall.

O stay me not, thou holy friar ;  
O stay me not I pray ; 90  
No drizzly rain that falls on me,  
Can wash my fault away.

Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,  
And dry those pearly tears ;  
For see beneath this gown of gray 95  
Thy owne true-love appears.

Here forc'd by grief, and hopeless love,  
These holy weeds I sought ;  
And here amid these lonely walls  
To end my days I thought. 100  
But

But haply for my year of grace ‡  
 Is not yet past away,  
 Might I still hope to win thy love,  
 No longer would I stay.

Now farewell grief, and welcome joy

105

Once more unto my heart ;  
 For since I have found thee, lovely youth,  
 We never more will part.

‡ *The year of probation, or noviciate.*

\*\*\* As the foregoing song has been thought to have suggested to our late excellent Poet Dr. GOLDSMITH, the Plan of his beautiful ballad of EDWIN AND EMMA (first printed in his "Vicar of Wakefield") it is but justice to his memory to declare, that his Poem was written first, and that if there is any imitation in the case, they will be found both to be indebted to the beautiful old ballad, GENTLE HERDSMAN, &c. printed in the second volume of this Work, which the Doctor had much admired in manuscript, and has finely improved. See Vol. II. Book I. song xiv. ver. 37. &c.

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.



RELIQUES  
OF ANCIENT POETRY,  
&c.

SERIES THE FIRST.  
BOOK III.

I.

THE MORE MODERN BALLAD OF  
CHEVY CHACE.

*At the beginning of this volume we gave the old original Song of Chevy Chace. The reader has here the more improved edition of that fine Heroic ballad. It will afford an*

an agreeable entertainment to the curious to compare them together, and to see how far the latter bard has excelled his predecessor, and where he has fallen short of him. For though he has every where improved the versification, and generally the sentiment and diction : yet some few passages retain more dignity in the ancient copy ; at least the obsoleteness of the style serves as a veil to hide whatever might appear too familiar or vulgar in them. Thus, for instance, the catastrophe of the gallant Witherington is in the modern copy express in terms which never fail at present to excite ridicule : whereas in the original it is related with a plain and pathetic simplicity, that is liable to no such unlucky effect : See the stanza in pag. 14. which in modern orthography, &c. would run thus,

“ For Witherington my heart is woe,  
 “ That ever he slain should be :  
 “ For when his legs were hewn in two,  
 “ He knelt and fought on his knee.”

So again the stanza which describes the fall of Montgomery is somewhat more elevated in the ancient copy.

“ The dint it was both sad and sore,  
 “ He on Montgomery set :  
 “ The swan-feathers his arrow bore  
 “ With his hearts blood were wet.”

p. 13.

WE might also add, that the circumstances of the battle are more clearly conceived, and the several incidents more distinctly marked in the old original, than in the improved copy. It is well known that the ancient English weapon was the long bow, and that this nation excelled all others in archery ; while the Scottish warriours chiefly depended on the use of the spear : this characteristic difference never escapes our ancient bard, whose description of the first onset (p. 9.) is to the following effect.

" The proposal of the two gallant earls to determine the dispute by single combat being over-ruled ; the English, says he, who stood with their bows ready bent, gave a general discharge of their arrows, which slew seven score spearmen of the enemy ; but notwithstanding so severe a loss, Douglas like a brave captain kept his ground. He had divided his forces into three columns, who as soon as the English had discharged the first volley, bore down upon them with their spears, and breaking through their ranks reduced them to close fighting. The archers upon this dropt their bows and had recourse to their swords, and there followed so sharp a conflict, that multitudes on both sides lost their lives." In the midst of this general engagement, at length the two great earls meet, and after a spirited encounter agree to breathe ; upon which a parley ensues, that would do honour to Homer himself.

Nothing can be more pleasingly distinct and circumstantial than this : whereas the modern copy, tho' in general it has great merit, is here unluckily both confused and obscure. Indeed the original words seem here to have been totally misunderstood. " Yet bydys the yerl Douglas upon the BENT," evidently signifies, " Yet the earl Douglas abides in the FIELD :" Whereas the more modern bard seems to have understood by BENT, the inclination of his mind, and accordingly runs quite off from the subject\*.

" To drive the deer with bound and horn  
" Earl Douglas had the bent." v. 109.

ONE may also observe a generous impartiality in the old original bard, when in the conclusion of his tale he represents both nations as quitting the field without any reproachful reflection on either : tho' he gives to his own countrymen the credit of being the smaller number.

" Of

\* In the present Edition, instead of the unmeaning lines here censured, an insertion is made of four Stanzas modernized from the ancient Copy.

" Of fifteen hundred archers of England  
 " Went away but fifty and three;  
 " Of twenty hundred archers of Scotland,  
 " But even five and fifty."

7. 14.

He attributes flight to neither party, as with his time in the modern copies of this ballad, as well Scotch as English. For, in his own words, "our latter bards, who make the Scots to flee, the weaker of North Britain has turned his own arms against him, and printed an Edition at Glasgow, in which the lines are thus transposed,

" Of fifteen hundred Scottish archers  
 " Went away but fifty and three;  
 " Of twenty hundred Englishmen  
 " Seven fifty-five did flee."

And to countenance this change he has suppressed the two first lines between ver. 142. and ver. 143.—From this Edition I have restored the Scotch version at pag. 185, which in the modern English ballad appeared to be corrupt.

When I call the present admir'd ballad modern, I only mean that it is comparatively so; for that it could not be writ much later than the time of Q. Elizabeth, I think may be made appear; nor yet does it seem to be older than the beginning of the last century. — Sir Philip Sidney, when he com-

plains

" A late writer has forsworn to write the English City" — was  
 " written to be sung by a party of English, headed by a Dragon in the  
 " year 1585; which is the true name, say at the same time that it  
 " gives the advantage to the English Millers above the Scotch, it gives  
 " yet certainty, and is manifestly upon a Character in the Scotch Com-  
 " munity among the English." See Eng. B. 1595, p. 187.

This appears to be a groundless conjecture: the language seems to modern for the late above-suspected, and had it been printed even as Queen Elizabeth's reign, I think I should have met with some copy wherein the first line would have been,

" God prosper long our white queen,  
 " as when the late with the Blunt Bagger of Broad Green; see Vol. II.  
 Book II. No. X.

plains of the antiquated phrase of **CHEVY CHACE**, could never have seen this improved copy, the language of which is not more ancient than that he himself used. It is probable that the encomiums of so admired a writer excited some bard to revise the ballad, and to free it from those faults he had objected to it. That it could not be much later than that time, appears from the phrase **DOLEFUL DUMPS**; which in that age carried no ill sound with it, but to the next generation became ridiculous. We have seen it pass uncensured in a sonnet that was at that time in request, and where it could not fail to have been taken notice of, had it been in the least exceptionable: see above p. 182, 3: Yet in about half a century after, it was become barlesque. See **Hudbras**, Pt. 1. c. 3. v. 95.

THIS much premised, the reader that would see the general beauties of this ballad set in a just and striking light, may consult the excellent criticism of Mr. Addison †. With regard to its subject: it has already been considered in page 3d. The conjectures there offered will receive confirmation from a passage in the *Memoirs of Cary Earl of Monmouth*, 8vo. 1759, p. 165. Whence we learn that it was an ancient custom with the borderers of the two kingdoms when they were at peace, to send to the Lord Wardens of the opposite Marches for leave to hunt within their districts. If leave was granted, then towards the end of summer they would come and hunt for several days together "with their **GREY-HOUNDS FOR DEER**;" but if they took this liberty unpermitted, then the Lord Warden of the border so invaded, would not fail to interrupt their sport and chastise their boldness. He mentions a remarkable instance that happened while he was Warden, when some Scotch Gentlemen coming to hunt in defiance of him, there must have ensued such an action as this of **Chevy Chace**, if the intruders had been proportionably numerous and well-armed; for upon their being attacked by his men at arms, he tells us, "some hurt was done, tho' " he

† In the *Spectator*, No. 70. 74.

" he had given especiall order that they should shed as little blood as possible." They were in effect overpowered and taken prisoners, and only released on their promise to abstain from such licentious sporting for the future.

The following text is given from a copy in the Editor's folio MS. compared with two or three others printed in black letter.—In the second volume of Dryden's Miscellanies may be found a translation of Chevy-Chace into Latin Rhymes. The translator, Mr. Henry Bold of New College, undertook it at the command of Dr. Compton, bishop of London; who thought it no derogation to his episcopal character, to avow a fondness for this excellent old ballad. See the preface to Bold's Latin Songs, 1685. 8vo.

**G**OD prosper long our noble king,  
Our lives and safeties all ;  
A woful hunting once there did  
In Chevy-Chace befall ;

To drive the deere with hound and horne, 5  
Earl Percy took his way ;  
The child may rue that is unborne,  
The hunting of that day.

The stout Earl of Northumberland  
A vow to God did make, 10  
His pleasure in the Scottish woods  
Three summers days to take ;

The cheefest harts in Chevy-Chace  
To kill and beare away.

These

These tydings to Earl Douglas came, 15  
 In Scotland where he lay :

Who sent Earl Percy present word,  
 He wold prevent his sport.

The English earl, not fearing this,  
 Did to the woods resort 20

With fifteen hundred bow-men bold ;  
 All chosen men of might,  
 Who knew full well in time of neede  
 To aime their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran, 25  
 To chase the fallow deere :  
 On Monday they began to hunt,  
 Ere day-light did appeare ;

And long before high noone they had  
 An hundred fat buckes slaine ;  
 Then having din'd, the drovers went  
 To rouze them up againe. 30

The bow-men mustered on the hills,  
 Well able to endure ;  
 Theire backsides all, with speciall care,  
 That day were guarded sure. 35

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,  
The nimble deere to take \*,  
And with their cryes the hills and dales  
An echo shrill did make.

40

Lord Percy to the quarry went,  
To view the slaughter'd deere ;  
Quoth he, Earl Douglas promised  
This day to meete me here :

But if I thought he would not come,  
No longer wold I stay.  
With that, a brave younge gentleman  
Thus to the earle did say :

Loe, yonder doth Earl Douglas come,  
His men in armour bright ;  
Full twenty hundred Scottish speares  
All marching in our sight ;

45

50

All

\* The Chiviot Hills and circumjacent Wastes are at present void both of Deer and Woods : but formerly they had enough of both to justify the Descriptions attempted here and in the Ancient Ballad of CHEVY-CHASE. Leyland, in the reign of Hen. VIII. thus describes this County :—“ In “ Northumberland, as I beare say, be no Forests, except Chiviot Hills ; “ where is much BRUSHE-WOOD, and some OKKE ; Grownde over- “ growne with Linge, and some with Masse. I havearde say that “ Chiviot Hilles stretchethe xx miles. There is greate Plente of REDDE- “ DERE, and ROO BUKKES.” Itin. vol. 7. pag. 56.—This pas- sage, which did not occur when pag. 22. 24. were printed off, confirm the accounts there given of the STAGGE and the ROE.

All men of pleafant Tivydale,  
Fast by the river Tweede :  
Then ceafe your sport, Earl Percy said, 55  
And take your bowes with speede :

And now with me, my countrymen,  
Your courage forth advance ;  
For never was there champion yet,  
In Scotland or in France, 60

That ever did on horsebacke come,  
But if my hap it were,  
I durft encounter man for man,  
With him to break a speare.

Earl Douglas on a milke-white steede, 65  
Most like a baron bold,  
Rode foremost of his company,  
Whose armour shone like gold.

Show me, sayd he, whose men you bee,  
That hunt soe boldly heere, 70  
That, without my consent, doe chase  
And kill my fallow deere ?

The man that first did answer make,  
Was noble Percy hee ;  
Who sayd, We list not to declare, 75  
Nor shew whose men wee bee.

Yet will wee spend our dearest blood,  
Thy cheefest harts to slay.

Then Douglas swore a solemne oathe,  
And thus in rage did say,

Ere thus I will out-braved bee,  
One of us two shall dye :  
I know thee well, an earl thou art ;  
Lord Percy, so am I.

But trust me, Percy, pittyte it were,  
And great offence to kill  
Any of these our harmlesse men,  
For they have done no ill.

Let thou and I the battell trye,  
And set our men aside.  
Accurs'd bee hee, Lord Percy sayd,  
By whome this is denied.

Then slept a gallant squire forth,  
Witherington was his name,  
Who said, I wold not have it told  
To Henry our king for shame,

That e'er my captaine fought on foote,  
And I stood looking on.  
You bee two earls, sayd Witherington,  
And I a squire alone :

Ile doe the best that doe I may,  
 While I have power to stand :  
 While I have pow'r to weeld my sword,  
 Ile fight with heart and hand.

Our English archers bent their bowes, 105  
 Their hearts were good and trew ;  
 At the first flight of arrowes sent,  
 Full threescore Scots they slew.

\* [Yet bides Earl Douglas on the bent,  
 As Chieftain stout and good. 110  
 As valiant Captain, all unmov'd  
 The shock he firmly stood.

His host he parted had in three,  
 As Leader ware and try'd,  
 And soon his spearmen on their foes 115  
 Bare down on every side.

\* The 4 stanzas here inclosed in Brackets, which are borrowed chiefly from the ancient Copy, are offered to the Reader instead of the following unmeaning lines, which are those of the Author, viz.

To drive the deere with hound and horne,  
 Earl Douglas had the bent ;  
 Two captaines mov'd with mickle pride,  
 Their speares to shivers went.

Throughout the English archery  
They dealt full many a wound :  
But still our valiant Englishmen  
All firmly kept their ground : 120

And throwing strait their bows away,  
They grasp'd their swords so bright :  
And now sharp blows, a heavy shower,  
On shields and helmets light.] 120

They clos'd full fast on everye side,  
Noe slackness there was found ;  
And many a gallant gentleman  
Lay gasping on the ground. 125

O Christ ! it was a griefe to see,  
And likewise for to heare,  
The cries of men lying in their gore,  
And scattered here and there. 130

At last these two stout earles did meet,  
Like captaines of great might :  
Like lyons wood, they layd on load,  
And made a cruell fight : 135

They fought untill they both did sweat,  
With swords of temper'd steele ;  
Until the blood, like drops of rain,  
They trickling down did seele. 140

Yeeld thee, Lord Percy, Douglas sayd ;  
 In faith I will thee bring,  
 Wherè thou shalt high advanced bee  
 By James our Scottish king :

Thy ransome I will freely give, 145  
 And thus report of thee,  
 Thou art the most couragious knight,  
 That ever I did see.

Noe, Douglas, quoth Earl Percy then,  
 Thy proffer I doe scorne ; 150  
 I will not yeelde to any Scott,  
 That ever yet was borne.

With that, there came an arrow keene  
 Out of an English bow,  
 Which strucke Earl Douglas to the heart, 155  
 A deepe and deadlye blow :

Who never spoke more words than these,  
 Fight on, my merry men all ;  
 For why, my life is at an end ;  
 Lord Percy sees my fall. 160

Then leaving life, Earl Percy tooke  
 The dead man by the hand ;  
 And said, Earl Douglas, for thy life  
 Wold I had lost my land.

O Christ !

O Christ ! my very heart doth bleed  
 With sorrow for thy sake ;  
 For sure, a more renowned knight  
 Mischance did never take.

A knight amongst the Scotts there was,  
 Which saw Earl Douglas dye,  
 Who streight in wrath did vow revenge  
 Upon the Lord Percy :

Sir Hugh Mountgomery was he call'd,  
 Who, with a speare most bright,  
 Well-mounted on a gallant steed,  
 Ran fiercely through the fight ;

And past the English archers all,  
 Without all dread or feare ;  
 And thro' Earl Percy's body then  
 He thrust his hatefull speare ;

With such a vehement force and might  
 He did his body gore,  
 The speare went through the other side  
 A large cloth-yard, and more.

So thus did both these nobles dye,  
 Whose courage none could staine :  
 An English archer then perceiv'd  
 The noble earl was flaine ;

165

170

175

180

185

He

He had a bow bent in his hand,

Made of a trusty tree ;

190

An arrow of a cloth-yard long

Up to the head drew hee :

Against Sir Hugh Mountgomery,

So right the shaft he sett,

The grey goose-wing that was thereon,

195

In his hearts blood was wett.

This fight did last from breake of day,

Till setting of the sun ;

For when they rung the evenyng-bell \*,

The battel scarce was done.

200

With brave Earl Percy, there was flaine

Sir John of Egerton †,

Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,

Sir James that bold bardon :

And with Sir George and stout Sir James,

205

Both knights of good account,

Good Sir Ralph Raby there was flaine,

Whose proweſſe did ſurmout.

For

\* Sc. the Curfew bell, usually rung at 8 o'clock.

† For the surnames, see the Notes at the End of the Ballad \* †.

For Witherington needs must I wayle,

As one in doleful dumpes \* ;

For when his legs were smitten off,

He fought upon his stumps.

210

And with Earl Douglas, there was slaine

Sir Hugh Mountgomery ;

Sir Charles Murray, that from the feeld

One foote would never flee.

215

Sir Charles Mutray, of Ratcliff, too,

His sisters sonne was hee ;

Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd,

Yet saved cold not be.

220

And the Lord Maxwell in like case

Did with Earl Douglas dye :

Of twenty hundred Scottish speres,

Scarce fifty-five did flye.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,

Went home but fifty-three ;

The rest were slaine in Chevy-Chase,

Under the greene wood tree.

225

Next day did many widowes come,

Their husbands to bewayle ;

230

They

\* i. e. "I, as one in deep concern, must lament." The construction here has generally been misunderstood.

They washt their wounds in brinish teares,  
But all wold not prevayle.

Their bodyes, bath'd in purple gore,  
They bare with them away :  
They kill them dead a thousand times, 235  
When they were cladd in clay.

This newes was brought to Edenborrow,  
Where Scotlands king did raigne,  
That brave Earl Douglas suddenlye  
Was with an arrow slaine : 240

O heavy newes, King James did say,  
Scotland can witnesse bee,  
I have not any captaine more  
Of such account as hee.

Like tydings to King Henry came, 245  
Within as short a space,  
That Percy of Northumberland  
Was slaine in Chevy-Chase :

Now God be with him, said our king,  
Sith it will no better bee ; 250  
I trust I have, within my realme,  
Five hundred as good as hee :

Yet shall not Scot nor Scotland say,  
But I will vengeance take : 255

I'll be revenged on them all,

For brave Earl Percy's sake.

255

This vow full well the king perform'd

After, at Humbledowne;

In one day, fifty knights were slayne,

With lords of great renowne :

260

And of the rest, of small account,

Did many thousands dye:

Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chase,

Made by the Earl Percy.

God save the king, and bless this land

265

In plentye, joy, and peace;

And grant henceforth, that foule debate

Twixt noblemen may cease.

\*\*\* *THE surnames in the foregoing Ballad are altered, either by accident or design, from the old original Copy, and in common Editions extremely corrupted. They are here rectified, as much as they could be. Thus,*

Pag. 265.

Ver. 2G2. Egerton.] This name is restored (instead of Ogerton, com. Ed.) from the Editor's folio MS. The pieces in that MS. appear to have been collected, and many of them composed (among which might be this ballad) by an inhabitant of Cheshire; who was willing to pay a Compliment here to one of his countrymen, of the eminent Family De or Of Egerton (so the name was first written) ancestors

ancestors of the present Duke of Bridgewater: and this he could do with the more propriety, as the PERCIES had formerly great interest in that county: At the fatal battle of Shrewsbury all the flower of the Cheshire gentlemen lost their lives fighting in the cause of HOTSPUR.

Ver. 203. Ratcliff.] This was a family much distinguished in Northumberland. Edw. Radcliffe, mil. was sheriff of that county in 17 of Hen. 7. and others of the same surname afterwards. (See Fuller, p. 313.) Sir George Ratcliff, Knt. was one of the commissioners of inclosure in 1552. (See Nicholson, p. 330.)—Of this family was the late Earl of Derwentwater, who was beheaded in 1715. The Editor's folio MS. however, reads here, Sir Robert Harcliffe and Sir William.

The Harcleys were an eminent family in Cumberland. See Fuller p. 224. Whether this may be thought to be the same name, I do not determine.

Ver. 204. Baron.] This is apparently altered (not to say corrupted) from Hearone, in pag. 14. ver. 114.

Ver. 207. Raby.] This might be intended to celebrate one of the ancient possessors of Raby Castle in the county of Durham. Yet it is written Rebbye, in the fol. MS. and looks like a corruption of Rugby or Rokeby, an eminent family in Yorkshire, see p. 14, 35. It will not be wondered that the PERCIES should be thought to bring followers out of that county, where they themselves were originally seated, and had always such extensive property and influence.

Pag. 266.

Ver. 215. Murray.] So the Scottish copy. In the com. edit. it is Carrel or Currel; and Morrell in the fol. MS.

Ver.

Ver. 217. Murray] So the Scot. edit.—The com. copies read Murrel. The fol. MS. gives the line in the following peculiar manner,

“ Sir Roger Heuer of Harcliffe too.”

Ver. 219. Lamb.] The folio MS. has  
“ Sir David Lambwell, well esteemed.  
This seems evidently corrupted from Lwdale or Liddell, in  
the old copy, pag. 15, 36.

## II.

## DEATH's FINAL CONQUEST.

These fine moral stanzas were originally intended for a solemn funeral song in a play of James Shirley's, intitled “The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses:” no date, 8vo.—Shirley flourished as a Dramatic writer early in the reign of Charles I: but he outlived the Restoration. His death happened Oct. 29. 1666. Æt. 72.

This little poem was written long after many of those that follow, but is inserted here as a kind of Dirge to the foregoing piece. It is said to have been a favourite Song with K. Charles II.

THE glories of our birth and state  
Are shadows, not substantial things;  
There is no armour against fate:  
Death lays his icy hands on kings:  
Scepter and crown  
Must tumble down,

5

And

And in the dust be equal made  
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,  
And plant fresh laurels where they kill ; 10  
But their strong nerves at last must yield,  
They tame but one another still.

Early or late  
They stoop to fate,  
And must give up their murmuring breath, 15  
When they pale captives creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,  
Then boast no more your mighty deeds,  
Upon death's purple altar now  
See where the victor victim bleeds : 20  
All heads must come  
To the cold tomb,  
Only the actions of the just  
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

## III.

## THE RISING IN THE NORTH.

*The subject of this ballad is the great Northern Insurrection in the 42d year of Elizabeth, 1569; which proved so*

so fatal to Thomas Percy the seventh Earl of Northumberland.

There had not long before been a secret negotiation entered into between some of the Scottish and English nobility, to bring about a marriage between Mary Q. of Scots, at that time a prisoner in England, and the Duke of Norfolk, a nobleman of excellent character, and firmly attached to the Protestant religion. This match was proposed to all the most considerable of the English nobility, and among the rest to the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, two noblemen very powerful in the North. As it seemed to promise a speedy and safe conclusion of the troubles in Scotland, with many advantages to the crown of England, they all consented to it, provided it should prove agreeable to Q. Elizabeth. The Earl of Leicester (Elizabeth's favourite) undertook to break the matter to her, but before he could find an opportunity, the affair had come to her ears by other hands, and she was thrown into a violent flame. The Duke of Norfolk, with several of his friends, was committed to the tower, and summons were sent to the Northern Earls instantly to make their appearance at court. It is said that the Earl of Northumberland, who was a man of a mild and gentle nature, was deliberating with himself whether he should not obey the message, and rely upon the queen's candour and clemency, when he was forced into desperate measures by a sudden report at midnight, Nov. 14. that a party of his enemies were come to seize on his person †. The Earl was then at his house at Topcliffe in Yorkshire. When rising hastily out of bed, he withdrew to the Earl of Westmoreland, at Brancepeth, where the country came in to them, and pressed them to take arms in their own defence. They accordingly set up their standards, declaring their intent was to restore the ancient religion; to get the succession of the crown firmly settled, and to prevent the destruction of the ancient

† This circumstance is overlooked in the ballad.

ancient nobility, &c. Their common banner † (on which was displayed the cross, together with the five wounds of Christ) was borne by an ancient gentleman, Richard Norton, Esq; of Norton-conyers : who with his sons (among whom, Christopher, Marmaduke, and Thomas, are expressly named by Camden) distinguished himself on this occasion. Having entered Durham, they tore the Bible, &c. and caused mass to be said there : they then marched on to Clifford-moor near Wetherby, where they mustered their men. Their intention was to have proceeded on to York, but altering their minds they fell upon Barnard's castle, which Sir George Bowes held out against them for eleven days. The two earls, who spent their large estates in hospitality, and were extremely beloved on that account, were masters of little ready money ; the E. of Northumberland bringing with him only 8000 crowns, and the E. of Westmoreland nothing at all for the subsistence of their forces, they were not able to march to London, as they had at first intended. In these circumstances, Westmoreland began so visibly to despond that many of his men flunk away, tho' Northumberland still kept up his resolution, and was master of the field till December 13, when the Earl of Sussex, accompanied with Lord Hunsden and others, having marched out of York at the head of a large body of forces, and being followed by a still larger army under the command of Ambrose Dudley Earl of Warwick, the insurgents retreated northward towards the borders, and there dismissing their followers, made their escape into Scotland. Tho' this insurrection had been suppressed with so little bloodshed, the Earl of Sussex and Sir George Bowes, marshal of the army, put vast numbers to death by martial law, without any regular trial. The former of these caused at Durham sixty-three constables to be hanged at once. And the latter made his boast that for sixty miles in length and forty in breadth, betwixt Newcastle and Wetherby, there was hardly a town or village wherein he had not executed some of the inhabitants. This exceeds

† Besides this, the ballad mentions the separate banners of the two Noblemen.

the cruelties practised in the West after Monmouth's rebellion : but that was not the age of tenderness and humanity.

Such is the account collected from Stow, Speed, Camden, Guthrie, Carte, and Rapin ; it agrees in most particulars with the following ballad, which was apparently the production of some northern minstrel, who was well affected to the two noblemen. It is here printed from two MS copies, one of them in the editor's folio collection. They contained considerable variations, out of which such readings were chosen as seemed most poetical and consonant to history.

L I S T E N, lively lordings all,  
Lithe and listen unto mee,  
And I will sing of a noble earle,  
The noblest earle in the north countrie.

Earle Percy is into his garden gone,  
And after him walkes his faire ladie †:  
I heare a bird sing in mine eare,  
That I must either fight, or flee.

Now heaven foresend, my dearest lord,  
That ever such harm should hap to thee : 10  
But goe to London to the court,  
And fair fall truth and honestie.

Now nay, now nay, my lady gay,  
Alas ! thy counsell suits not mee ;  
Mine enemies prevail so fast,  
That at the court I may not bee. 15

O goe

— † This lady was Anne, daughter of Henry Somerset, E. of Worcester.

O goe to the court yet, good my lord,  
 And take thy gallant men with thee :  
 If any dare to doe you wrong,  
 Then your warrant they may bee. 20

Now nay, now nay, thou lady faire,  
 The court is full of subtilitie ;  
 And if I goe to the court, lady,  
 Never more I may thee see.

Yet goe to the court, my lord, she fayes, 25  
 And I myselfe will goe wi' thee :  
 At court then for my dearest lord,  
 His faithfull borrowe I will bee.

Now nay, now nay, my lady deare ;  
 Far lever had I lose my life, 30  
 Than leave among my cruell foes  
 My love in jeopardy and strife.

But come thou hither, my little foot-pàge,  
 Come thou hither unto mee,  
 To maister Norton thou must goe  
 In all the haste that ever may bee. 35

Commend me to that gentleman,  
 And beare this letter here fro mee ;  
 And say that earnestly I praye,  
 He will ryde in my companie. 40

One while the little footpage went,  
 And another while he ran ;  
 Untill he came to his journeys end,  
 The little footpage never blan. :

When to that gentleman he came, 45  
 Down he knelt upon his knee ;  
 Quoth he, My lord commendeth him,  
 And sends this letter unto thee.

And when the letter it was redd  
 Affore that goodlye companye, 50  
 I wis, if you the truthe wold know,  
 There was many a weeping eye.

He sayd, Come thither, Christopher Norton,  
 A gallant youth thou seemst to bee ;  
 What doest thou counsell me, my sonne, 55  
 Now that good earle's in jeopardy ?

Father, my counselle's fair and free ;  
 That earle he is a noble lord,  
 And whatsoeuer to him you hight,  
 I wold not have you breake your word. 60

Gramercy, Christopher, my sonne,  
 Thy counsell well it liketh mee,  
 And if we speed and scape with life,  
 Well advanced thou shalt bee.

Come you hither, my nine good sonnes, 65  
 Gallant men I trowe you bee :  
 How many of you, my children deare,  
 Will stand by that good earle and mee ?

Eight of them did answer make,  
 Eight of them spake hastilie, 70  
 O father, till the daye we dye  
 We'll stand by that good earle and thee.

Gramercy now, my children deare,  
 You shewe yourselves right bold and brave ;  
 And whethersoe'er I live or dye, 75  
 A fathers blessing you shal have.

But what sayst thou, O Francis Norton,  
 Thou art mine eldest sonn and heire :  
 Somewhat lyes brooding in thy breast ;  
 Whatever it bee, to mee declare. 80

Father, you are an aged man,  
 Your head is white, your bearde is gray ;  
 It were a shame at these your yeares  
 For you to ryse in such a fray.

Now fyce upon thee, coward Francis, 85  
 Thou never learnedst this of mee :  
 When thou wert yong and tender of age,  
 Why did I make soe much of thee ?

But, father, I will wend with you,  
Unarm'd and naked will I bee ;  
And he that strikes against the crowne,  
Ever an ill death may he dee.

Then rose that reverend gentleman,  
And with him came a goodlye band  
To join with the brave Earl Percy,  
And all the flower o' Northumberland.

With them the noble Nevill came,  
The earle of Westmorland was hee :  
At Wetherbye they mustred their host,  
Thirteen thousand faire to see.

Lord Westmorland his ancyent raiſde,  
The Dun Bull he rays'd on hye,  
Three Dogs with golden collars brave  
Were there sett out most royallye \*.

Earl

\* Ver. 102. Dun Bull, &c.] The supporters of the NEVILLES Earls of Westmoreland were Two Bulls Argent, ducally collar'd Gold, armed Or, &c. But I have not discovered the Device mentioned in the Ballad, among the Badges, &c. given by that Heuse. This however is certain, that among those of the NEVILLES Lords Abergavenny (who were of the same family) is a DUN Cow with a golden Collar : and the NEVILLES of Chytle in Yorkshire, (of the Westmoreland Branch) gave for their Crest in 1513, a Dog's (Grey-bound's) Head erased.—So that it is not improbable but CHARLES NEVILLE, the unhappy Earl of Westmoreland here mentioned, might on this occasion give the above Device on his Banner.—After all our old Minstrel's verses here may have undergone some corruption ; for in another Ballad in the same folio M.S. and apparently written by the same hand, containing the Sequel of this Lord Westmoreland's History, his Banner is thus described, more conformable to his known Bearings :

“ Sett me up my faire Dun Bull,  
“ Wi' th' Gilden Hornes, hee beares soe hye.”

Earl Percy there his ancyent spred, . . . . . 105

The Halfe-Moone shining all soe faire \* :  
The Nortons ancyent had the crosse,  
And the five wounds our Lord did beare.

Then Sir George Bowes he straitwaye rose,  
After them some spoyle to make : . . . . . 110  
Those noble earles turn'd backe againe,  
And aye they vowed that knight to take.

That baron he to his castle fled,  
To Barnard castle then fled hee.  
The uttermost walles were eathe to win, . . . . . 115  
The earles have wonne them presentlie.

The uttermost walles were lime and bricke ;  
But thoughe they won them soon anone,  
Long e'er they wan the innermost walles,  
For they were cut in rocke of stome. . . . . 120

T 4 Then

\* Ver. 106. The Half-Moone, &c.] The SILVER CRESCENT is a well-known Crest or Badge of the Northumberland family. It was probably brought home from some of the Cruzades against the Sarazens. In an ancient Pedigree in verse, finely illuminated on a Roll of Vellum, and written in the reign of Henry VII. (in possession of the family) we have this fabulous account given of its original.—The author begins with accounting for the name of Gernon or Algernon ; often born by the Percies : who he says were

.... Gernons syrft named of Brutys blonde of Troy :

Which valliantly fyghtyng in the land of Persè [Persia]  
At pointe terrible ayance the miscreants on nyght,  
An hevynly mystery was schewyd hym, old bookys reherse ;  
In hys scheld did schyne a MOONE verysing her lyght,

Which

Then newes unto leue London came  
 In all the speede that ever may bee,  
 And word is brought to our royll queene  
 Of the rysing in the North countrie.

Her grace she turned her round about, 125  
 And like a royll queene she swore \*,  
 I will ordayne them such a breakfast,  
 As never was in the North before.

She caus'd thirty thousand men be rays'd,  
 With horse and harneis faire to see ; 130  
 She caused thirty thousand men be raised,  
 To take the earles i'th' North countrie.

Wi' them the false Earle Warwick went,  
 'Th' earle Sufex and the lord Hunsdèn ;  
 Untill they to Yorke castle came 135  
 I wiss, they never stint ne blan.

Now

Which to all the ooste yave a perfytte syght,  
 To vaynquys his enmys, and to deth them persue ;  
 And therefore the Persès [Percies] the Crestant doth renew.

*In the dark ages no Family was deemed considerable that did not derive its descent from the Trojan Brutus ; or that was not distinguished by prodigies and miracles.*

\* This is quite in character : her majesty would sometimes swear at her nobles, as well as box their ears.

Now spread thy ancyent, Westmorland,  
 Thy dun bull faine would we spye:  
 And thou, the Earl o' Northumberland,  
 Now rayse thy half moone up on hye. 140

But the dun bulle is fled and gone,  
 And the halfe moone vanished away :  
 The Earles, though they were brave and bold,  
 Against soe many could not stay.

Thee, Norton, wi' thine eight good sonnes, 145  
 They doom'd to dye, alas ! for ruth !  
 Thy reverend lockes thee could not save,  
 Nor them their faire and blooming youthe.

Wi' them full many a gallant wight  
 They cruellye bereav'd of life : 150  
 And many a childe made fatherlesse,  
 And widowed many a tender wife.

## IV.

NORTHUMBERLAND BETRAYED  
BY DOUGLAS.

*This ballad may be considered as the sequel of the preceding. After the unfortunate Earl of Northumberland had*

had seen himself forsaken of his followers, he endeavoured to withdraw into Scotland, but falling into the hands of the thievish borderers, was strip'd and otherwise ill-treated by them. At length he reached the house of Hector of Harlaw, an Armstrong, with whom he hoped to lie concealed: for Hector had engaged his honour to be true to him, and was under great obligations to this unhappy nobleman. But this faithless wretch betrayed his guest for a sum of money to Murray the Regent of Scotland, who sent him to the castle of Lough-leven, then belonging to William Douglas. — All the writers of that time assure us that Hector, who was rich before, fell shortly after into poverty, and became so infamous, that TO TAKE HECTOR'S CLOAK, grew into a proverb to express a man, who betrays his friend. See Camden, Carleton, Helingshed, &c.

Lord Northumberland continued in the castle of Lough-leven, till the year 1572; when James Douglas Earl of Morton being elected Regent, he was given up to the Lord Hunsden at Berwick, and being carried to York, suffered death. As Morton's party depended on Elizabeth for protection, an elegant Historian thinks "it was scarce possible for them to refuse putting into her hands, a person who had taken up arms against her. But as a sum of money was paid on that account, and shared between Morton and his kinsman Douglas, the former of whom during his exile in England had been much indebted to Northumberland's friendship, the abandoning this unhappy nobleman to inevitable destruction, was deemed an ungrateful and mercenary act." Robertson's Hist.

So far history coincides with this ballad, which was apparently written by some northern bard, soon after the event. The interposal of the WITCH-LADY (v. 53.) is probably his own invention: yet even this hath some countenance from history: for about 25 years before, the Lady Jane Douglas, Lady Glamis, sister of the earl of Angus, and nearly related to Douglas of Lough-leven, had suffered death for the pretended crime of witchcraft; who, it is presumed, is the lady alluded to in verse 133.

The following is printed (like the former) from two copies: one of them in the Editor's folio MS: Which also contains another ballad on the escape of the E. of Westmoreland, who got safe into Flanders, and is feigned in the ballad to have undergone a great variety of adventures.

**H**O W long shall fortune faile me nowe,  
And harrowe me with fear and dread?  
How long shall I in bale abide,  
In misery my life to lead?

To fall from my bliss, alas the while! 5  
It was my sore and heavey lott:  
And I must leave my native land,  
And I must live a man forgot.

One gentle Armstrong I doe ken,  
A Scot he is much bound to mee: 10  
He dwelleth on the border side,  
To him I'll goe right privilie.

Thus did the noble Percy 'plaine,  
With a heavy heart and wel-away,  
When he with all his gallant men 15  
On Bramham moor had lost the day.

But when he to the Armstrongs came,  
They dealt with him all treacherously;  
For they did strip that noble earle:  
And ever an ill death may they dye. 20  
False

False Hector to Earl Murray sent,  
 To shew him where his guest did hide :  
 Who sent him to the Lough-leven,  
 With William Douglas to abide.

And when he to the Douglas came, 25  
 He halched him right curteouslie :  
 Say'd, Welcome, welcome, noble earle,  
 Here thou shalt safelye bide with mee.

When he had in Lough-leven been  
 Many a month and many a day ; 30  
 To the regent \* the lord warden † sent,  
 That bannisht earle for to betray.

He offered him great store of gold,  
 And wrote a letter fair to see :  
 Saying, Good my lord, grant me my boon, 35  
 And yield that banisht man to mee.

Earle Percy at the supper sate  
 With many a goodly gentleman :  
 The wylie Douglas then bespake,  
 And thus to flyte with him began : 40

What

\* James Douglas Earl of Morton, elected regent of Scotland, Nov. 24. 1572.

† Of one of the English marches. Lord Hunsdon.

What makes you be so sad, my lord,  
 And in your mind so sorrowfullyè ?  
 To-morrow a shootinge will bee held  
 Among the lords of the North countryè.

The butts are fett, the shooting's made, 45  
 And there will be great roayaltie :  
 And I am sworne into my bille,  
 Thither to bring my lord Percie.

I'll give thee my hand, thou gentle Douglas,  
 And here by my true faith, quoth hee, 50  
 If thou wilt ride to the worldes end,  
 I will ride in thy companie.

And then bespake a lady faire,  
 Mary à Douglas was her name :  
 You shall bide here, good English lord, 55  
 My brother is a traiterous man.

He is a traitor stout and strong,  
 As I tell you in privitiè :  
 For he has tane liverance of the earle \*,  
 Into England nowe to 'liver thee. 60

Now nay, now nay, thou goodly lady,  
 The regent is a noble lord :  
 Ne for the gold in all England,  
 The Douglas wold not break his word.

When

\* Of the earl of Merton, the Regent.

When the regent was a banisht man,  
With me he did faire welcome find ;  
And whether weal or woe betide,  
I still shall find him true and kind.

Tween England and Scotland 'twold break truce,  
And friends again they wold never bee,  
If they shold 'liver a banisht earle  
Was driven out of his own countrie.

Alas ! alas ! my lord, she fayes,  
Nowe mickle is their traitorie ;  
Then let my brother ride his ways,  
And tell thos English lords from thee,

How that you cannot with him ride,  
Because you are in an isle of the sea \* ,  
Then ere my brother come againe  
To Edinbrow castle † Ile carry thee.

To the Lord Hume I will thee bring,  
He is well knowne a true Scots lord,  
And he will lose both land and life,  
Ere he with thee will break his word.

Much

\* i. e. *Lake of Leven*, which bath communication with the sea.

† At that time in the bands of the opposite faction.

Much is my woe, Lord Percy sayd, . . . . . 85  
 When I thinkie on my own countrie,  
 When I thinke on the heavey happe  
 My friends have suffered there for mee.

Much is my woe, Lord Percy sayd,  
 And sore those wars my minde distresse; 90  
 Where many a widow lost her mate,  
 And many a child was fatherlesse.

And now that I a banisht man,  
 Shold bring such evil happe with mee,  
 To cause my faire and noble friends 95  
 To be suspect of treacherie:

This rives my heart with double woe;  
 And lever had I dye this day,  
 Than thinke a Douglas can be false,  
 Or ever he will his guest betray. 100

If you'll give me no trust, my lord,  
 Nor unto mee no credence yield;  
 Yet step one moment here aside,  
 Ile shewe you all your foes in field.

Lady, I never loved witchcraft, 105  
 Never dealt in privy wyle;  
 But evermore held the high-waye  
 Of truth and honours, free from guile.

If you'll not come yourselfe my lorde,  
 Yet send your chamberlaine with mee ;      110  
 Let me but speak three words with him,  
 And he shall come again to thee.

James Swynard with that lady went,  
 She showed him through the weme of her ring.  
 How many English lords there were      115  
 Waiting for his master and him.

And who walkes yonder, my good lady,  
 So roallyè on yonder greene ?  
 O yonder is the lord Hunsdèn \* :  
 Alas ! he'll doe you drie and teene.      120

And who beth yonder, thou gay ladye,  
 That walkes so proudly him beside ?  
 That is Sir William Drury †, she sayd,  
 A keen captaine he is and tryed.

How many miles is it, madame,      125  
 Betwixt yond English lords and mee ?  
 Marry it is thrice fifty miles,  
 To sayl to them upon the sea.

I never

\* The Lord Warden of the East marches.

† Governor of Berwick.

I never was on English ground,  
 Ne never sawe it with mine eye, 130  
 But as my book it sheweth mee,  
 And through my ring I may descrye.

My mother she was a witch ladye,  
 And of her skille she learned mee ;  
 She wold let me see out of Lough-leven 135  
 What they did in London citie.

But who is yond, thou lady faire,  
 That looketh with sic an austerne face ?  
 Yonder is Sir John Foster †, quoth shee,  
 Alas ! he'll do ye sore disgrace. 140

He pulled his hatt down over his browe,  
 And in his heart he was full of woe ;  
 And he is gone to his noble Lord,  
 Those sorrowful tidings him to shew.

Now nay, now nay, good James Swynard, 145  
 I may not believe that witch ladye :  
 The Douglasses were ever true,  
 And they can ne'er prove false to mee.

I have now in Lough-leven been  
 The most part of these years three, 150  
 VOL. I. U And

† Warden of the Middle march.

And I have never had noe outrake,  
Ne no good games that I cold see.

Therefore I'll to yond shooting wend,  
As to the Douglas I have hight :  
Betide me weale, betide me woe,  
He ne'er shall find my promise light.

He writhe a gold ring from his finger,  
And gave it to that faire ladie :  
Sayers, It was all that I cold save,  
In Harley woods where I could be \*.

And wilt thou goe, thou noble lord,  
Then farewell truth and honestie ;  
And farewell heart and farewell hand ;  
For never more I shall thee see.

The wind was faire, the boatmen call'd,  
And all the faylors were on borde ;  
Then William Douglas took to his boat,  
And with him went that noble lord.

Then he cast up a silver wand,  
Says, Gentle lady, fare thee well !  
The lady fett a sigh soe deep,  
And in a dead swoone down shee fell.

155

160

165

170

Now

\* i. e. *Where I was.* An ancient Idiom.

Now let us goe back, Douglas, he sayd,  
 A sicknes hath taken yond faire ladie ;  
 If ought befall yond lady but good, 175  
 Then blamed for ever I shall bee.

Come on, come on, my lord, he sayes ;  
 Come on, come on, and let her bee :  
 There's ladyes enow in Lough-leven  
 For to chear that gay ladie. 180

If you'll not turne yourself, my lord,  
 Let me goe with my chamberlaine ;  
 We will but comfort that faire lady,  
 And wee will return to you againe.

Come on, come on, my lord, he sayes, 185  
 Come on, come on, and let her bee :  
 My sister is crafty, and wold beguile  
 A thousand such as you and mee.

When they had sayled \* fifty mile,  
 Fifty mile upon the sea ; 190  
 He sent his man to ask the Douglas,  
 When they shold that shooting fee.

\* There is no navigable stream between Lough-leven and the sea ;  
 but a Ballad-maker is not obliged to understand Geography.

Faire words, quoth he, they make fools faine,  
 And that by thee and thy lord is seen :  
 You may hap to think it soone enough,      195  
 Ere you that shooting reach, I ween.

Jamey his hatt pulled over his browe,  
 He thought his lord then was betray'd ;  
 And he is to Earle Percy againe,  
 To tell him what the Douglas sayd.      200

Hold up thy head, man, quoth his lord ;  
 Nor therefore let thy courage fail :  
 He did it but to prove thy heart,  
 To see if he cold make it quail.

When they had other fifty sayld,      205  
 Other fifty mile upon the sea,  
 Lord Percy call'd to the Douglas himselfe,  
 Sayd, What wilt thou nowe doe with mee ?

Looke that your bridle be wight, my lord,  
 And your horse goe swift as ship at sea :      210  
 Looke that your spurres be bright and sharp,  
 That you may prick her while she'll away.

What needeth this, Douglas, he said ;  
 What needest thou to flyte with mee ?  
 For I was counted a horseman good      215  
 Before that ever I met with thee.

A false Hector he hath my horse,  
Who dealt with mee so treacherouslie :  
A false Armstrong he hath my spurres,  
And all the geere that belongs to mee. 220

When they had fayled other fifty mile,  
Other fifty mile upon the sea :  
They landed him at Berwick towne,  
The Douglas landed Lord Percie.

Then he at Yorke was doomde to dye, 225  
It was, alas ! a sorrowful sight :  
Thus they betrayed that noble earle,  
Who ever was a gallant wight.

## V.

## MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

*This excellent philosophical song appears to have been famous in the sixteenth century. It is quoted by Ben Jonson in his play of "Every man out of his humour," first actea in 1599. A. 1, sc. 1. where an impatient person says,*

" I am no such pil'd cynique to beleewe  
" That beggery is the onely happiness,

“ Or, with a number of these patient fooles,  
 “ To sing, “ My minde to me a kingdome is,”  
 “ When the lanke hungrie belly barkes for foode.”

It is here chiefly printed from a thin quarto Music book, intituled, “ Bassus. Psalms, Sonets and Songs of Sadnes and pietie, made into Musick of five parts : &c. By William Byrd, one of the Gent. of the Queenes Maiesties honourable Chappell.—Printed by Thomas East, &c.” 4to. no date : but Ames in his Typog. has mentioned another edit. of the same book, dated 1588, which I take to have been later than this of ours.

Some improvements and an additional stanza (&c. the 5th.) were had from two other ancient copies ; one of them in black letter in the Pepys Collection, thus inscribed, “ A sweet and pleasant sonet, entituled, “ My Minde to me a Kingdome is. To the tune of, In Crete, &c.”

To these last were subjoined four other stanzas, as part of the same poem, and were accordingly so printed in our first edit. but as they are given separate by Byrd, as an independent piece, they are accordingly so printed here : See below, Song VII.

**M**Y minde to me a kingdome is ;  
 Such perfect joy therein I finde  
 As farre exceeds all earthly blisse,  
 That God or Nature hath assignde :  
 Though much I want, that most would have, 5  
 Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live, this is my stay ;  
 I seek no more than may suffice :

I press

I presse to beare no haughtie fway ;  
Look what I lack my mind supplies. 10

Loe ! thus I triumph like a king,  
Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plentie surfets oft,  
And hastie clymbers soonest fall :  
I see that such as sit aloft 15  
Mishap doth threaten most of all :  
These get with toile, and keep with feare :  
Such cares my mind could never beare.

No princely pompe, nor welthie store,  
No force to winne the victorie, 20  
No wylie wit to salve a sore,  
No shape to winne a lovers eye ;  
To none of these I yee'd as thrall,  
For why my mind dispiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave, 25  
I little have, yet seek no more :  
They are but poore, tho' much they have ;  
And I am rich with little store :  
They poor, I rich ; they beg, I give ;  
They lacke, I lend ; they pine, I live. 30

I laugh not at anothers losse,  
I grudge not at anothers gaine ;

No worldly wave my mind can tosse,

I brooke that is another's bane :

I feare no foe, nor fawne on friend ;

I loth not life, nor dread mine end.

35

My welth is health, and perfect ease ;

My conscience clere my chiefe defence :

I never seeke by brybes to please,

Nor by desert to give offence :

Thus do I live, thus will I die ;

Would all did so as well as I !

40

## VI.

## THE PATIENT COUNTESS.

*The following tale is found in an ancient poem intitled ALBION'S ENGLAND, written by W. WARNER, a celebrated Poet in the reign of Q. Elizabeth, tho' his name and works are now equally forgotten. The reader will find some account of him in Vol. II. Book II. Song 24.*

*The following stanzas are printed from the author's improved edition of his work, printed in 1602. 4to. The third impression of which, appeared so early, as 1592, in bl. let. 4to.—The edition in 1602 is in thirteen Books, and so it is reprinted in 1612, 4to. ; yet in 1606, was published “A Continuance of Albion's England by the first author, “ W. W. Lond. 4to. :” this contains Books xiv. xv. xvi.*

In

In Ames's *Typography*, is preserved the memory of another publication of this writer's, intitled, "WARNER'S POETRY," printed in 1586, 12mo. and reprinted in 1602. There is also extant under the name of Warner, "Syrinx, or seven-fold Hift. pleasant, and profitable, comical, and tragical." 4to.

It is proper to premise, that the following lines were not written by the Author in stanzas, but in long Alexandrines of 14 syllables; which the narrowness of our page made it here necessary to subdivide.

Impatience chaungeth smoke to flame, -  
But jelousie is hell;  
Some wives by patience have reduc'd  
Ill husbands to live well:  
As did the ladie of an earle,  
Of whom I now shall tell. 5

An earle ' there was' had wedded, lov'd;  
Was lov'd, and lived long  
Full true to his fayre countesse; yet  
At last he did her wrong. 10

Once hunted he untill the chace,  
Long fasting, and the heat  
Did house him in a peakish graunge  
Within a forest great.

Where knowne and welcom'd (as the place 15  
And persons might afforde)  
Browne bread, whig, bacon, curds and milke  
Were set him on the borde.

A cushion made of lists, a stoole  
 Halfe backed with a hoope  
 Were brought him, and he sitteth down  
 Besides a sorry coupe.

The poore old couple wisht their bread  
 Were wheat, their whig were perry,  
 Their bacon beefe, their milke and curds  
 Were creame, to make him merry.

Meane while (in russet neatly clad,  
 With linen white as swanne,  
 Herselfe more white, save rosie where  
 The ruddy colour ranne :

Whome naked nature, not the aydes  
 Of arte made to excell)  
 The good man's daughter sturres to see  
 That all werefeat and well ;  
 The earle did marke her, and admire  
 Such beautie there to dwell.

Yet fals he to their homely fare,  
 And held him at a feast :  
 But as his hunger flaked, so  
 An amorous heat increast.

When this repast was past, and thanks,  
 And welcome too ; he sayd

20

25

30

35

40

Unto .

Unto his host and hostesse, in  
The hearing of the mayd :

Yee know, quoth he, that I am lord  
Of this, and many townes ;  
I also know that you be poore,  
And I can spare you pownes.

Soe will I, so yee will consent,  
That yonder lasse and I  
May bargaine for her love ; at least,  
Doe give me leave to trye.  
Who needs to know it ? nay who dares  
Into my doings pry ?

First they mislike, yet at the length  
For lucre were misled ;  
And then the gamesome earle did wowe  
The damsell for his bed.

He took her in his armes, as yet  
So coyish to be kist,  
As mayds that know themselves belov'd,  
And yieldingly resist.

In few, his offers were so large  
She lastly did consent ;  
With whom he lodged all that night,  
And early home he went.

45

50

55

60

65

He

He tooke occasion oftentimes  
 In such a sort to hunt.  
 Whom when his lady often mist,  
 Contrāry to his wont,

70

And lastly was informed of  
 His amorous haunt elsewhere ;  
 It greev'd her not a little, though  
 She seem'd it well to beare.

And thus she reasons with herselfe,  
 Some fault perhaps in me ;  
 Somewhat is done, that so he doth :  
 Alas ! what may it be ?

75

How may I winne him to myself ?  
 He is a man, and men  
 Have imperfections ; it behooves  
 Me pardon nature then.

80

To checke him were to make him checke †,  
 Although hee now were chaste :  
 A man controuled of his wife,  
 To her makes lesser haste.

85

If

† To CHECK is a term in falconry, applied when a hawk stops and turns away from his proper pursuit : To CHECK also signifies to reprove or chide. It is in this verse used in both senses.

If duty then, or daliance may  
 Prevayle to alter him ;  
 I will be dutifull, and make  
 My selfe for daliance trim.

90

So was she, and so lovingly  
 Did entertaine her lord,  
 As fairer, or more faultles none  
 Could be for bed or bord.

Yet still he loves his leiman, and 95  
 Did still pursue that game,  
 Suspecting nothing les, than that.  
 His lady knew the same :  
 Wherefore to make him know she knew,  
 She this devise did frame :

100

When long she had been wrong'd, and sought  
 The foresayd meanes in vaine,  
 She rideth to the simple graunge  
 But with a slender traine.

She lighteth, entreth, greets them well, 105  
 And then did looke about her :  
 The guiltie houshold knowing her,  
 Did wish themselves without her ;  
 Yet, for she looked merily,  
 The lesse they did misdoubt her.

110  
When

When she had seen the beauteous wench  
 (Then blushing fairnes fairer)  
 Such beauty made the countesse hold  
 Them both excus'd the rather.

Who would not bite at such a bait ? 115  
 Thought she : and who (though loth)  
 So poore a wench, but gold might tempt ?  
 Sweet errors lead them both.

Scarse one in twenty that had bragg'd  
 Of proffer'd gold denied, 120  
 Or of such yeelding beautie baulkt,  
 But, tenne to one, had lied.

Thus thought she : and she thus declares  
 Her cause of coming thether ;  
 My lord, oft hunting in these partes, 125  
 Through travel, night or wether,

Hath often lodged in your house ;  
 I thanke you for the same ;  
 For why ? it doth him jolly ease  
 To lie so neare his game. 130

But, for you have not furniture  
 Beseeming such a guest,  
 I bring his owne, and come myselfe  
 To see his lodging drest.

With that two sumpters were discharg'd,  
In which were hangings brave,  
Silke coverings, curtens, carpets, plate,  
And al such turn should have. 135

When all was handsomly dispos'd,  
She prayes them to have care  
That nothing hap in their default,  
That might his health impair: 140

And, Damsell, quoth shee, for it seemes  
This houshold is but three,  
And for thy parents age, that this  
Shall chiefly rest on thee; 145

Do me that good, else would to God  
He hither come no more.  
So tooke she horse, and ere she went  
Bestowed gould good store. 150

Full little thought the countie that  
His countesse had done so;  
Who now return'd from far affaires  
Did to his sweet-heart go.

No sooner sat he foote within  
The late deformed cote,  
But that the formall change of things  
His wondring eies did note. 155

But

But when he knew those goods to be  
 His proper goods ; though late,  
 Scarce taking leave, he home returnes  
 The matter to debate.

160

The countesse was a-bed, and he  
 With her his lodging tooke ;  
 Sir, welcome home (quoth shee) ; this night 165  
 For you I did not looke.

Then did he question her of such  
 His stiffe bestowed soe.  
 Forsooth, quoth she, because I did  
 Your love and lodging knowe :

170

Your love to be a proper wench,  
 Your lodging nothing lesse ;  
 I held it for your health, the house  
 More decently to dresse.

Well wot I, notwithstanding her, 175  
 Your lordship loveth me ;  
 And greater hope to hold you such  
 By quiet, then brawles, 'you' see.

Then for my duty, your delight,  
 And to retaine your favour,  
 All done I did, and patiently  
 Expect your wonted 'haviour.

180

Her

Her patience, witte and answer wrought  
 His gentle teares to fall :  
 When (kissing her a score of times) 185  
 Amend, sweet wife, I shall :  
 He said, and did it ; ' so each wife  
 ' Her husband may' recall.

## VII.

## T H E G O L D E N M E A N.

*The four stanzas following are commonly printed as part of the foregoing song, Num. V. MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS ; and accordingly so stand in our first edition. But as they are found distinct and separate, after the manner of an independent poem, with different notes of music, in Birde's BASSUS, it was thought proper so to give them here.*

I JOY not in no earthly blisse ;  
 I weigh not Cresus' welth a straw ;  
 For care, I care not what it is ;  
 I feare not fortunes fatall law :  
 My mind is such as may not move  
 For beautie bright or force of love. 5

I wish but what I have at will ;  
 I wander not to seeke for more ;

I like the plaine, I clime no hill ;  
 In greatest stormes I sitte on shore,  
 And laugh at them that toile in vaine  
 To get what must be lost againe.

I kisse not where I wish to kill ;  
 I faine not love where most I hate ;  
 I breake no sleep to winne my will ;  
 I wayte not at the mighties gate ;  
 I scorne no poore, I feare no rich ;  
 I feele no want, nor have too much.

The court, ne cart, I like, ne loath ;  
 Extreames are counted worst of all ;  
 The golden meane betwixt them both,  
 Doth surest fit, and fears no fall :  
 This is my choyce, for why I finde,  
 No wealth is like a quiet minde.

10

15

20

## VIII.

## D O W S A B E L L.

*The follow stanzas were written by MICHAEL DRAYTON, a poet of some eminence in the reigns of Q. Elizabeth, James I. and Charles I. \* They are inserted in one*

\* He was born in 1563, and died in 1631. *Biog. Brit.*

one of his *Pastorals*, the first edition of which bears this whimsical Title. “ *Idea. The Shepheards Garland fa-  
shioned in nine Eglogs. Rowlands sacrifice to the nine  
muses. Lond. 1593.* ” 4to. They are inscribed with the Author’s name at length “ *To the noble and valerous  
gentleman master Robert Dudley, &c.* ” It is very remarkable that when Drayton reprinted them in the first folio Edit. of his works, 1619, he had given those Eclogues so thorough a revisal that there is hardly a line to be found the same as in the old edition. This poem had received the fewest corrections, and therefore is chiefly given from the ancient copy, where it is thus introduced by one of his Shepherds :

Listen to mee, my lovely shepheards joye,  
And thou shalt heare, with mirth and mickle glee,  
A pretie tale, which when I was a boy,  
My toothles grandame oft hatb tolde to me.

The Author has professedly imitated the style and metre of some of the old metrical Romances ; particularly that of SIR ISENBRAS †, (alluded to in v. 3.) as the reader may judge from the following specimen :

Lordynges, lysten, and you shal here, &c.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ye shall well heare of a knight,  
That was in warre full wyght,  
And doughtye of his dede :  
His name was Syr ISENBRAS,  
Man nobler then he was

10

Lyved none with breade.  
He was lyvely, large, and longe,  
With shoulders broade, and armes stronge,  
That myghtie was to se :

15

X 2

He

† As also Chaucer’s Rhyme of Sir Topas, v. 6.

He was a hardye man, and bye,  
 All men hym lo-ved that hym se,  
 For a gentyll knight was he :  
 Harpers loved him in ball,  
 With other minstrells all,  
 For he gave them golde and fee, &c.

20

This ancient Legend was printed in black letter, 4to, by  
 Wyllyam Copland ; no date.—In the Cotton Library (Calig.  
 A. 2.) is a MS. copy of the same Romance containing the  
 greatest variations. They are probably two different trans-  
 lations of some French Original.

**F**ARRE in the countrey of Arden,  
 There won'd a knight, hight Cassemen,  
 As bolde as Isenbras :  
 Fell was he, and eger bent,  
 In battell and in tournament,  
 As was the good Sir Topas.

5

He had, as antique stories tell,  
 A daughter cleaped Dowsabel,  
 A mayden fayre and free :  
 And for she was her fathers heire,  
 Full well she was y-cond the leyre  
 Of mickle curtesie.

10

The filke well couth she twist and twine,  
 And make the fine march-pine,  
 And with the needle werke :

15

And she couth helpe the priest to say  
 His mattins on a holy-day,  
 And sing a psalme in kirke.

She ware a frock of frolicke greene,  
 Might well beseeme a mayden queene, 20  
 Which seemly was to see ;  
 A hood to that so neat and fine,  
 In colour like the columbine,  
 Y-wrought full featously.

Her features all as fresh above,  
 As is the grasse that growes by Dove ; 25  
 And lyth as lasse of Kent.  
 Her skin as soft as Lemster wooll,  
 As white as snow on Peakish Hult,  
 Or swanne that swims in Trent. 30

This mayden in a morne betime  
 Went forth, when May was in her prime,  
 To get sweete cetywall,  
 The honey-fuckle, the harlocke,  
 The lilly and the lady-smocke, 35  
 To deck her summer hall.

Thus, as she wandred here and there,  
 Y-picking of the bloomed breere,  
 She chanced to espie  
 A shepheard sitting on a bancke, 40  
 Like

Like chanteclere he crowed crancke,  
And pip'd full merrilie.

He lear'd his sheepe as he him list,  
When he would whistle in his fist,  
To feede about him round ;  
Whilst he full many a carroll sung,  
Untill the fields and medowes rung,  
And all the woods did sound.

In favour this same shepheards swayne  
Was like the bedlam Tamburayne \*,  
Which helde proud kings in awe :  
But meeke he was as lamb mought be ;  
And innocent of ill as he  
Whom his lewd brother flaw.

The shepheard ware a sheepe-gray cloke,  
Which was of the finest loke,  
That could be cut with sheere :  
His mittens were of bauzens skinne,  
His cockers were of cordiwin,  
His hood of meniveere.

His aule and lingell in a thong,  
His tar-boxe on his broad belt hong,  
His breech of coyntrie blewe :

45

50

55

60

Full

\* Alluding to "Tamburlaine the great, or the Scythian Shepheard."  
• 1590. 8vo. an old ranting play ascribed to Marlowe.

Full crisper and curled were his lockes,  
His browes as white as Albion rocks : 65  
So like a lover true,

And piping still he spent the day,  
So merry as the popingay ;  
Which liked Dowsabel :  
That would she ought, or would she nought, 70  
This lad would never from her thought ;  
She in love-longing fell.

At length she tucked up her frocke,  
White as a lilly was her smocke,  
She drew the shepheard nye ; 75  
But then the shepheard pyp'd a good,  
That all his sheepe forsooke their foode,  
To heare his melodye.

Thy sheepe, quoth she, cannot be leane,  
That have a jolly shepheards swayne, 80  
The which can pipe so well :  
Yea but, sayth he, their shepheard may,  
If piping thus he pine away,  
In love of Dowsabel.

Of love, fond boy, take thou no keepe, 85  
Quoth she ; looke thou unto thy sheepe,  
Lest they should hap to stray.

Quoth she, so had I done full well,  
Had I not seen fayre Dowsabell  
Come forth to gather maye. 90

With that she gan to vaile her head,  
Her cheeks were like the roses red,  
But not a word she sayd :  
With that the shepheard gan to frowne,  
He threw his pretie pypes adowne,  
And on the ground him layd. 95

Sayth she, I may not stay till night,  
And leave my summer-hall undight,  
And all for long of thee.  
My coate, sayth he, nor yet my foulde  
Shall neither sheepe, nor shepheard hould,  
Except thou favour mee. 100

Sayth she, Yet lever were I dead,  
Then I should lose my mayden-head,  
And all for love of men. 105  
Sayth he, Yet are you too unkind,  
If in your heart you cannot finde  
To love us now and then.

And I to thee will be as kinde  
As Colin was to Rosalinde,  
Of curtesie the flower. 110

Then

Then will I be as true, quoth she,  
As ever mayden yet might be  
Unto her paramour.

With that she bent her snow-white knee, 115.  
Downe by the shepheard kneeled shee,  
And him she sweetely kist :  
With that the shepheard whoop'd for joy,  
Quoth he, ther's never shepheards boy  
That ever was so blist. 120

## IX.

## THE FAREWELL TO LOVE,

From Beaumont and Fletcher's play, intitled *The Lover's Progress.* A. 3. sc. 1.

A DIEU, fond love, farewell you wanton powers ;  
I am free again.  
Thou dull disease of bloud and idle hours,  
Bewitching pain,  
Fly to fools, that sigh away their time : 5  
My nobler love to heaven doth climb,

And

And there behold beauty still young,  
 That time can ne'er corrupt nor death destroy,  
 Immortal sweetness by fair angels sung,  
 And honoured by eternity and joy : 10  
 There lies my love, thither my hopes aspire,  
 Fond love declines, this heavenly love grows higher.

## X.

## ULYSSES AND THE SYREN,

—affords a pretty poetical contest between Pleasure and Honour. It is found at the end of “Hymen’s triumph : a pastoral tragicomedie” written by Daniel, and printed among his works, 4to. 1623.—DANIEL, who was a contemporary of Drayton’s, and is said to have been poet laureat to Queen Elizabeth, was born in 1562, and died in 1619. ANNE Countess of Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery (to whom Daniel had been Tutor) has inserted a small Portrait of him in a full-length Picture of herself, preserved at Appleby Castle in Cumberland.

This little poem is the rather selected for a specimen of Daniel’s poetic powers, as it is omitted in the later edition of his works, 2 vol. 12mo. 1718.

## SYREN.

COME, worthy Greeke, Ulysses come,  
 Possesse these shores with me,

The

The windes and seas are troublesome,  
And here we may be free.

Here may we sit and view their toyle,  
That travaile in the deepe,  
Enjoy the day in mirth the while,  
And spend the night in sleepe.

5

## U L Y S S E S.

Faire nymph, if fame or honour were  
To be attain'd with ease, 10  
Then would I come and rest with thee,  
And leave such toiles as these :  
But here it dwels, and here must I  
With danger seek it forth ;  
To spend the time luxuriously  
Becomes not men of worth.

10

15

## S Y R E N.

Ulysses, O be not deceiv'd  
With that unreal name :  
This honour is a thing conceiv'd,  
And rests on others' fame. 20  
Begotten only to molest  
Our peace, and to beguile  
(The best thing of our life) our rest,  
And give us up to toyle !

20

## U L Y S S E S.

## ULYSSES.

Delicious nymph, suppose there were

25

No honour, or report,

Yet manlinesse would scorne to weare

The time in idle sport:

For toyle doth give a better touch

To make us feele our joy;

30

And ease findes tediousnes, as much

As labour yeelds annoy.

## SYREN.

Then pleasure likewise seemes the shore,

Whereto tendes all your toyle;

Which you forego to make it more,

35

And perish oft the while.

Who may disport them diversly,

Find never tedious day;

And ease may have variety,

As well as action may.

40

## ULYSSES.

But natures of the noblest frame

These toyles and dangers please;

And they take comfort in the same,

As much as you in ease:

And

And with the thought of actions past 45  
 Are recreated still :  
 When pleasure leaves a touch at last  
 To shew that it was ill.

## S Y R E N.

That doth opinion only cause,  
 That's out of custom bred ; 50  
 Which makes us many other laws,  
 Than ever nature did.  
 No widdowes waile for our delights,  
 Our sports are without blood ;  
 The world we see by warlike wights 55  
 Receives more hurt than good.

## U L Y S S E S.

But yet the state of things require  
 These motions of unrest,  
 And these great spirits of high desire  
 Seem borne to turne them best : 60  
 To purge the mischiefs, that increase  
 And all good order mar :  
 For oft we see a wicked peace,  
 To be well chang'd for war.

## SYREN.

Well, well, Ulysses, then I see

65

I shall not have thee here;

And therefore I will come to thee,

And take my fortune there.

I must be wonne that cannot win,

Yet lost were I not wonne:

70

For beauty hath created him

T' undoo or be undone.

## XL.

## CUPID's PASTIME.

This beautiful poem, which possesses a classical elegance hardly to be expected in the age of James I. is printed from the 4th edition of Davison's poems\*, &c. 1621. It is also found in a later miscellany, intitled, "Le Prince d'amour." 1660. 8vo.—Francis Davison, editor of the poems above referred to, was son of that unfortunate secretary of state, who suffered so much from the affair of Mary Q. of Scots. These poems, he tells us in his preface, were written by himself, by his brother [Walter], who was a soldier in the wars of the Low Countries, and by some dear friends "anonymoi."—Among them are found pieces by Sir J. Davis, the Countess of Pembroke, Sir Philip Sidney, Spenser, and other wits of those times.

In

\* See the full title in vol. 2. Book III. No. IV.

*In the fourth vol. of Dryden's Miscellanies, this poem is attributed to Sydney Godolphin, Esq; but erroneously, being probably written before he was born. One edit. of Davison's book was published in 1608. Godolphin was born in 1610, and died in 1642-3. Atb. Ox. II. 23.*

IT chanc'd of late a shepherd swain,  
That went to seek his straying sheep,  
Within a thicket on a plain  
Espied a dainty nymph asleep.

Her golden hair o'erspred her face ;  
Her careless arms abroad were cast ;  
Her quiver had her pillows place ;  
Her breast lay bare to every blast.

The shepherd stood and gaz'd his fill ;  
Nought durst he do ; nought durst he say ;  
Whilst chance, or else perhaps his will,  
Did guide the god of love that way.

The crafty boy thus sees her sleep,  
Whom if she wak'd he durst not see ;  
Behind her closely seeks to creep,  
Before her nap should ended bee.

There come, he steals her shafts away,  
And puts his own into their place ;  
Nor dares he any longer stay,  
But, ere she wakes, hies thence apace.

20 Scarce

Scarce was he gone, but she awakes,  
 And spies the shepherd standing by :  
 Her bended bow in haste she takes,  
 And at the simple swain lets flye.

Forth flew the shaft, and pierc'd his heart, 25  
 That to the ground he fell with pain :  
 Yet up again forthwith he start,  
 And to the nymph he ran amain.

Amazed to see so strange a sight,  
 She shot, and shot, but all in vain ; 30  
 The more his wounds, the more his might,  
 Love yielded strength amidst his pain.

Her angry eyes were great with tears,  
 She blames her hand, she blames her skill ;  
 The bluntness of her shafts she fears, 35  
 And try them on herself she will.

Take heed, sweet nymph, trye not thy shaft,  
 Each little touch will pierce thy heart :  
 Alas ! thou know'st not Cupids craft ;  
 Revenge is joy ; the end is smart. 40

Yet try she will, and pierce some bare ;  
 Her hands were glov'd, but next to hand  
 Was that fair breast, that breast so rare,  
 That made the shepherd senseless stand.

That

That breast she pierc'd ; and through that breast 45  
 Love found an entry to her heart ;  
 At feeling of this new-come guest,  
 Lord ! how this gentle nymph did start ?

She runs not now ; she shoots no more ;  
 Away she throws both shaft and bow : 50  
 She seeks for what she shunn'd before,  
 She thinks the shepherds haste too slow.

Though mountains meet not, lovers may :  
 What other lovers do, did they :  
 The god of love sat on a tree, 55  
 And laugh'd that pleasant fight to see.

## XII.

## THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

*This little moral poem was writ by Sir HENRY WOTTON, who died Provost of Eaton, in 1639. Æt. 72. It is printed from a little collection of his pieces, intituled RE-LIQUIÆ WOTTONIANÆ, 1651. 12mo ; compared with one or two other copies.*

**H**OW happy is he born or taught,  
That serveth not anothers will ;  
Whose armour is his honest thought,  
And simple truth his highest skill :

Whose passions not his masters are ; 5  
Whose soul is still prepar'd for death ;  
Not ty'd unto the world with care  
Of princes ear, or vulgar breath :

Who hath his life from rumours freed ;  
Whose conscience is his strong retreat ; 10  
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,  
Nor ruine make oppressors great :

Who envies none, whom chance doth raise,  
Or vice : Who never understood  
How deepest wounds are given with praise ; 15  
Nor rules of state, but rules of good :

Who God doth late and early pray  
More of his grace than gifts to lend ;  
And entertaines the harmless day  
With a well-chosen book or friend. 20

This man is freed from servile bands  
Of hope to rise, or feare to fall ;  
Lord of himselfe, though not of lands ;  
And having nothing, yet hath all.

## XIII.

## GILDEROY,

— was a famous robber, who lived about the middle of the last century, if we may credit the histories and story-books of highwaymen, which relate many improbable feats of him, as his robbing Cardinal Richlieu, Oliver Cromwell, &c. But these stories have probably no other authority, than the records of Grub-street: At least the GILDEROY, who is the hero of Scottish Songsters, seems to have lived in an earlier age; for in Thompson's *Orpheus Caledonius*, vol. 2. 1733. 8vo. is a copy of this ballad, which, tho' corrupt and interpolated, contains some lines that appear to be of genuine antiquity: in these he is represented as contemporary with Mary Q. of Scots: ex. gr.

“ The Queen of Scots possessed nought,  
“ That my love let me want:  
“ For cow and ew he brought to me,  
“ And ein whan they were scant.”

These lines perhaps might safely have been inserted among the following stanzas, which are given from a written copy, that seems to have received some modern corrections. Indeed the common popular ballad contained some indecent luxuriances that required the pruning-book.

**G**ILDEROY was a bonnie boy,  
 Had roses tull his shoone,  
 His stockings were of filken soy,  
 Wi' garters hanging doun :  
 It was, I weene, a comelie sight,  
 To see sae trim a boy ;  
 He was my jo and hearts delight,  
 My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh ! sike twa charming een he had,  
 A breath as sweet as rose,  
 He never ware a Highland plaid,  
 But costly filken clothes ;  
 He gain'd the luve of ladies gay,  
 Nane eir tull him was coy,  
 Ah ! wae is mee ! I mourn the day,  
 For my dear Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy and I were born,  
 Baith in one toun together,  
 We scant were seven years beforne,  
 We gan to luve each other ;  
 Our dadies and our mammies thay,  
 Were fill'd wi' mickle joy,  
 To think upon the bridal day,  
 Twixt me and Gilderoy.

5

10

15

20

For

For Gilderoy that lufe of mine, 25  
 Gude faith, I freely bought  
 A wedding fark of holland fine,  
 Wi' silken flowers wrought:  
 And he gied me a wedding ring,  
 Which I receiv'd wi' joy, 30  
 Nae lad nor lassie eir could sing,  
 Like me and Gilderoy.

Wi' mickle joy we spent our prime,  
 Till we were baith sixteen,  
 And aft we past the langsome time, 35  
 Among the leaves sae green;  
 Aft on the banks we'd sit us thair,  
 And sweetly kiss and 'toy,  
 Wi' garlands gay wad deck my hair  
 My handsome Gilderoy. 40

Oh ! that he still had been content,  
 Wi' me to lead his life,  
 But, ah ! his manfu' heart was bent,  
 To stir in feates of strife:  
 And he in many a venturous deed, 45  
 His courage bauld wad try,  
 And now this gars mine heart to bleed,  
 For my dear Gilderoy.

And when of me his leave he tuik,  
 The tears they wat mine ee, 50  
 I gave tull him a parting lulk,  
 " My benison gang wi' thee !  
 God speed the weil, mine ain dear heart,  
 For gane is all my joy ;  
 My heart is rent fith we maun part, 55  
 My handsome Gilderoy."

My Gilderoy baith far and near,  
 Was fear'd in every toun,  
 And bauldly bare away the gear,  
 Of many a lawland loun ; 60  
 Nane eir durst meet him man to man,  
 He was sae brave a boy,  
 At length wi' numbers he was tane,  
 My winsome Gilderoy.

Wae worth the loun that made the laws,  
 To hang a man for gear, 65  
 To 'reave of life for ox or afs,  
 For sheep, or horse, or mare :  
 Had not their laws been made sae strick,  
 I neir had lost my joy, 70  
 Wi' sorrow neir had wat my cheek,  
 For my dear Gilderoy.

Giff Gilderoy had done amisse,  
 He mought hae banisht been,  
 Ah ! what fair cruelty is this, 75  
 To hang sike handsome men :  
 To hang the flower o' Scottish land,  
 Sae sweet and fair a boy ;  
 Nae lady had sae white a hand,  
 As thee, my Gilderoy. 80

Of Gilderoy sae afraid they were,  
 They bound him mickle-strong,  
 Tull Edenburrow they led him thair,  
 And on a gallows hung :  
 They hung him high aboon the rest, 85  
 He was sae trim a boy ;  
 Thair dyed the youth whom I lued best,  
 My handsome Gilderoy.

Thus having yielded up his breath,  
 I bare his corpse away, 90  
 Wi' tears, that trickled for his death,  
 I washt his comelye clay ;  
 And siker in a grave sae deep,  
 I laid the dear-lued boy,  
 And now for evir maun I weep, 95  
 My winsome Gilderoy. . . .

## XIV.

## WINIFREDA.

*This beautiful address to conjugal love, a subject too much neglected by the libertine Muses, was, I believe, first printed in a volume of "Miscellaneous poems, by several hands, published by D. [David] Lewis, 1726. 8vo."*

*It is there said, how truly I know not, to be a translation "from the ancient British language."*

A WAY ; let nought to love displeasing,  
My Winifreda, move your care ;  
Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,  
Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy fear.

What tho' no grants of royal donors  
With pompous titles grace our blood ?  
We'll shine in more substantial honors,  
And to be noble we'll be good.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,  
Will sweetly sound where-e'er 'tis spoke :  
And all the great ones, they shall wonder  
How they respect such little folk.

What

What though from fortune's lavish bounty  
 No mighty treasures we possess.  
 We'll find within our pittance plenty, 15  
 And be content without excess.

Still shall each returning season  
 Sufficient for our wishes give ;  
 For we will live a life of reason,  
 And that's the only life to live. 20

Through youth and age in love excelling,  
 We'll hand in hand together tread ;  
 Sweet-smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,  
 And babes, sweet-smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures, 25  
 While round my knees they fondly clung :  
 To see them look their mothers features,  
 To hear them lisp their mothers tongue.

And when with envy time transported,  
 Shall think to rob us of our joys, 30  
 You'll in your girls again be courted,  
 And I'll go a wooing in my boys.

## XV.

## THE WITCH OF WOKEY,

—was published in a small collection of poems intitled, EUTHEMIA, OR THE POWER OF HARMONY, &c. 1756. written by an ingenious Physician near Bath, who chose to conceal his name. The following contains some variations from the original copy, which it is hoped the author will pardon, when he is informed they came from the elegant pen of the late Mr. Shenstone.

WOKEY-HOLE is a noted cavern in Somersetshire, which has given birth to as many wild fanciful stories as the Sybil's Cave in Italy. Thro' a very narrow entrance, it opens into a large vault, the roof whereof, either on account of its height, or the thickness of the gloom, cannot be discovered by the light of torches. It goes winding a great way under ground, is crost by a stream of very cold water, and is all horrid with broken pieces of rock: many of these are evident petrifications; which, on account of their singular forms, have given rise to the fables alluded to in this poem.

**I**N aunciente days, tradition shewes,  
A base and wicked elfe arose,  
The Witch of Wokey hight:  
Oft have I heard the fearfull tale  
From Sue, and Roger of the vale,  
On some long winter's night.

Deep in the dreary dismall cell,  
 Which seem'd and was ycleped hell,  
 This blear-eyed hag did hide :  
 Nine wicked elves, as legends faigne,  
 She chose to form her guardian trayne,  
 And kennel near her side. 10

Here screeching owls oft made their nest,  
 While wolves its craggy sides possest,  
 Night-howling thro' the rock : 15  
 No wholesome herb could here be found ;  
 She blasted every plant around,  
 And blister'd every flock.

Her haggard face was foul to see ;  
 Her mouth unmeet a mouth to bee ; 20  
 Her eyne of deadly leer.  
 She nought devis'd, but neighbour's ill ;  
 She wreak'd on all her wayward will,  
 And marr'd all goodly clear.

All in her prime, have poets sung, 25  
 No gaudy youth, gallant and young,  
 E'er blest her longing armes :  
 And hence arose her spight to vex,  
 And blast the youth of either sex,  
 By dint of hellish charms. 30

From Glaston came a lerned wight,  
 Full bent to marr her fell despight,  
 And well he did, I ween :  
 Sich mischief never had been known,  
 And, since his mickle lerninge shoun, 35  
 Sich mischief ne'er has been.

He chauntede out his godlie booke,  
 He crost the water, blest the brooke,  
 Then—pater noster done,  
 The ghastly hag he sprinkled o'er : 40  
 When lo ! where stood a hag before,  
 Now stood a ghastly stone.

Full well 'tis known adown the dale :  
 Tho' passing strange indeed the tale,  
 And doubtfull may appear, 45  
 I'm bold to say, there's never a one,  
 That has not seen the witch in stone,  
 With all her household gear.

But tho' this lernede clerke did well ;  
 With grieved heart, alas ! I tell, 50  
 She left this curse behind :  
 That Wokey-nymphs forsaken quite,  
 Tho' sense and beauty both unite,  
 Should find no leman kind.

For lo ! even, as the fiend did say,  
The sex have found it to this day,  
That men are wondrous scant :  
Here's beauty, wit, and sense combin'd,  
With all that's good and virtuous join'd,  
Yet hardly one gallant. 60

Shall then sich maids unpitied moane ?  
They might as well, like her, be stome,  
As thus forsaken dwell.  
Since Glaston now can boast no clerks ;  
Come down from Oxenford, ye sparks, 65  
And, oh ! revoke the spell.

Yet stay—nor thus despond, ye fair ;  
Virtue's the gods' peculiar care ;  
I hear the gracious voice :  
Your sex shall soon be blest agen,  
We only wait to find sich men, 70  
As best deserve your choice.

## XVI.

B R Y A N A N D P E R E E N E,  
A W E S T - I N D I A N B A L L A D,

—is founded on a real fact, that happened in the island of St. Christophers a few years ago. The editor owes the following

following stanzas to the friendship of Dr. JAMES GRAINGER †, who was an eminent Physician in that island, when this tragical incident happened, and died there much honoured and lamented, in 1767. To this ingenious gentleman the public is indebted for the fine ODE ON SOLITUDE printed in the IVth vol. of Dadley's Miscel. p. 229. in which are assembled some of the sublimest images in nature. The reader will pardon the insertion of the first stanza here, for the sake of rectifying the two last lines, which were thus given by the Author.

O Solitude, romantic maid,  
Whether by nodding towers you tread,  
Or haunt the desert's trackless gloom,  
Or hover o'er the yawning tomb,  
Or climb the Andes' clifted side,  
Or by the Nile's coy source abide,  
Or starting from your half-year's sleep,  
From Hecla view the thawing deep,  
Or at the purple dawn of day  
Tadmor's marble wastes survey, &c.

alluding to the account of Palmyra published by some late ingenious travellers, and the manner in which they were struck at the first sight of those magnificent ruins by break of day †.

THE north-east wind did briskly blow,  
The ship was safely moor'd,  
Young Bryan thought the boat's-crew slow,  
And so leapt over-board.

Percene, the pride of Indian dames,  
His heart long held in thrall,  
And who so his impatience blames,  
I wot, ne'er lov'd at all.

5

A long

† Author of a poem on the Culture of the SUGAR-CANE.

† So in pag. 335. read, Turn'd her magic ray.

A long long year, one month and day,  
He dwelt on English land,  
Nor once in thought or deed would stray,  
Tho' ladies sought his hand.

10

For Bryan he was tall and strong,  
Right blythsome roll'd his een,  
Sweet was his voice whene'er he sung,  
He scant had twenty seen.

15

But who the countleſs charms can draw,  
That grac'd his miſtress true ;  
Such charms the old world ſeldom ſaw,  
Nor oft I ween the new.

20

Her raven hair plays round her neck,  
Like tendrils of the vine ;  
Her cheeks red dewy rose buds deck,  
Her eyes like diamonds flaine.

Soon as his well-known ſhip ſhe ſpied,  
She cast her weeds away,  
And to the palmy ſhore ſhe hied,  
All in her best array.

25

In ſea-green ſilk ſo neatly clad,  
She there impatient stood ;  
The crew with wonder ſaw the lad  
Repell the foaming flood.

30

Her

Her hands a handkerchief display'd,  
 Which he at parting gave ;  
 Well pleas'd the token he survey'd,  
 And manlier beat the wave. 35

Her fair companions one and all,  
 Rejoicing crowd the strand ;  
 For now her lover swam in call,  
 And almost touch'd the land. 40

Then through the white surf did she hasten,  
 To clasp her lovely swain ;  
 When, ah ! a shark bit through his waste :  
 His heart's blood dy'd the main !

He shriek'd ! his half sprang from the wave, 45  
 Streaming with purple gore,  
 And soon it found a living grave,  
 And ah ! was seen no more.

Now hasten, now hasten, ye maids, I pray,  
 Fetch water from the spring : 50  
 She falls, she swoons, she dies away,  
 And soon her knell they ring.

Now each May morning round her tomb  
 Ye fair, fresh flowerets strew,  
 So may your lovers scape his doom,  
 Her hapless fate scape you. 55

## XVII.

GENTLE RIVER, GENTLE RIVER,  
TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH.

Although the English are remarkable for the number and variety of their ancient Ballads, and retain perhaps a greater fondness for these old simple rhapsodies of their ancestors, than most other nations; they are not the only people who have distinguished themselves by compositions of this kind. The Spaniards have great multitudes of them, many of which are of the highest merit. They call them in their language Romances, and have collected them into volumes under the titles of *El Romancero*, *El Cancionero* †, &c. Most of them relate to their conflicts with the Moors, and display a spirit of gallantry peculiar to that romantic people. But of all the Spanish ballads, none exceed in poetical merit those inserted in a little Spanish “History of the civil wars of Granada,” describing the dissensions which raged in that last seat of Moorish empire before it was conquered in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, in 1491. In this History (or perhaps, Romance) a great number of heroic songs are inserted and appealed to as authentic vouchers for the truth of facts. In reality, the prose narrative seems to be drawn up for no other end, but to introduce and illustrate these beautiful pieces.

The Spanish editor pretends (how truly I know not) that they are translations from the Arabic or Morisco language. Indeed from the plain unadorned nature of the verse, and the native simplicity of the language and sentiment, which runs through these poems, one would judge them to have been composed soon after the conquest of Granada\* above mentioned; as the prose narrative in which they are inserted was published about a century after. It should seem, at least, that they were written before the Castilians had formed themselves so generally, as they have done since, on

Vol. I.

Z

the

† i. e. The ballad-singer. \* See Vol. III. p. 10. note.

the model of the Tuscan poets, or had imported from Italy that fondness for conceit and refinement, which has for near two centuries past so much infected the Spanish poetry, and rendered it so frequently affected, and obscure.

As a specimen of the ancient Spanish manner, which very much resembles that of our old English Bards and Minstrels, the Reader is desired candidly to accept the two following poems. They are given from a small Collection of pieces of this kind, which the Editor some years ago translated for his amusement when he was studying the Spanish language. As the first is a pretty close translation, to gratify the curious it is accompanied with the original. The Metre is the same in all these old Spanish Ballads: it is of the most simple construction, and is still used by the common people in their extempora-neous songs, as we learn from Baretta's Travels. It runs in short stanzas of four lines, of which the second and fourth alone correspond in their terminations; and in these it is only required that the vowels should be alike, the consonants may be altogether different, as

pone	casa	meten	arcos
noble	cañas	muere	gamo

Yet

• **R**IO verde, rio verde,  
• Quanto cuerpo en ti se baña  
• De Christianos y de Moros  
• Muertos por la dura espada!  
• Y tus ondas cristalinas  
• De roxa sangre se esmaltan:  
• Entre Moros y Christianos  
• Muy gran batalla se trava.  
• Murieron Duques y Condes,  
• Grandes señores de salva:  
• Murio gente de valia  
• De la nobleza de España.

Yet has this kind of verse a sort of simple harmonious flow, which atones for the imperfect nature of the rhyme, and renders it not unpleasing to the ear. The same flow of numbers has been studied in the following versions. The first of them is given from two different originals, both of which are printed in the Hist. de las civiles guerras de Granada. Mad. 1694. One of them hath the rhymes ending in AA, the other in IA. It is the former of these that is here reprinted. They both of them begin with the same line,

Rio verde, rio verde †,  
which could not be translated faithfully;

Verdant river, verdant river,  
would have given an affected stiffness to the verse; the great merit of which is its easy simplicity; and therefore a more simple epithet was adopted, though less poetical or expressive.

† Literally, Green river, green river.

**G**ENTLE river, gentle river,  
Lo, thy streams are stain'd with gore,  
Many a brave and noble captain  
Floats along thy willow'd shore.

All beside thy limpid waters,  
All beside thy fands so bright,  
Moorish Chiefs and Christian Warriors  
Join'd in fierce and mortal fight.

Lords, and dukes, and noble princes  
On thy fatal banks were slain;  
Fatal banks that gave to slaughter  
All the pride and flower of Spain.

Z. 2 There

• En ti murio don Alonso,  
 • Que de Aguilar se llamaba ;  
 • El valeroso Urdiales,  
 • Con don Alonso acababa.

• Por un ladera arriba  
 • El baen Sayavedra marcha ;  
 • Naturel es de Sevilla,  
 • De la gente mas granada.

• Tras el iba un Renegado,  
 • Desta manera le habla,  
 • Date, date, Sayavedra,  
 • No huyas de la Batalla.

• Yo te conozco muy bien,  
 • Gran tiempo estuve en tu casa ;  
 • Y en la Plaça de Sevilla  
 • Bien te vide jugar cañas.

• Conozco a tu padre y madre,  
 • Y a tu muger doña Clara ;  
 • Siete anos fui tu cautivo,  
 • Malamente me tratabas.

• Y aura lo seras mio,  
 • Si Mahoma me ayudara ;  
 • Y tambien te trataré,  
 • Como a mi me tratabas.

A N C I E N T P O E M S.

34

There the hero, brave Alonzo

Full of wounds and glory died :

There the fearless Urdiales

Fell a victim by his side.

Lo ! where yonder Don Saavedra

Thro' their squadrons flow retires ;

Proud Seville, his native city,

Proud Seville his worth admires.

Close behind a renegado

Loudly shouts with taunting cry ;

Yield thee, yield thee, Don Saavedra,

Dost thou from the battle fly ?

Well I know thee, haughty Christian,

Long I liv'd beneath thy roof ;

Oft I've in the lists of glory

Seen thee win the prize of proof.

Well I know thy aged parents,

Well thy blooming bride I know ;

Seven years I was thy captive,

Seven years of pain and woe.

May our prophet grant my wishes,

Haughty chief, thou shalt be mine ;

Thou shalt drink that cup of sorrow,

Which I drank when I was thine.

- ‘ Sayavedra que lo oyera,
- ‘ Al More bolvio la cara ;
- ‘ Tirole el Moro una flecha,
- ‘ Pero nunca le acertaba.

40

- ‘ Hiriole Sayavédra
- ‘ De una herida muy mala :
- ‘ Muerto cayo el Renegado
- ‘ Sin poder hablar palabra.

- ‘ Sayavedra fue cercado
- ‘ De mucha Mora canalla,
- ‘ Y al cabo cayo alli muerto
- ‘ De una muy mala lançada.

45

- ‘ Don Alonso en este tiempo
- ‘ Bravamente peleava,
- ‘ Y el caballo le avian muerto,
- ‘ Y le tiene por muralla.

50

- ‘ Mas cargaron tantos Moros
- ‘ Que mal le hieren y tratan ;
- ‘ De la sangre, que perdia,
- ‘ Don Alonso se desmaya.

55

- ‘ Al fin, al fin cayo muerto
- ‘ Al pie de un pena alta.
- ‘ — Muerto queda don Alonso,
- ‘ Eterna fama ganara.’

60

Like a lion turns the warrior,  
Back he sends an angry glare:  
Whizzing came the Moorish javelin,  
Vainly whizzing thro' the air. 40

Back the hero full of fury  
Sent a deep and mortal wound:  
Instant sunk the Renegado,  
Mute and lifeless on the ground.

With a thousand Moors surrounded,  
Brave Saavedra stands at bay:  
Wearied out but never daunted,  
Cold at length the warrior lay. 45

Near him fighting great Alonzo  
Stout resists the Paynim bands;  
From his slaughter'd steed dismounted  
Firm intrench'd behind him stands. 50

Furious press the hostile squadron,  
Furious he repels their rage:  
Loss of blood at length infeeble:  
Who can war with thousands wage! 55

Where you rock the plain o'ershadows  
Close beneath its foot retir'd,  
Fainting sunk the bleeding hero,  
And without a groan expir'd. 60

\*\* In the Spanish original of the foregoing ballad, follow a few more stanzas, but being of inferior merit were not translated.

RENEGADO properly signifies an Apostate; but it is sometimes used to express an Infidel in general; as it seems to do above in ver. 21. &c.

The image of the LION, &c. in ver. 37. is taken from the other Spanish copy, the rhymes of which end in IA, viz.

‘ Sayavedra, que lo oyera,  
‘ Como un leon rebolbia.’

XVIII.

ALCANZOR AND ZAYDA,  
A MOORISH TALE,

IMITATED FROM THE SPANISH.

The foregoing version was rendered as literal as the nature of the two languages would admit. In the following a wider compass hath been taken. The Spanish poem that was chiefly had in view, is preserved in the same history of the Civil wars of Granada, f. 22. and begins with these lines,

‘ Por la calle de su dama  
‘ Paseando se anda, &c.’

SOFTLY

SOFTLY blow the evening breezes,  
 Softly fall the dews of night;  
 Yonder walks the Moor Alcanzor,  
 Shunning every glare of light.  
 In yon palace lives fair Zaida,  
 Whom he loves with flame so pure:  
 Loveliest she of Moorish ladies;  
 He a young and noble Moor.

Waiting for the appointed minute,  
 Oft he paces to and fro;  
 Stopping now, now moving forwards,  
 Sometimes quick, and sometimes slow.

Hope and fear alternate seize him,  
 Oft he sighs with heart-felt care.—  
 See, fond youth, to yonder window  
 Softly steps the timorous fair.

Lovely seems the moon's fair lustre  
 To the lost benighted swain,  
 When all servery bright she rises,  
 Gilding mountain, grove, and plain.  
 Lovely seems the sun's full glory  
 To the fainting seaman's eyes,  
 When some horrid storm dispersing,  
 O'er the wave his radiance flies.

But a thousand times more lovely  
To her longing lover's sight  
Steals half-seen the beauteous maiden  
Thro' the glimmerings of the night.

Tip-toe stands the anxious lover,  
Whispering forth a gentle sigh :  
Alla \* keep thee, lovely lady;  
Tell me, am I doom'd to die ?

Is it true the dreadful story,  
Which thy damsel tells my page,  
That seduc'd by sordid riches  
Thou wilt sell thy bloom to age ?

An old lord from Antiquera  
Thy stern father brings along ;  
But canst thou, inconstant Zaida,  
Thus consent my love to wrong ?

If 'tis true now plainly tell me,  
Nor thus trifle with my woes ;  
Hide not then from me the secret,  
Which the world so clearly knows.

Deeply sigh'd the consciens maiden,  
While the pearly tears descend ;

\* Alla is the Mahometan name of God.

25

30

35

40

Ah !

45

Ah ! my lord, too true the story ;  
Here our tender loves must end.

Our fond friendship is discover'd,  
Well are known our mutual vows ; 50  
All my friends are full of fury ;  
Storms of passion shake the house.

Threats, reproaches, fears surround me ;  
My stern father breaks my heart ;  
Alla knows how dear it costs me, 55  
Generous youth, from thee to part.

Ancient wounds of hostile fury  
Long have rent our house and thine ;  
Why then did thy shining merit  
Win this tender heart of mine ? 60

Well thou know'st how dear I lov'd thee  
Spite of all their hateful pride,  
Tho' I fear'd my haughty father  
Ne'er would let me be thy bride.

Well thou know'st what cruel chidings 65  
Oft I've from my mother borne,  
What I've suffered here to meet thee  
Still at eve and early morn.

I no longer may resist them ;  
All, to force my hand combine ; 70  
And

28 And to-morrow to thy rival  
This weak frame I must resign.

Yet think not thy faithful Zaida  
Can survive so great a wrong ;  
Well my breaking heart assures me  
That my woes will not be long.

Farewell then, my dear Alcanzor !  
Farewell too my life with thee !  
Take this scarf a parting token ;  
When thou wear'st it think on me.

Soon, lov'd youth, some worthier maiden  
Shall reward thy generous truth ;  
Sometimes tell her how thy Zaida  
Died for thee in prime of youth.

—To him all amaz'd, confounded,  
Thus she did her woes impart :  
Deep he sigh'd, then cry'd, O Zaida,  
Do not, do not break my heart.

Canst thou think I thus will lose thee ?  
Canst thou hold my love so small ?  
No ! a thousand times I'll perish ! —  
My carit rival too shall fall.

Canst thou, wilt thou yield thus to them ?  
O break forth, and fly to me !

This fond heart shall bleed to save thee, 95  
 These fond arms shall shelter thee. T.

'Tis in vain, in vain, Alcanzor,  
 Spies surround me, bars secure; 100  
 Scarce I steal this last dear moment,  
 While my damsel keeps the door. T.

Hark, I hear my father storming!  
 Hark, I hear my mother chide!  
 I must go: farewell for ever!  
 Gracious Alla be thy guide!

Diep for rhee in brime of boarpe  
 Somerwise tell her pow thy Nikes  
 Spell lewaid thy beseigis truchy  
 Sgou, jor a yonpe, jome mortpice wisidc

To pur all swax, d' coulounged  
 That yee giv her woe imbust:

### THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

Do woe, do ver pleke my merci.

Casif yon spye I spes will jogs trhee;  
 Casif yon pooy wch love to lwmly;  
 No! a loungead times I'll betwv! —  
 My casif rivalet coo wswill taff.

Casif yon, will yon aigle spye to spew?  
 O preck taff, say yu to me!

Taff

A GLOS.

A GLOSSARY  
OF THE OBSOLETE AND SCOTTISH WORDS IN  
VOLUME THE FIRST.

The Scottish words are denoted by s. French by f. Latin by l. Anglo-saxon by A. S. Icelandic by I. &c. For the etymology of the words in this and the following Volumes, the Reader is referred to JUNIJ ETIMOLOGICON ANGLICANUM. EDIDIT EDW. LYE, OXON. 1743. FOL.

If any words should not occur here, they will be found in the Glossaries to the other Volumes.

## A.

**A**, au. s. all.

Tweed.

Abacke. back.

Abone, aboon. s. above.

Abowght. about.

Abraide. abroad.

Acton. p. 53. a kind of armour made of taffaty, or leather quilted, &c. worn under the babergeon, to save the body from bruises. f.

Hocqueton.

Aft. s. oft.

Agayne. against.

Agoe. gone.

Ain, awin. s. own.

Al gife. although.

Alate. p. 107. of late.

An. p. 83. and.

Ane. s. one, an.

Ancient. standard.

Aras. p. 5. arros. p. 9. arrozes.

Arcir. p. 83. archer.

Assinde. assigned.

Assoyl'd, assoyled. absolved.

Astate. estate.

Astound. p. 203. astonyed. stunned, astonished, confounded.

Ath, p. 6. athe. p. 9. o' th' of the.

Aureat. golden.

Austerne. p. 289. stern, austere.

Avoyd. p. 203. void, vacate.

Avowe. p. 29. vow.

Axed. p. 107. asked.

Ayance. p. 279. against.

## B

Ba. s. ball.

Bacheleere. p. 44. &c. knight.

Bairne. s. child.

Baith, s. bathe. p. 11. bath.

Baile,

Baile, bale. p. 44. 87. evil, burt, mischief, misery.

Balys bete. p. 17. better our bales, i. e. remedy our evils.

Band. p. 52. bond, covenant.

Bane. p. 11. bone.

Bar. bare.

Bar hed. bare-bead, or perhaps bared.

Barne. p. 7. berne. p. 22. man, person.

Base court. p. 107. the lower court of a castle.

Basnete, basnite, basnyte, bassonet, bassonete. helmet.

Bauzen's-skinne. p. 310. perhaps, sheep's leather dressed and coloured red. f. bazane, sheep's leather. In Scotland, sheepskin mittens with the wool on the inside, are called Bauzon-mittens. — Bauson also signifies a badger, in old English; it may therefore signify perhaps badger-skin.

Be that. p. 6. by that time.

Bearing arow. p. 171. an arrow that carries well.—Or, perhaps bering, or birring, i. e. whirring, or whizzing arrow: from Isl. Bir. *Ventus*, or A. S. *Bege*, *sremittus*.

Bedight. bedecked.

Bedyls. beadles.

Beheard. beard.

Beete. did beat.

Beform. before,

Begylde. beguiled, deceived.

Behelts. commands, injunctions.

Behove. p. 176. beboof.

Belyfe. p. 166. belie. immediately, by and by, shortly.

Bende-bow. a bent bow. qu.

Ben, bene. been.

Benilon. blessing.

Bent. p. 5. bents. p. 45. (where bents, long coarse grass, &c. grow) the field; fields.

Benyng. p. 103. benigne, benign, kind.

Beste. beest, art.

Betis. beasts.

Bestrawghted. p. 183. distract.

Beth. be, are.

Bickarte. p. 5. bicker'd. skirmished. (It is also used sometimes in the sense of "Swiftly coursed" which seems to be the sense. p. 5. Mr. Lambe.)\*

Bill, &c. p. 285. I have delivered a promise in writing, confirmed by an oath.

Blanc. p. 12. blanne. p. 48. did blin. i. e. stop, cease.

Blaw. s. blow.

Blaze. to emblazon, display.

Blee. colour, complexion.

Bleid. s. bled. bleed.

Blist. blessed.

Blive. p. 94. belie. immediately.

Bloomed. p. 309. beset with bloom.

Blude

\* Mr. Lambe also interprets "BICKERING." by rattling. e. g.  
And on that see Ulysses head  
Sad curses down does BICKER.

Blude. *blood.* bluid reid. s. blood red.

Bluid, bluidy. s. *blood, bloody.*

Blyve. p. 170. *believe. instantly.*

Boate. *bare.*

Bode. p. 99. *abode, stayed.*

Boltes. *shafts, arrows.*

Bomen. p. 5. *bowmen.*

Bonny, bonnie. s. *comely.*

Boone. *a favour, request, petition.*

Boot, boote. p. 87. *advantage, help, assistance.*

Borrowe, borowe. *pledge, surety.*

Borewe. p. 153. *to redeem by a pledge.*

Borrowed. p. 34. *warranted, pledged, was exchanged for.*

Bot and. s. p. 121. (It should probably be both and.) *and also.*

Bot. *but.*

Bote. *boot. advantage.*

Bougill. s. *bugle-born, bunting-born.*

Bounde, bowynd, bowned. *prepared, got ready. The word is also used in the north in the sense of 'went' or 'was going.'*

Bowndes. *bounds.*

Bowne ye. *prepare ye, get ready.*

Bowne. *ready; bowned, prepared.*

Bowne to dine, i. e. *going to dine.* p. 43. Bowne, is a common word in the north for 'going,' e. g. Where are you bowne to? where are you going?

Bowre, p. 56. *bower. habitation: chamber, parlour, perhaps from Irl. bouan, to dwell.*

Bowre-window. *chamber window.*

Bowys. *bowes.*

Braid. s. *broad, large.*

Brandes. *swords.*

Breere. p. 89. *brere. briar.*

Bred bannor. *broad banner.*

Breech. p. 310. *breeches.*

Breeden bale. *breed mischief.*

Breng. *bryng. bring.*

Broad arrow. *a broad forked beaded arrow.* s.

Brodinge. *pricking.*

Brooke. p. 16. *enjoy.*

Brooke. p. 296. *bear, endure.*

Browd. p. *broad.*

Brytlynge, p. 6. *brytlyng. p. 7. cutting up, quartering, carving.*

Bugle. *bugle-born, bunting-born.*

Bushman. p. 100. *ambushment, ambush, a snare to bring them into trouble.*

Buske ye. *dress ye.*

Busket, buskt, dressed.

Buskt them. p. 100. *prepared themselves, made themselves ready.*

Busk and boun. p. 124. i. e. *make yourselves ready and go.*

Boun. *to go. (nor. country.)*

But if. *unless.*

Buttes. *buts to shoot at.*

By thre. p. 145. *of three.*

Bye. p. 153. *buy, pay for; also aby. suffer for.*

Byears. *beeres. biers.*

Bydys. *bides, abides.*

Byll. p. 6. *bill. an ancient kind of halbert, or battle-ax.*

Byn, bine, bin. *been, be, are.*

Byrche. *birch-tree, birch-wood.*

Byte, beeft. *art.*

Bytle.

6

Calde, callyd. p. 8. called.  
 Camischo. s. stern, grim.  
 Can, cane. p. 22, 29. gan.  
 p. 26. began to cry.  
 Capull hyde, horse-hide.  
 Care-bed. bed of care.  
 Carpe of care. p. 15. complain  
 thro' care.  
 Cast. p. 7. mean, intend.  
 Cawte. vid. kāwte.  
 Caytiffe. p. 47. caitif, slave,  
 despicable wretch.  
 Cetiwall. p. 309. setiwall, the  
 herb valerian; also mountain  
 spikenard. See Gerard's ber-  
 bal.  
 Chantecleere. the cock.  
 Chays. p. 7. cbace.  
 Check. to rate at.  
 Check. to stop.  
 Child. p. 109. knight. Children.  
 p. 46. knights. See vol. 3.  
 p. 54.  
 Christentye, p. 71. christiante.  
 Chritendom.  
 Churl, one of low birth, a vil-  
 lain, or vassal.  
 Chyf, chyse. chief.  
 Clawde, clawed. tore, scratch-  
 ed. p. 176. figuratively, beat.  
 Cleaped, cleped. called, named.  
 Clerke. scholar.  
 Clim. the contraction of Cle-  
 ment.  
 Clough. a north-country word  
 for a broken cliff.  
 Coate. cot, cottage.  
 Cockers, p. 310. a sort of bus-  
 kins or short boots fastened  
 with laces or buttons, and  
 often worn by Farmers or

Shepherds. In Scotland they are called Cutikins, from Cutie, the antler—Cokers. “Fishermen’s boots,” (Littleton’s Dictionary.)

Collayne. *Colagn, steel.*  
Comen, comyn, come.  
Confedered, *confederated, entered into a confederacy.*  
Cordiwin. p. 310. *cordwayne.*  
properly Spanish, or Cordovan leather: here it signifies a more vulgar sort.  
Corsiare. p. 12. *courser, steed.*  
Cote. *cot, cottage.* Item. *coat,*  
Coulde. *cold.* Item. *could.*  
Could be. p. 290. *was.* Could  
dye. p. 32. *died.* (a phrase.)  
Countie. p. 303. *count, earl.*  
Coupe. p. 298. *a pen for poultry.*  
Couth. *could.*  
Coyntrie. p. 310. *Coventry.*  
Cratcky. *merry, sprightly, exulting.*  
Credence. *belief.*  
Crevis, *crevice, clink.*  
Cricke. s. *properly an ant: but in p. 191. means probably any small insect.*  
Cristes cors. p. 8. *Christ's curse.*  
Crowch. *crutch* (in p. 176. it ought perhaps to be *clowch.*) *clutch, grasp.*  
Cryance. *belief. f. creance.*  
[Whence *recreant.*] But in p. 43. &c. it seems to signify "fear," f. *crainie.*  
Cum. s. *come.* p. 10. *came.*

D.

Dampned. condemned.  
De, dey, dy. p. 7. 15. 10. die.  
A 2 Deep-.

Deepe-fette. *deep-fetched.*  
 Deid. s. dede. *deed.* Item. *dead.*  
 Deip. s. *depe.* *deep.*  
 Deir. s. *deere, dere.* *dear.*  
 Dell. *part.* p. 107. *every dell.*  
     *every part.*  
 Denay. *deny.* (*rbitm gratia.*)  
 Depured. p. 107. *purified, run clear.*  
 Descreeve. *describe.*  
 Dight. *decked, put on.*  
 Dill. p. 41. *dole, grief, pain.*—  
     *dill I drye.* p. 41. *pain I suffer.* *dill was dight.* p. 40.  
     *grief was upon him.*  
 Dint. *stroke, blow.*  
 Dis. p. 83. *this.*  
 Discust. *discussed.*  
 Dites. *dities.*  
 Dochter. s. *daughter.*  
 Dole. p. 40. *grief.*  
 Doleful dumps. p. 183, 266.  
     *sorrowful gloom; or heaviness of heart.*  
 Dolours. *dolorous, mournful.*  
 Doth, dothe, doeth. *do.*  
 Doughte. *Doughete, doughetie, doughtye.* *doughty, formidable.*  
 Doughetic. i. e. *doughty man.*  
 Downae. s. p. 40. *am not able.*  
     *properly, cannot take the trouble.*  
 Doute. *doubt.* Item. *fear.*  
 Doutted. *doubted, feared.*

Dois. s. doys. *does.*  
 Drap. s. *drop.*  
 Dre. p. 13. drie. p. 121. *suffer.*  
 Dreid. s. *dreede.* *crede dread.*  
 Dreips. s. *drips, drops.*  
 Drovyers, *drovers.* p. 257.  
     *such as drive herds of cattle, deer, &c.*  
 Dryvars. p. 5. *idem.*  
 Drye. p. 29. *suffer.*  
 Dryghnes. *dryness.*  
 Duble Dyse. *double (false) dice.*  
 Dughitie. *doubtly.*  
 Dule. s. *dole, grief.*  
 Dyd. *dyde.* *did.*  
 Dyght. p. 12. dight. p. 56.  
     *dressed, put on, put.*  
 Dynte. *dint, blow, stroke.*  
 Dysgysyng, *disguising, masking.*

## E

Eame, eme. p. 26. *uncle.*  
 Eathe. *easy.*  
 Ee. s. eie. *eye.* Een, eyne. *eyes.*  
 Ech, eche, eiche, elke. *each.*  
 Ein, s. *even.*  
 Eir, evir. s. *e'er, ever.*  
 Eke. *also.* Eike. *each.*  
 Eldern. s. *elder.*  
 Eldridge \*, (Scoticè Elriche, Elritch, Elrische; *wild, hideous, ghostly.* Item. *lonesome, uninhabited, except by spectres, &c.* *Gloss.* to A. Ramsey. Elritch laugh. *Gen. Sbep. A. 5* Elke.

\* In the Ballad of SIR CAWLINE, we have 'Eldridge Hills,' p. 45. 'Eldridge Knight,' p. 45. 54. 'Eldridge Sword,' p. 48, 56.—So Gawin Douglas calls the Cyclops, the "ELRICHE BRETHIR," i. e. brethren (b. ii. p. 91. l. 16.) and in his Prologue to b. vii. (p. 202. l. 3.) he thus describes the Night-Owl.

“ Laithely

Elke. p. 29. each.

Elluniynnge. p. 101. *embel-lisbing*. To illumine a book, was to ornament it with paintings in miniature.

Ellyconys. Helicon's.

Endyed. dyed.

Enharpid, &c. p. 101. *booked*, or edged with mortal dread.

Enkankered. cankered.

Envie. p. 23. *envye*. p. 26. malice, ill-will, injury.

Erst. s. *beretofore*.

Etermynable. p. 104. interminable, unlimited.

Everych-one. every-one.

### F.

Fa. s. *fall*.

Fach, feche. *fetch*.

Fain, fayne, glad, fond.

Faine of fighte. p. 70. fond of fighting.

Faine, fayne. *feign*.

Fals, false. *Item. jalleth*.

Fare. p. 61. *pass*.

Farden. p. 54. *fared, flasbed*.

Farley. *wonder*.

Faulcone. *faulcon*.

Fay. *faith*.

Fayere. p. 25. *fair*.

Faytors. p. 103. *deceivers, dissemblers, cheats*.

Fee. *fee, reward*: also, *bribe*. But properly *Fee* is applied to Lands and Tenements, which are held by perpetual right, and by acknowledgment of superiority to a higher Lord. Thus p. 103, in *fee*. i. e. in *Feudal Service*. L. *Feudum*, &c. (Blount.)

Feat. p. 298. *nice, neat*.

Featously. *neatly, dextrously*.

Feere, fere. *mate, companion*.

Feir. s. *fere, fear*.

Fendys pray, &c. p. 104. from being the prey of the fiends.

Fersly. *fiercely*.

Fesante. *peasant*.

Fette. *fetched*.

Fetteled, fetteled. *prepared, addressed, made ready*.

Filde. *field*.

Finaunce. p. 104. *fine, forfeiture*.

Fit. p. 9. *syt. p. 153. fytte. p. 83. Part or Division of a song*. Hence in p. 74. *fitt* is a strain of music. See vol. 2. p. 168, and *Gloss*.

Flyte, p. 191. 284. *to contend with words, scold*.

Foo. p. 31. *foes*.

For. *on account of*.

Forbode. *commandment*. p. 173.

A a 2 Over

“ Laithely of forme, with erukit camscho beik,

“ Ugsome to here was hir wyld ELRISCHE skreik.”

In Bannatyne's MS. Poems, (fol. 135. in the Advocates Library at Edinburgh) is a whimsical Rhapsody, of a deceased old woman, travelling in the other world; in which

“ Scho wanderit, and zeid by, to an ELRICH well.”

In the Glossary to G. Douglas, ELRICHE, &c. is explained by “ Wild, hideous: Lat. *Trux, immanis*.” but it seems to imply somewhat more, as in Allan Ramsay's Glossaries.

Over God's forbode. [Præter Dei præceptum sit.] q. d. God forbid.

Forefend. prevent, defend.

Fornare. former.

Forthynketh. p. 156. repenteth, vexeth, troubleth.

Forsede. p. 100. regarded, beeded.

Forst, p. 77. forced, compelled.

Fosters of the fe. p. 169. forresters of the king's demesne.

Fou, fow. s. full. also, fuddled.

Fowarde, vawarde. the van.

Fre-bore. p. 83. free-born.

Freake, freke, freyke. man, person, human creature. Also, a whim or maggot.

Freckys. p. 10. persons.

Frie. s. fre. free.

Freits. s. ill omens, ill luck; any old superstitious saw, or impression \*.

Fruward. froward.

Fuyson, foysen. plenty. also, substance.

Fykkill. p. 102. fickle.

Fyll. p. 99. sell.

Fyr. fire.

G.

Gair. s. geer, dress.

Gamon. p. 47. To make game, to sport. A. S. Gamian, jocari. Hence Backgamon.

Gane, gan. began.

Garde. p. 10. made.

Ganyde. p. 10. gained.

Gare, gar. s. make, cause; force, compel.

Gargeyld. p. 106. from Gargouille. f. the spout of a gutter. The tower was adorned with spouts cut in the figures of grey bounds, lions, &c.

Garland. p. 89. the ring, within which the prick or mark was set to be shot at.

Gear. s. geer. p. 326. goods.

Getinge. p. 25. what he had got, his plunder, booty.

Geve, gevend. give, given.

Gi, gie. s. give.

Gift, giff. if.

Gin. s. an, if.

Give owie. s. surrender.

Glede, p. 7. a red hot coal.

Glent. p. 5. glanced.

Glose. p. 98. set a false gloss, or colour.

Gode. good.

Goddess. p. 100. goddess.

Goggling eyen. goggle eyes.

Gone. p. 51. go.

Goud. s. gould. gold.

Graine. p. 148. 192. scarlet.

Gramercye. i. e. I thank you. fr. Grand-mercye.

Graunge. p. 297. granary: also, a lone country house.

Grea-hondes. grey-bounds.

Grece. a step. p. 107. a flight of steps.

Greece.

\* An ingenious correspondent in the north, thinks FREIT is not 'an unlucky omen,' but 'that thing which terrifies.' viz. Terrors will pursue them that look after frightful things. FRIGHT is pronounced by the common people in the north, FREET.

Greece. p. 163. *fat* (a *fat bart*) from f. *graisse*.

Grennyng. p. 77. *grinning*.

Gret, *grat*. *great*.

Greves. *groves, bushes*.

Gryfely groned. p. 32. *dreadfully groaned*.

Groundwa. *ground-wall*.

Grownde, *growynd*. *ground*.

Gude, *guid*, *geud*. s. *good*.

### H.

H1, *hae*. s. *bave*. *Item. ball*.

Habergeon. f. *a leſſer coat of mail*.

Hable. p. 99. *able*.

Halched, *halced*. *saluted, embraced, fell on his neck*. from Halie. the neck; throat.

Halesome. *wholesome, healthy*.

Handbow. p. 174. *the longbow, or common bow, as distinguished from the crossbow*.

Haried, *harried, haryed, harrowed*. p. 22, 156. *robbed, pillaged, plundered*. “He ‘harried a bird’s nest.’” *Vulg.*

Harlocke. p. 309. *perhaps Charlocke, or Wild Rape, which bears a yellowflower, and grows among corn, &c.*

Hartly lust. p. 102. *hearty desire*.

Hastarddis. p. 95. *perhaps ‘Hasty rashfellows, or, ‘upstarts.’ qu.*

Haviour. *behaviour*.

Hauld. s. *to hold. Item. hold, strong hold*.

Hawberk. *a coat of mail, consisting of iron rings, &c.*

Hayll. *advantage, profit.* (p. 25. for the profit of all England).

A. S. Hæl. *salus*.

He. p. 5. *hee*. p. 24. *hye. bigb.*

He. p. 164. *hye. to hye, or bastem*.

Heal. p. 10. *hail*.

Hear. p. 11. *here*.

Heare, *heares*. *hair, hairs*.

Hed, *hede*. *bead*.

Heere. p. 94. *bear*.

Hend. *kind, gentle*.

Heir. s. *here*. p. 9. *bear*.

Hest. p. *bast*.

Hest. p. 47. *command, injunction*.

Hether. p. 165. *bitter*.

Heawyng, *hewinge. bewing, backing*.

Hewyne in to. *hewu in two*.

Hi, *hie*. p. 83. *he*.

Hie, *hye, he, hee. bigb.*

Hight. p. 49. p. 11. *engage, engaged, promised.* (p. 145. named, called.)

Hiliys. *bills*.

Hinde, *hend*. *gentle*.

Hir. s. *ber*.

Hirsel. s. *herself*.

Hit. p. 11. *it*.

Hoo, ho. p. 20. *an interjection of stopping or desisting: bence stoppage*.

Hode. p. 155. *hood, cap*.

Hole. p. 98. *whole. holl. Idem*.

Holtes. *woods, groves. In Norfolk a Plantation of cherry-trees is called a “cherry-holt”—Also sometimes “bills”*.

A a 3

Holy.

\* HOLTES seems evidently to signify HILLS in the following passage from Turberville’s “ Songs and Sonnets” 12mo. 1567. fol. 56.

“ Yee

Holy. p. 103. <i>wholly</i> . Or <i>per-baps</i> hole, <i>whole</i> .	Ilka. s. <i>every</i> .
Hom, hem. <i>them</i> .	Im. p. 82. <i>him</i> .
Hondridth, hundred. <i>hundred</i> .	Infere. <i>I fere</i> . <i>together</i> .
Honge. <i>bang</i> , <i>bung</i> .	Into. s. <i>in</i> .
Hontyng. <i>bunting</i> .	Intres. p. 107. <i>entrance</i> , <i>admittance</i> .
Hoved. p. 106. <i>beaved</i> ; or <i>per-baps, hovered</i> , (p. 24.) <i>bung moving</i> . (Gl. Chauc.) Hoved or hoven means in the north, ‘swelled’. But Mr. Lambe thinks it is the same as Houd, still used in the north, and applied to any light substance bearing to and fro on an undulating surface. The vowel u is often used there for the conson. v.	Jo. p. 324. <i>sweet-heart, friend</i> .
Hount. p. 7. <i>bunt</i> .	Jogelers. p. 135. <i>juglers</i> .
Hyghte. p. 30. <i>on high, aloud</i> .	I-tuned. p. 106. <i>tuned</i> .
	Iye. <i>eye</i> .
	Is. p. 83. <i>is, his</i> .
	K.
	Kall. p. 104. <i>call</i> .
	Kan. p. 101. <i>can</i> .
	Karls. <i>carls, churls, karlis of kind</i> . p. 98. <i>churls by nature</i> .
	Kauld, p. 82. <i>called</i> .
	Kawte and keene. p. 26. <i>cautious and active</i> . I. <i>cautus</i> .
	Keep. p. 311. <i>care, beed</i> . So in the old play of Hick Scorer, (in the last leaf but one) “I keepe not to clymbe ‘so hye,” i. e. I study not; care not, &c.
I'feth. <i>in faith</i> .	Kempe. a <i>soldier</i> .
I ween. (I think:) <i>verily</i> .	Kemperye man. p. 70. <i>soldier, warrior, fighting man</i> *.
I wys, I wis. (I know:) <i>verily</i> .	Kems.
I wot. (I know:) <i>verily</i> .	
Iclipped. p. 107. <i>called</i> .	
Iff. <i>if</i> .	
Jimp. s. <i>slender</i> .	
Ild. <i>I'd, I would</i> .	
Ile. <i>I'll, I will</i> .	

“ Yee that frequent the hilles,  
“ And highest **HOLTES** of all ;  
“ Assit me with your skilfull quilles,  
“ And listen when I call”.

As also in this other Verse of an ancient Poet.

“ Underneath the **HOLTES** so hoar.”

\* “ Germanis Camp, Exercitum, aut Locum ubi Exercitus castrametatur, significat: inde ipsis Vir Castrensis et Militaris kemffer, et kempher, et kemper, et kimber, et kamper, pro varietate dialectorum, vocatur: Vocabulum hoc nostro sermone

Kems. s. combs.

Ken, kenst. know, knowest.

Kepers, &c. p. 177. Sc. those that watch by the corpse, shall tye up my winding sheet.

Kind. nature.

Kit. p. 101. cut.

Kithe or kin. acquaintance, nor kindred.

Knave. p. 93. servant.

Knight. s. knight.

Knights fee. p. 93. such a portion of land as required the possessor to serve with man and barge.

Knowles. knolls, little hills.

Knyted. knelt.

Kowarde. coward.

Kuntrey p. 102. country.

Kurteis. p. 103. courteous.

Kyrtill, kirtle. petticoat, gown.

L.

Laith. s. loth.

Laithly. s. loathsome, hideous.

Langsome. s. p. 325. long, tedious. Lang. s. long.

Lauch, lauched. s. laugh, laughed.

Launde p. 163. lawn.

Lay-land. p. 47. land that is not plowed: green sward.

Lay-lands. p. 55. lands in general.

Layden. laid.

Laye. p. 47. law.

Layne, lain. laid. leane.

Leane. p. 29. conceal, bide.

Item. lye. (query.)

Leanyde. leaned.

Learned. learned, taught.

Leafe. p. 164. lying, falsehood.

Withouten. lease. verily.

Leafyng. lying, falsehood.

Lea. p. 125. Lea. the field.

Leeche. physician.

Leechinge. p. 43. doctoring, medicinal care.

Leer. p. 331. a fly look.

Leeve London. p. 282. dear London, an old phrase.

Leeveth. believeth.

Lefe. p. 167. leeve. dear.

Lefe. leaſ. leves. leaves.

Leive. s. leave.

Leman, leaman, leiman. lover, mistref. A. S. leifman.

Lenger. longer.

Lere. p. 53. face, complexion, A. S. bleape, facies, vultus.

Lerned. learned, taught.

Leſyng. p. 168. leſing. lying, falsehood.

Let. p. 5. binder. p. 71. bindred.

Letteſt. bindereſt, detainest.

Lettyng. p. 165. hindrance. i. e. without delay.

Lever. rather.

A a 4 Leyre,

“ mone nondum penitus exolevit; Norfolcienses enim plebeio et pro-  
 “ letario sermone dicunt “ He is a kempfer old man, i. e. Senex  
 “ Vegetus est:” — Hinc Cimbris suum nomen: “ kimber enim  
 “ Homo bellicosus, pugil, robustus miles. &c. significat”. Shering-  
 ham de Anglor. gentis orig. pag. 57. Rectius autem Laxius  
 [apud eundem p. 49.] “ Cimbros a bello quod kamff, et Saxo-  
 “ nice kamp nuncupatos crediderim: unde bellatores viri Die  
 “ Kempffer, Die Kempfer”.

Leyre, lere. *p. 308.* learning, lore.

Lig. s. lie.

Lightsome. *p. 45.* chearful, sprightly.

Liked. *p. 311.* pleased.

Linde. *p. 162.* the lime tree; or collectively, lime trees; or trees in general.

Lingell. *p. 310.* a thread of bemp rubbed with rosin, &c. used by rusties for mending their shoes.

Lith, lithe, lythe. *p. 146.* attend, hearken, listen.

Lither. *p. 72.* idle, worthless, naughty, froward.

Liver. deliver.

Liverance. *p. 285.* deliverance, (money, or a pledge for delivering you up.)

Loke. *p. 310.* lock of wool.

Longes. belongs.

Loolet, losed. loosed.

Lope. leaped.

Loveth. love. plur. number.

Lough. *p. 161.* laugh.

Louked. looked.

Loun. s. *p. 326.* lown. *p. 193.* loon, rascal, from the Irish liun. slothful, sluggish.

Louted, lowtede. bowed, did obeysance.

Lowe. *p. 92.* a little bill.

Lurden. *p. 155.* sluggard, drone.

Lynde. *p. 161.* lyne. *p. 90.* See Linde.

Lyth. *p. 309.* lythe. litesome, pliant, flexible, easy, gentle.

M.

Mahound, Mahowne. Mahomet

Maieste, maist, mayeste. mayst.

Mair. s. mare. more.

Makys, maks. mates \*.

Male. *p. 10.* coat of mail.

Mane. *p. 7.* man. Item. moan.

March-perti. pag. 15. in the Parts lying upon the Marches.

March-pine. *p. 368.* march-pane. a kind of biscuit.

Mast, maste. mayst.

Masterye. *p. 89.* maystry. *p. 170.* a tryal of skill, bigh proof of skill.

Mauger. *p. 4.* spite of.

Maun. s. mun. must.

May. maid. (rhythmi gratia.)

Mayd, mayde. maid.

Mayne. *p. 57.* force, strength. *p. 85.* borse's mane.

Meany. *p. 5.* retinue, train, company.

Meed, meede. reward.

Men of armes. *p. 28.* gens d' armes.

Meniveere. *p. 310.* white fur.

Merches. marches.

Met. *p. 6.* meit. s. mete. meet, fit, proper.

Meyne. *p. 161.* see Meany.

Mickle. much.

Minged.

\* As the words MAKE and MATE were, in some cases, used promiscuously by ancient writers; so the words CAKE and CATE seem to have been applied with the same indifference: this will illustrate that common English Proverb "To turn 'CATE. (i. e. CATE) in pan." A PAN-CAKE is in Northamptonshire still called a PAN-CATE.

Minged. p. 46. mentioned.

Miscreants. p. 279. unbelievers.

Misdoubt. 301. suspect, doubt.

Misken. mistake; also in the Scottish Idiom, "let a thing be alone". (Mr. Lambe.)

Mode. p. 161. mood.

Monynday. Monday.

Mores p. 45. hills, wild downs.

Morne. s. p. 79. on the morrow.

Mort. p. 6. death of the deer.

Most. must.

Mought, mot, mote. might.

Mun, maun. s. must.

Mure, mures. s. wild downs, beaths, &c.

Mufs. muses.

Mightie, mighty.

Myllan. Milan steel.

Myne-ye-ple. p. 10. perhaps. many-plies, or, folds. Monyplye is still used in this sense in the north. (Mr. Lambe.)

Myrry. merry.

Mysuryd. p. 99. misused, applied to a bad purpose.

N.

Na, nae. s. no, none.

Nams. names.

Nar. p. 6. nare. nor. It. than.

Nat. not.

Nee, ne. nigh.

Neigh him neare. approach him near.

Neir. s. neje. ne'er, never.

Neir. s. nere. near.

Nicked him of naye. p. 65. nicked him with a refusal.

Nipt. pinched.

Nobles. p. 97. nobless, nobleness.

None. noon.

Nourice. s. nurse.

Nye, ny. nigh.

O.

O gin, s. O if I a phrase.

On. one. on man. p. 8. one man. One. p. 25. on.

Onfowghten, unsoughten. unsought.

Or, ere. p. 20. 24. before.

Or eir. p. before ever.

Orisons. prayers.

Olt, oste, oost. p. 280. host.

Out ower. s. quite over: over.

Out-horn. p. 160. the summoning to arms, by the sound of a horn.

Outrake. p. 290. an out ride; or expedition. To raik. s. is to go fast. Outrake is a common term among Shepherds, when their sheep have a free passage from inclosed pastures, into open and airy grounds, they call it a good outrake. (Mr. Lambe.)

Oware of none. hour of noon.

Owre. owr. s. o'er.

Owt. out.

## P.

Pa. s. the river Po.

Palle. p. 53. a robe of state.

Purple and pall. i. e. a purple robe, or cloak. a phrase.

Paramour. p. 313. lover. Item. a mistress.

Paregall. p. 102. equal.

Parti, party. p. 8. a part.

Paves. p. 98. a pavice. a large shield that covered the whole body. f. pavois.

Pavilliane.

Pavilliane. pavilion, tent.

Pay. p. 167. liking, satisfaction: hence, well apaid, i.e. pleased, highly satisfied.

Peakish. p. 309.

Peere, pere. peer, equal.

Penon. a banner, or streamer born on the top of a lance.

Perelous, parious. perilous; dangerous.

Perfift. perfect.

Perlese. p. 104. peerless.

Perte. part.

Pertyd. p. 9. parted.

Play-feres. play fellows.

Plaining. complaining.

Pleasance. pleasure.

Pight, pyght. p. 24. pitched.

Pil'd. p. 293. peeled, bald.

Pine. p. 190. famish, starve.

Pious Chanson. p. 179. a godly song or ballad\*.

Pite, pituye, pyte. pity.

Pompal. p. 233. pompous.

Portres. p. 107. portresses.

Popingay. 311. a parrot.

Pow, pou: pow'd. s. full, pulled.

Pownes, p. 295 pounds; (rhythmi gratia.)

Prete, prese. press.

Preced. p. 164. presed. pressed.

Prest. p. 200. ready.

Prestly. p. 164. prestlye. p. 53. quickly.

Prickes, p. 89. the marks to shoot at.

Pricke-wand. p. 89. a wand set up for a mark.

Pricked. spurred on, hastened.

Prowes. p. 100. prowess.

Prycke. p. 170. the mark: commonly a bazole-ward.

Plyme. p. 146 day-break.

Puide. p. 10. pulled.

Q.

Quail. p. 55. 293. shrank.

Quadrant. p. 106. four-square.

Quarry. p. 258. in Hunting or Hawking, is the slaughtered game, &c. See page 6.

Quere, quire. choir.

Quest. p. 157. inquest.

Quha. s. who.

Quhan. s. when.

Quilar. s. where.

Quhat. s. what.

Quhatten. s. what.

Quhen. s. when.

Quhy. s. why.

Quyrry. p. 6. See quarry above.

Quyte. p. 16. requited.

R.

Raine. reign.

Rashing seems to be the old kupting term for the stroke made by

\* Mr. Rowe's Edit. has "The first Row of the Rubrick;" which has been supposed by a great Critic to refer to the Red-lettered Titles of old Ballads. But in all the Collections I have ever seen, I never met with one single Ballad with its title printed in Red Letters.

by a wild boar with his fangs.	Rowght. <i>rout.</i>
Rase is probably the same*.	Rowyned. <i>round.</i>
Rayne, reane. <i>rain.</i>	Rowned, rownyd. <i>whispered.</i>
Rayffe, p. 21. <i>race.</i>	Rues. p. 195. ruethe. p. 23. <i>pitieth.</i>
Reachles. p. 89. <i>careless.</i>	Ryde. p. 275. <i>i. e. make an inroad.</i> Ryde. in p. 69 (v. 138.) <i>should be rise.</i> Sc. <i>'Counsel must arise from me.'</i>
Reas. p. 5. <i>raise.</i>	Rydere. p. 173. <i>ranger.</i>
Reave <i>bereave.</i>	Rynde. p. 29. <i>rent.</i>
Reckt. <i>regarded.</i>	Rysc. p. 145. <i>raise. qu.</i>
Reade. p. 22. rede. <i>advise.</i> p. 28. <i>bit off.</i>	S.
Reek. s. <i>smoke.</i>	Sa, sae. s. <i>so.</i>
Reid. s. <i>red, reed. red.</i>	Saif. s. <i>safe.</i>
Reid-roan. s. <i>red-roan.</i>	Sall. s. <i>shall.</i>
Rekeles, recklesse. <i>reckless,</i> <i>void of care, rash.</i>	Sar. <i>sore.</i>
Renish. p. 65. renisht. p. 71.	Sark. <i>shirt, shift.</i>
Renisht. p. 65. 71. <i>perhaps a derivation from reniteo, to shine.</i>	Sat. sete. p. 3. <i>set.</i>
Renne. <i>run.</i>	Savyde. <i>saved.</i>
Renyed. p. 100. <i>refused.</i>	Say. p. 13. <i>saw.</i> See V. 2. p. 277.
Rewth. ruth. <i>pity.</i>	Say us no harme. p. 71. <i>say no ill of us.</i>
Riall, ryall. p. 107. <i>royal.</i>	Sayne. <i>say.</i>
Richt. s. <i>right.</i>	Scathe. <i>burt, injury.</i>
Ride. p. 285. <i>make an inroad.</i>	Schapped. p. 30. <i>perhaps swap- ped.</i> q. v.
Roche. <i>rock.</i>	Schip. s. <i>ship.</i>
Ronne. ran. Roone. p. 25. <i>run.</i>	Scho.
Roode. <i>cross, crucifix.</i>	
Rouse. <i>roof.</i>	
Routhe, ruth. <i>pity.</i>	
Row, rowd. s. <i>roll, rolled.</i>	

\* In pag. 205. the true reading doubtless ought to be  
Like unto wild boars RASHING.

So in K. Lear, act III. sc. vii. 4to.

—“Nor thy fierce sister

“In his anointed flesh RASH boarish fangs.”

Again in K. Richard III. act III. sc. ii.

“He dream'd the boar had RASED off his helm.”

Again in Warner's Albion's England, 1602. b. VII. ch. xxxvi.

— ha! cur! avaunt! the boar so RASE thy hide.

Mr. STEEVENS.

Scho. sche, p. 24. s. <i>she</i> .	Sie, <i>slee</i> , <i>slay</i> , <i>slieft</i> , <i>slayef</i> .
Schone, p. 22. <i>hone</i> ,	Sleip. s. <i>slepe</i> . <i>sleep</i> .
Schoote. <i>shot</i> , <i>let go</i> .	Slo. p. 98. <i>sloe</i> , <i>slay</i> .
Schowte, <i>schowte</i> , <i>shout</i> .	Slode. p. 46. <i>slit</i> , <i>split</i> .
Schrill. s. <i>shrill</i> .	Slone. p. 48. <i>slain</i> .
Se. s. <i>see</i> . <i>sea</i> , p. 6. <i>see</i> .	Slough. p. 9. <i>slew</i> .
Seik. s. <i>seke</i> . <i>seek</i> .	Smi' hers. s. <i>smothers</i> .
Sene. p. 9. <i>seen</i> .	Soldain, soldan, sowdan. <i>sultan</i> .
Sertayne, <i>serdenlye</i> . <i>certain</i> , <i>certainly</i> .	Soll, soulle, sowle. <i>soul</i> .
Setywall. <i>See</i> <i>cetiwall</i> .	Sort. p. 100, 104. <i>company</i> .
Shaws. p. 84. <i>little woods</i> .	Soth-Ynglonde. <i>South England</i> .
Shear. p. 5. <i>entirely</i> . ( <i>penitus</i> .)	Soth, sothe, south, southe.
Sheele. <i>she'll</i> , <i>she wi'll</i> .	sooth, <i>truth</i>
Sheene. <i>shene</i> , <i>shining</i> .	Could. s. <i>should</i> .
Sleits. s. <i>shetes</i> . <i>sheets</i> .	Soudan, sondain. <i>sultan</i> .
Shent. <i>disgraced</i> .	Sowden, Sowdain. <i>sultan</i> .
Shimmering. <i>shining by glances</i> .	Sowre, sour.
Shoke. p. 101. <i>shookest</i> .	Sowre, soare. <i>sore</i> .
Shold, sholde. <i>should</i> .	Sowter. p. 77. <i>a shoemaker</i> .
Shoen. s. <i>shoone</i> . p. 246. <i>shoes</i> .	Soy. t. <i>silk</i> .
Shote. p. 9. <i>shot</i> .	Spak, spaik. s. <i>spake</i> .
Shraldes. p. 84. <i>vid. locum</i> .	Sped. p. 67. <i>speeded</i> .
Shrift. <i>confession</i> .	Speik. s. <i>speak</i> .
Shroggs. p. 89. <i>shrubbs</i> , <i>thorns</i> . <i>briars</i> . G. <i>Doug</i> . <i>scroggis</i> .	Spendyde. p. 12. <i>probably the</i> <i>same as Spanned</i> . <i>grasped</i> .
Shulde. <i>should</i> .	Spere, spere. <i>spear</i> .
Shyars, <i>shires</i> .	Spill. p. 191. <i>spille</i> . p. 57. <i>spoil, come to harm</i> .
Sib. <i>kin</i> : <i>akin</i> , <i>related</i> .	Sprente. 10. <i>spurted</i> , <i>prung out</i> .
Side. <i>long</i> .	Spurn, spurne. <i>a kick</i> . p. 16. <i>See Tear</i> .
Sic, sick, sick. s. <i>suck</i> .	Spyde. <i>spied</i> .
Sik, like. <i>suck</i> .	Spylt. <i>spoiled, destroyed</i> .
Sied. s. <i>saw</i> .	Spyt. p. 7. <i>spyte</i> , <i>spite</i> .
Siker. p. 327. <i>surely, certainly</i> .	Stahyle. p. 103. <i>perhaps, slab</i> - <i>lyb</i> .
Sigh-clout. p. 192. ( <i>sytthe-</i> <i>clout</i> ) <i>a clout to strain milk</i> <i>through: a straining clout</i> .	Stalworthlye, p. 22. <i>floutly</i> .
Sith. p. 7. <i>since</i> .	Stane. s. <i>stean</i> . p. 82. <i>stone</i> .
Slade. p. 86. <i>a slip of green-</i> <i>feverd between plow-lands</i> , <i>or woods, &amp;c.</i>	Stark. p. 53. <i>stiff</i> . p. 100. <i>en-</i> <i>tirily</i> .
Slaw. p. 110. <i>slaw</i> . ( <i>Sc. Abel</i> .)	Steedye. <i>steady</i> .
Le an, slone, slain.	Sieid. s. <i>stede</i> . <i>steed</i> .
	Stele. p. 13. <i>steels</i> .
	Sterne.

Sterne. *stern*: or perhaps, *stars*\*.  
 Sterris. *stars*.  
 Sterte. *hart*.  
 Sterte, *steited*, *startedit*.  
 Sterte, *start*. p. 320. *startedit*.  
 Steven. p. 93. *voice*.  
 Steven. p. 89. *time*.  
 Still. p. 22. *quiet*, *silent*.  
 Stint. *stop*, *stopped*.  
 Stirande *stage*. p. 22. A friend interprets this, “many a stirring, travelling journey.”  
 Sonderes. *spaniers by*.  
 Stound, Stownde. p. 157. 29. *time*, *while*.  
 Stour. p. 13. 75 *stower*. p. 46.  
 1 *stower*. p. 29. 55. *fight*, *disturbance*, &c. This word is applied in the north to signify dust agitated and put into motion: as by the sweeping of a room, &c.  
 Streight. p. 10. *straight*.  
 Strekene. *stricken*, *struck*.  
 Stret. *street*.  
 Strick, *strict*.  
 Stroke. p. 10. *struck*.  
 Stude. s. *flood*.  
 Styntyde, *stinted*, *slayed*, *stopped*.  
 Suar. *sure*.  
 Sum. s. *some*.  
 Sumpters. p. 303. *horses that carry, cloaths, furniture, &c.*  
 Swapte, p. 10. *swapped*. p. 28.  
 Swopede. p. 28. *struck violently*. *Scot. sweep*. *to scourge*,

(vid. gl. *Gaw. Doug. I.*) Or perhaps ‘ exchanged’ sc. *blows*: so *swap* or *swopp* signifies.  
 Swat, *swatte*. p. 28. *twotte*. p. 28. *did sweat*.  
 Swear. p. 6. *sware*.  
 Sward. *sword*.  
 Sweaven. p. 84. *a dream*.  
 Sweit. s. *swete*. *sweet*.  
 Swith. p. 75. *quickly, instantly*.  
 Syd, *sid*.  
 Syde shear. p. 5. *sydis shear*. p. 6. *on all sides*.  
 Syne. p. 25. 27. *then, afterwards*.  
 Syth. *since*.

## T.

Take. *taken*.  
 Talents. p. 66. perhaps golden ornaments hung from her head to the value of talents of gold.  
 Taine. s. *tane*. *taken*.  
 Tear. p. 16. this seems to be a proverb, “That tearing or “pulling occasioned this spurn “or kick.”  
 Teenefu’. s. p. 125. full of indignation, wrathful, furious.  
 Teir. s. *tere*. *tear*.  
 Teene. p. 153. *tene*. p. 97. *sorrow, indignation, wrath*. Properly, *injury, affront*.  
 Termagaunt. the God of the Sarazens.

\* But in p. 10. it seems used in the same sense, as a cant vulgar phrase of the north. For example: “Have you a shilling in your pocket?” Answer, “Sham a sterne”, i. e. not one. The sense then of “Many sterne they struck down, &c.” is, They struck down straight many a one through rich coat of mail and many folds, &c.

Mr. LAMBE.

Sarazens. See a Memoir on this subject in pag. 76 \*.

Thair. their. Thair, thare. there.

Thame. s. them. Than. then.

The. thee. Thend. the end.

The. they. The wear. p. 5. they were.

Thear. p. 23. ther. p. 6. there.

Thee. thrive. mote he thee. may be thrive.

Ther. p. 5. their.

Therfor. p. 7. therefore.

Therto. thereto. Thes. these.

Theyther-ward. p. 148. thi-ther-ward, towards that place.

Thie. thy. Thowe. thou.

Thouse. s. p. 192. thou art.

Throw. s. p. 61. through.

Thrall. p. 295. captive. p. 114. tbraldom, captivity.

Thrang. s. tbrong.

Thre. thrie. s. tthree.

Threape. p. 193. to argue, to affirm or assert in a positive overbearing manner.

Thrittè. thirty.

Throng. p. 154. hastened.

Till. p. 16. unto. p. 73. entice.

Tine. lose. tint. lost.

To. too. Item. two.

Ton. p. 7. tone. the one.

Tow. s. p. 123. to let down with a rope, &c.

Tow, tow. two. Twa. s. two.

Towyn. p. 22. town.

Treytory, traitory, treachery.

Tride. tryed.

Trim. p. 184. 186. exact.

Trow. p. 171. think, conceive, know.

Trowthe. troth. Tru. true.

Tuik. s. took.

Tul. s. till, to.

Turn. p. 303. such turn. such an occasion.

Twinn'd, s. p. 39. parted, separated. vid. G. Dougl.

## V. U.

Ugsome. s. shocking, horrible.

Vices. (probably contracted for Devices,) p. 106. screws; or perhaps turning pins, swivels. An ingenious friend thinks a vice is rather “ a spindle of “ a press:” that goeth by a vice, that seemeth to move of itself. “ Automatus. adj.”

Diction.

Vilane. p. 95. rascally.

Undight. undecked, undressed.

Unimacklye. misbapen.

Unsett

\* The old French Romancers, who had corrupted TERMAGANT into TERVAGANT, couple it with the name of MAHOMET as constantly as ours; thus in the old *Roman de Blanbardi*,

“ Cy guerpison tuit Apolin,

“ Et Mahomet et TERVAGANT.”

Hence Fontainé with great humour in his Tale, intituled, *La Fiancee du Roy de Garbe*, says,

“ Et reniant Mabom, Jupin, et TERVAGANT,

“ Avec maint autre Dieu non moins extravagant.”

Mem. de l' Acad. des inscript. tom. 20. 4to. p. 352.

Unsett steven. p. 89. unap-  
pointed time, unexpectedly.  
Untyll. unto. p. 154. against.  
Voyded. p. 158. quitted, left  
the place.

## W.

Wad. s. wold, wolde, woulde.  
Wae worth. s. woe betide.  
Waltering. weltering.  
Wane. p. 11. the same as ane,  
one: so wone. p. 13. is one\*.  
War. p. 6. aware.  
Wardis. s. worlds.  
Waryson. reward.  
Wat. p. 8. wot. know, am  
aware.  
Wat. s. wet.  
Wavde. p. 115. waved.  
Wayward. p. 131. froward,  
peevish.  
Weale. p. 111. happiness pro-  
sperity.  
Weal. p. 15. wail.  
Wedous. widows.  
Weedes. clothes.  
Weel. we'll, we will.  
Weene,ween'd. think; thought.  
Weet. s. wet.  
Weil. s. wepe. weep.  
Wel-away. p. 283. an inter-  
jection of grief.  
Wel of pite. source of pity.  
Weme. womb, belly, hollow.  
Wende. p. 163. weened,  
thought.

Wend, wends. go, goes.  
Werke. work.  
Westlings. western.  
While. p. 292. until.  
Whoard. board.  
Whos. p. 100. whoſo.  
Whyllys. whilſt.  
Wight. p. 185. person. p. 292.  
ſtrong, lufſy.  
Wighty. p. 85. ſtrong, lufſy,  
active, nimble.  
Wightlye. p. 41. vigorously.  
Will. s. p. 79. ſhall.  
Wilfulle. p. 88. wandering,  
erring.  
Windling. s. winding.  
Winnae. s. will not.  
Winsome. s. p. 326. agreeable,  
engaging.  
Wifs. p. 280. know. wifſt. knew.  
Withouten, withowghten.  
without.  
Wo. woo. p. 9. woe.  
Woe begone. p. 53. loſt in woe,  
overwhelmed with grief.  
Won'd. p. 308. wonn'd, dwelt.  
Wone. p. 13. one.  
Wondersly. wonderly, p. 108.  
wonderously.  
Wode, wood. mad: wild.  
Wonne, dwell.  
Woodweele. p. 84. or wode-  
wale; the golden ouzle, a  
bird of the thrush-kind. Gloss.  
Chauc. The orig. MS. has  
bere woodweete.

Worthe.

\* In fol. 355, of Bannatyne's MS. is a short fragment, in which 'wane' is used for 'ane' or 'one', viz.

" Amongt the Monsters that we find,  
" There's WANE belovv'd of woman-keind,  
" Renowned for antiquity,  
" From Adame drivs his pedigree."

Worthè. worthy.

Wot. know. wotes. knows.

Wouch. p. 292. mischief, evil.  
A.S. þohg i.e. Wohg. malum.

Wright. p. 100. write.

Wrang. s. wrung.

Wreke, wreak. revenge.

Wringe. p. 100. contend with  
violence.Writhè. p. 290. writhed,  
twisted.

Wraken. revenged.

Wronge. wrong.

Wul. s. will.

Wyght, p. 307. strong, lisy.

Wyghtye. p. 370. the same.

Wyld. p. 5. wild deer.

Wynde. p. wende, go.

Wynne. p. 25. joy.

Wyste. p. 6. knew.

## Y.

Y-cleped. named; called.

Y-con'd. taught, instructed.

Y-fere. together.

Y-founde. found.

Y-picking. p. 309. picking,  
culling, gathering.

Y-flaw. stain.

Y-were. were.

Y-wis. p. 109. verily.

Y-wrought. wrought.

Yave. p. 280. gave.

Yate. gate.

Ych, yche. each.

Ychyselid. cut with the  
chizzle.

Ychone, p. 32. each one. i. t. I

Ydle. idle.

Ye bent. y-bent. bent.

Ye feth, y-feth. in faith.

Yee. p. 28. eye.

Yenoughè. ynoughè. enough.

Yeldyde. yielded.

Yerarchy. p. 104. hierarchy.

Yere. yeere. year, years.

Yerle. p. 8. yerlle. earl.

Yerly. p. 5. early.

Yestreen. s. yester-evening.

Yf. if.

Ygnoraunce. ignorance.

Yngglishe Ynglysshe. English.

Ynglonde. England.

Yode, went.

Youe. p. 7. you.

Yt. it.

Yth. p. 6. in the.

## Z.

Ze, zea. s. ye.

Zeir. s. year.

Zellow. s. yellow.

Zonder. s. yonder.

Zong. s. young.

Zour. s. your.

\* \* \* The printers have usually substituted the letter z to express the character ȝ, which occurs in old MSS: but we are not to suppose that this ȝ was ever pronounced as our modern z; it had rather the force of y (and perhaps of gh) being no other than the Saxon letter ȝ, which both the Scots and English have in many instances changed into y, as ȝeard yard, ȝean year, ȝeong young, &c.

# A D D I T I O N S T O

## THE ESSAY ON THE ORIGIN OF THE ENGLISH STAGE.

IT is not easy to ascertain the time when Plays of Miracles began in England, but they appear to have been exhibited here very soon after the conquest. Mat. Paris tells us, that Geoffery, afterwards Abbot of St. Albans, a Norman, who had been sent for over by Abbot Richard to take upon him the direction of the school of that monastery, coming too late, went to Dunstable, and taught in the abbey there; where he caused to be acted (probably by his scholars) a **MIRACLE-PLAY** of St. CATHARINE, composed by himself\*. This was long before the year 1119, and probably within the 11th century. The above play of St. CATHARINE was, for aught that appears, the first spectacle of this sort that was exhibited in these kingdoms: And an eminent French Writer thinks it was even the first attempt towards the revival of Dramatic Entertainments in all Europe; being long before the Representations of **MYSTERIES** in France; for these did not begin till the year 1398 †.

Again, the learned and ingenious historian of the council of Constance † ascribes to the English the introduction of Plays into Germany. He tells us that the Emperor having been absent from the council for some

\* *Apud Dunstablem .... quendam ludum de sancta Katerina (quem MIRACULA vulgariter appellamus) fecit. Ad quae decoranda, petiit a sacrificia sancti Albani, ut sibi Capae Chorales accommodarentur, et obtinuit. Et fuit ludus ille de sancta Katerina. Vitae Abbat. ad fin. Hist. Mat. Paris. fol. 1639. p. 56.* — We see here that Plays of Miracles were become common enough in the time of Mat. Paris, who flourished about 1240. But that indeed appears from the more early account of FITSTEPHENS: see p. 134. note: see also the very correct Edition of this old writer, with valuable notes, [lately published by the Rev. Mr. PEGGE,] *Lond.* 1774, 4to.

† *Vid. Abregé Chron. de l'Hist. de Fr. par M. HENAUT. à l'an. 1179.*

† *M. L'ENFANT. vid. Hist. du Conc. de Constance. vol. 2. p. 440.*

time, was at his return received with great rejoicings, and that the English fathers in particular did upon that occasion, cause a sacred comedy to be acted before him on Sunday 31. Jan. 1417; the subjects of which were: THE NATIVITY OF OUR SAVIOUR; THE ARRIVAL OF THE EASTERN MAGI; and THE MASSACRE BY HEROD. Thence it appears, says this writer, that the Germans are obliged to the English for the invention of this sort of spectacles, unknown to them before that period.

But the fondness of our ancestors for this piece of dramatic exhibition, and some other curious particulars relating to the early history of the English stage, will appear from a large MS. containing the ESTABLISHMENT OF THE HOUSEHOLD OF HENRY PERCY 5th Earl of Northumberland †, Anno Dom. 1512. In the following Extracts from this book it will be seen that the exhibiting of the old mysteries or scripture plays entered into the stated regulations of domestic œconomy in the houses of our ancient nobility, and that it was as much the business of the Chaplain in those days to compose Plays for the family, as it is now for him to make Sermons.

I shall give the extracts in the same order in which they occur in different parts of the book, viz.

Sect. I. p. 22.

“ ITEM to be payd . . . . for Rewards of Players for  
 “ Playes playd in Christynmas by stranegars in my  
 “ house after xx. \*d. every Play by estimacion: sum  
 “ xxxij. s. iiiij. d. †.

Sect.

¶ This MS. belongs to the present ILLUSTRIOUS DESCENDANTS of that Nobleman, who have with their usual condescension been prevailed on to have a small number of copies printed from this very curious and invaluable MS. (Lond. 1770. 8vo.) which shows beyond any other monument of antiquity now extant the almost royal state and splendor of our ancient Barons, the number of their attendants, the regulations of their household, and the whole plan of their domestic œconomy.

\* This was not so small a sum then as it may now appear; for in another part of this MS. the price ordered to be given for a fat ox is but 13s. 4d. and for a lean one 8s.

† At this rate the number of Plays acted must have been twenty.

## Sect. V. p. 44.

“ My Lords Chapleyns in householde vj. viz. the Al-  
 “ monar, and if he be a MAKER OF INTERLUDYS,  
 “ than he to have a seruaunt to the intent for writ-  
 “ tyng of the parts: and ells to have none. The  
 “ Maister of gramar, &c.

## Sect. XLIV. p. 340.

“ ITEM, my lorde usith and accustomith to gyf yerely  
 “ when his lordship is at home to every Erles PLAY-  
 “ ERS that comes to his lordship betwixt cristynmas  
 “ and candilmas if he be his speciall lorde and  
 “ frinde and kinsman — xx s.

Ibid.

“ ITEM, my lorde usith and accustomyth to gyf yerly  
 “ when his lordship is at home to every Lordis  
 “ PLAYERS, that comyth to his lordship betwixt cris-  
 “ tynmas and candilmas, — xs.

## Sect. XLIV. p. 343.

“ ITEM, my lorde usith and accustomyth to gyf yerly  
 “ if is lordship kepe a chapell and be at home, them  
 “ of his lordships chapell, if they doo play the Play  
 “ of the NATIVITE upon cristynmas day in the  
 “ mornynge in my lords chapell before his lord-  
 “ ship — xx s.

Ib. p. 345.

“ ITEM, . . . . to them of his lordships chappell and  
 “ other his lordshipis seruaunts that doith play the  
 “ Play before his lordship upon SHROU-TEWSDAY at  
 “ night yerely in reward — xs.

Ibid.

“ ITEM, . . . . to them . . . . that playth the Play of  
 “ RESURRECTION upon estur day in the mornynge in  
 “ my lordis ‘ chapell ’ befor his lordshipe — xx s.

Ib. p. 346.

“ ITEM, My lorde useth and accustomyth yerly to gif  
 “ hym which is ordeyned to be the MAISTER OF THE  
 “ REVELS yerly in my lordis hous in cristinmas for  
 “ the overseyng and orderinge of his lordships

B b 2

“ Playes,

“ Playes, Interludes and Dresinge that is plaid befor  
 “ his lordship in his houe in the xij dayes of Cristin-  
 “ mas and they to have a rewarde for that caus yerly

“ —xx. s. Ibid. p. 351.

“ ITEM. My lorde useth and accustomyth to gyf every  
 “ of the Four Persons that his lordship admyted as  
 “ his PLAYERS to come to his lordship yerly at Cry-  
 “ stynmas and at all other such tymes as his lordship  
 “ shall comande them for playing of Playes and Inter-  
 “ ludes befor his lordship in his lordshipis hous for  
 “ every of their fees for an hole yere” . . . .

I shall conclude this subject with the following miscellaneous remarks.

THERE is reason to think that about the time of the Reformation, great numbers of PLAYS were printed, though so few of that age are now to be found; for part of Queen Elizabeth's INJUNCTIONS in 1559 are particularly directed to the suppressing of “ Many Pamphlets, PLAYES, and Ballads: that no manner of Person shall enterprize to print any such, &c. but under certain restrictions.” Vid. sect. 5.

With regard to the Play-house PRICES, an ancient satirical piece called the “ Blacke-Booke, Lond. 1604.” 4to. talks of “ the SIXPENNY roomes in play-houses:” and leaves a legacy to one whom he calls “ Arch-tobacco-taker of England, in ordinaries, upon STAGES both common and private.” — And in the “ Belmans Night-walks by DECKER, 1616.” 4to. I find this,—“ Pay thy TWO-PENCE to a Player, in this gallery thou mayst sit by a harlot.” Yet small as these PRICES may now be thought, the Profession of an Actor appears to have been rather lucrative; this might be inferred from the passage quoted in pag. 140. (Not. d.) to which may be added the following extract from “ GREENE's Groatsworth of wit, 1625.” 4to. (See Roberto's Tale, Sign. D. 3. b.) “ WHAT is your pro-  
 6 fession?

“*Confession?*” — “Truly, Sir, I am a **PLAYER**.”  
 “A Player? . . . I took you rather for a Gentleman of  
 great living; for if by outward Habit men should be  
 censured, I tell you, you would be taken for a sub-  
 stantial man.” “So I am where I dwell. . . . What  
 though the world once went hard with me, when I  
 was fayne to carry my playing-fardle a foot backe:  
*Tempora mutantur* . . . for my very share in playing  
 apparrell will not be sold for two hundred pounds.  
 . . . Nay more, I can serve to make a pretty speech,  
 for I was a country Author, passing at a **MORAL**,  
 “*&c.*”

Lastly, with regard to the Decorations of the Stage,  
 mean as they then were, Coryate thought them splendid  
 compared to what he saw abroad: Speaking of the  
 Theatre for Comedies at Venice, he says, “The house  
 is very beggarly and base in comparison of our stately  
**PLAY-HOUSES** in England: neyther can their actors  
 compare with ours for apparrell, shews, and musicke.  
 Here I observed certaine things that I never saw be-  
 fore: For I saw **WOMEN ACT**, a thing that I never  
 saw before, though I have heard that it hath been  
 some times used in London; and they performed  
 it with as good a grace, action, gesture, and what-  
 soever convenient for a Player, as ever I saw any  
 masculine Actor.” Coryate’s **Crudities**, 4to. 1611.  
 p. 247.

It ought however to be observed, that amid such a  
 multitude of **PLAY-HOUSES** as subsisted in the Metropo-  
 lis before the Civil Wars, there must have been a great  
 difference between their several Accommodations, Or-  
 naments, and Prices; and that some would be much  
 more shewy than others, though probably all were much  
 inferior in splendor to the two great Theatres after the  
 Restoration.

2  
Page 293.

These Stanzas intitled MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS, and those given below in page 305, under the Title of THE GOLDEN MEAN, are both parts of the same Song, being only separated by BIRD for the sake of his Music.

## Page 296.

The subject of this Story of THE PATIENT COUNTESS is taken from that entertaining Colloquy of ERASMUS, intitled "Uxor Meutaayatos, sive Conjugium :" which has been agreeably modernized by the late Mr. Spence, in his little Miscellaneous Publication, intitled "MORALITIES," &c. by Sir Harry Beaumont." 1753, 8vo. pag. 42.

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



See Page 249.

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## CONTENTS

### ERRATA in the RELIQUES, &c.

#### VOL. I.

Page      iii. line 12. read Glip  
      lxxiv. Note (C c) l. 3. for 367. r. 372.  
            13. v. 94. r. bal-ful.  
      21. l. 15. r. earlier: This perhaps *Ibid.* v. 2. r. Whan  
            — Not. l. 2. for The Orig. MS. r. The Harl. MS.  
      26. bottom. A FITTE should stand in the Middle of the Page.  
      31. v. III. dele he.  
      32. v. 113. r. The Stonderds. . . . eke syde.  
      51. v. 11. r. There sette  
      205. v. 110. r. rashing  
      258. Note l. 1. r. are at present void of deer and almost stript  
            of their woods.  
      305. VII. l. 7. for BASSUS r. Book.

#### VOL. II.

Page      ii. line 8. for 397, read 403.  
      17. v. 59. r. armed ham.  
      18. v. 84. r. And a broche.  
            — Note, l. ult. r. faucon.  
      79. Note. r. See at the end of this Ballad.  
      83. l. 2. r. p. 372.  
      106. v. 239. r. strake eir  
      111. l. 22. r. playand pibrochs  
      122. l. 8. r. as the first stanza  
      186. v. 99. r. tane thee froe  
      217. v. 49. dele the colon (:) after hill: \*  
      305. 4th line from the bottom, r. first edition  
      340. v. 89. r. When he was.  
      351. l. 5. r. Sir JOHN HAWKINS.

#### VOL. III.

Page      x. line 11. read. as to dragons  
            — Note l. 3. r. (see Vol. I. pag. 337.)  
      xxiii. Note (y) l. 1. r. Le beaux  
      183. v. 88. a full stop after waste.  
      274. v. 4. r. beauties' queen.



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